THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu… Weekly
Founde… …klin

JULY 29, 1916 5c. the Copy

DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Beginning THE LEOPARD WOMAN—By Stewart Edward White

Eventually

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Why Not Now?

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S TRADE MARK Gold MEDAL FLOUR
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

This is the Genuine
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO'S
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR.

Do not be misled by other brands bearing somewhat similar names, or by parties claiming to have our Gold Medal Flour under their own brand. Every barrel or sack of the Genuine Washburn-Crosby Co's Gold Medal Flour bears our firm name in full.

DAILY CAPACITY 50,000 BARRELS

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. GENERAL OFFICES MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S TRADE MARK Gold MEDAL FLOUR
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT
Serves More People in More Ways than Any Other Institution of its Kind in the World

J-M Sectional Conduit
A complete underground steam transmission system for district heating.

J-M High Temperature Cements
A line of highly efficient refractories for use in fire brick masonry and furnace linings in Boilers and Furnaces.

J-M Kearsarge Gaskets
for manholes and handholes — made of special 4-fold construction asbesto-metallic fabric, highly resistant to heat and pressure.

J-M Kearsarge Packing
for steam and air rods on engines and compressors. Stands superheat and friction without drying out. Resilient and long wearing.

J-M Asbesto-Metallic Brake Blocks
for clutch and brake faces — high co-efficient of friction, long wearing; can't crack, char or burn.

J-M Asbestocel Pipe Insulation
Built with circumferential channels, preventing air circulation. Will not crush, and withstands vibration. A most economical covering for Heating Systems.

Back of the belching chimneys,

behind the throbbing engines that drive the busy plant is the big factor of plant upkeep—maintenance cost.

To you, the individual, maintenance cost is important because it affects the price of things you buy, whether it is a pound of sugar or a motor car.

Johns-Manville Service to Power Plants reduces the expense of plant maintenance. For example, any one of the packings shown here decreases power cost when applied to a pump or engine; and so the whole line of materials lowers manufacturing cost and increases your purchasing power as an individual.

This service embraces a complete line of maintenance materials designed to save heat, friction, wear, power and labor. The service rendered by each of these products is assured by J-M Responsibility, a business principle that places the user's satisfaction above all other considerations.

All of these products and skilled advice as to their application are available at every Branch of this Company.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

Executive Offices, 296 Madison Avenue, New York City

Akron, Albany, Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Dallas, Dayton, Denver, Detroit, Duluth, El Paso, Galveston, Havana, Houghton, Houston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Memphis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Nashville, Newark, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Rochester, St. Louis, St. Paul, Salt Lake City, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Syracuse, Toledo, Tulsa, Washington, Wilkes-Barre, Youngstown

THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver

J-M Sea Rings
A rod packing for steam, air or water. Operated automatically by the pressure against which it packs.

J-M Steam Trap
Just 3 parts
Body, Bushing and Ball, only one of which moves. Positive operation. Continuous discharge. Can not air bind.

J-M Duplex Packing
for pump rods and plungers. Made of finest woven flax and rubber.

J-M Asbesto-Sponge Felted Pipe Insulation
For high pressure steam. Best quality Asbestos Fibre and granulated Sponge. A cellular laminated material with best insulating qualities.

J-M Universal Packing
A piston packing for inside packed pumps. Special folded construction insures long wear.

A Luscious Peach Pie

DID you ever make a peach pie with Crisco? Try it! You'll find the crust flaky, tasty and so tender that it seems to melt in your mouth—as delicious as the fruit it encloses. Best of all it is easily digested.

Crisco is a purely vegetable shortening. It is the rich cream of edible oil having neither taste nor odor, so rich that its use in all pastry is a real aid to unusually appetizing results.

CRISCO
For Frying · For Shortening
For Cake Making

Many famous chefs depend exclusively upon Crisco for their finest pastries and over a million housewives afford convincing evidence of their own success with Crisco by enthusiastically giving it preference.

Crisco-Made Peach Pie

A Pastry Recipe Every Housewife Should Carefully Preserve

1½ cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful salt
⅓ cupful Crisco
4 to 6 tablespoonfuls water
sliced fresh peaches
sugar

(Use accurate **level** measurements)

Sift the flour and salt and cut the Crisco into the flour with two knives until it is finely divided. Then add the water sparingly, mixing it with a knife through the dry materials. Form into a dough, roll out on a floured board, about ¼ inch thick. Use a light motion in handling the rolling pin, and roll from the center outward. The Crisco should be of a consistency such that when scooped out with a spoon it rounds up egg-shaped. In the making of pastry it is advisable to use pastry flour. Brush over the lower crust with a little beaten egg white before adding the sliced fresh peaches. (The egg forms a hard surface between the crust and juice but does not prevent crust from baking properly.) Sprinkle liberally with sugar. Bake in hot oven.

The "Whys of Cooking"

Janet McKenzie Hill's New Book, Sent for Five 2-cent Stamps.

Janet McKenzie Hill of the Boston Cooking School and editor of American Cookery is the author of this addition to the Crisco Library. Every housewife needs it. Many of your own problems of housekeeping will undoubtedly be found in the hundreds of vitally important questions that are asked and answered. In addition you'll find 150 *new* recipes and the Story of Crisco. Handsomely bound and illustrated in color. Simply write "Send me 'Whys of Cooking'" and enclose five 2-cent stamps. Address Dept. K-8, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O. Our other big book "A Calendar of Dinners" is still sent for 10 cents in stamps.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1916
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 189 *PHILADELPHIA, JULY 29, 1916* *Number 5*

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT WAS the close of the day. Over the baked veldt of equatorial Africa a safari marched. The men, in single file, were reduced to the unimportance of moving black dots by the tremendous sweep of the dry country stretching away to a horizon infinitely remote, beyond which lay single mountains, like ships becalmed, hull down, at sea. The immensities filled the world—the simple immensities of sky and land. Only by an effort, a wrench of the mind, would a bystander on the advantage, say, of one of the little, rocky, outcropping hills have been able to narrow his vision to details.

And yet details were interesting. The vast shallow cup to the horizon became a plain, sparsely grown with flat-topped thorn trees. It was not a forest, yet neither was it open country. The eye penetrated the thin screen of tree trunks to the distance of half a mile or more, but was brought to a stop at last. Underfoot was hard-baked earth, covered by irregular patches of shale that tinkled when stepped on. Well-defined paths, innumerable, trodden deep and hard, cut into the iron soil. They nearly all ran in a northwesterly direction. The few traversing paths took a long slant. These paths, so exactly like those crossing a village green, had in all probability never been trodden by human foot. They had been made by the game animals, the swarming, multitudinous game of Central Africa.

The safari was using one of the game trails. It was a compact little safari, comprising not over thirty men all told. The single white man walked fifty yards or so ahead of the main body. He was evidently tired, for his shoulders drooped, and his shuffling, slow-swinging gait would have been recognized by children of the wilderness everywhere as that which gets the greatest result from the least effort. Dressed in the brown cork helmet, the brown flannel shirt with spine pad, the khaki trousers, and the light boots of the African traveler, little was to be made of either his face or figure. The former was fully bearded, the latter powerful across the shoulders. His belt was heavy, with little leather pockets; a pair of prismatic field glasses, suspended from a strap round his neck, swung across his chest; in the crook of his left arm he carried a light rifle.

Immediately at his heels followed a native. This man's face was in conformation that of the typical negro; but there the resemblance ceased. Behind the features glowed a proud, fierce spirit that transformed them. His head was high, but his eyes roved from right to left restlessly, never still save when they paused for a flickering instant to examine some gazelle, some distant herd of zebra or wildebeeste standing in the vista of the flat-topped trees. His nostrils slowly expanded and contracted with his breathing, as do those of a spirited horse. In contrast to the gait of the white man he stepped vigorously and proudly as though the long day had not touched his strength. He wore a battered old felt hat, a tattered flannel shirt, a ragged pair of shorts, and the blue puttees issued by the British to their black troops. The straps of two canteens crossed on his breast; a full cartridge belt encircled his waist. He carried lightly and easily one of those twelve-pound double cordite rifles that constitute the only African life insurance.

Fifty yards in the rear marched the carriers. They were a straight, strong lot, dressed according to their fancy or opportunity in the cast-off garments of the coast; comical in the ensemble, perhaps, but worthy of respect in that all day each had carried a seventy-pound load under a tropical sun, and that they were coming in strong.

And finally, bringing up the rear, marched a small, lively, wizened little fellow, dressed as nearly as possible like the white man, and carrying as the badge of his office a bulging cotton umbrella and the *kiboko*—the slender, limber, stinging rhinoceros-hide whip.

It was the end of a long march. This could be guessed by the hour, by the wearied slouch of the white man, above all by the conduct of the safari. The men were walking one on the heels of the other. Their burdens, carried on their heads, held them erect. They stepped out freely. But against the wooden chop boxes, the bags of corn-meal *potio*, the bundles of canvas that made up some of the loads, the long safari sticks went tap, tap, tap in rhythm. This tapping was a steady undertone to the volume of noise that arose from thirty throats. Every man was singing or shouting at the full strength of his lungs. A little file of Wakamba sung in unison one of the weird, wavering minor chants peculiar to savage peoples everywhere; some Kavirondos simply howled in staccato barks, like beasts. Between the extremes were many variations; but every man contributed to the uproar and tapped his load rhythmically with his long stick. By this the experienced traveler would have known that the men were very tired, tired to the point of exhaustion; for the more wearied the Central African native, or the steeper the hill he, laden, must surmount, the louder he sings or yells.

"*Maji hapana m'bale, bwana,*" observed the gun-bearer to the white man. "Water is not far, master."

The white man merely nodded. These two had been together many years, and explanations were not necessary between them. He, as well as Simba, had noticed the gradual convergence of the game trails, the presence of small grass birds that flushed under their feet, the sing-sing buck behind the aloes, the increasing numbers of game animals that stared or fled at the sight and sound of the safari.

Nothing more was said. The way led to the top of one of those low, transverse swells that conceal the middle distance without actually breaking the surface of the veldt. In the corresponding depression beyond, now could be discerned a wandering, slender line of green.

"*Maji huko!*" murmured Simba. "There is the water."

Suddenly he stooped low, uttering a peculiar hissing sound. The white man, too, dropped to the ground, throwing his rifle forward.

"*Nyama, bwana!*" he whispered fiercely. "*Karibu sana!*"

He pointed cautiously over the white man's shoulder. The safari, at the sight of the two dropping to a crouch, had stopped as though petrified, and stood waiting in silence.

"We have no meat," Simba reminded his master in Swahili.

The white man eased himself back to a sitting posture, resting his elbows on his knees as all sensible, good rifle shots do when they have the chance. Simba, his eyes glowing fiercely, staring with almost hypnotic intensity over his master's shoulder, quivered like an eager dog.

"Hah!" he grunted as the loud spat of the bullet followed the rifle's crack. "*Na kamata*—he has it!" he added as the wildebeeste plunged into full view.

The hunter manipulated the bolt to throw in a new cartridge, but did not shift his position. In less remote countries the sportsman, unlimited in ammunition but restricted in chances, would probably have pumped in four or five shots until the quarry was down. The traveler and Simba watched closely, with expert eyes, to determine whether a precious second cartridge should be expended.

"Where?" asked the white man briefly.

"Low in the shoulder," replied Simba.

The wildebeeste plunged wildly here and there, kicking, bucking, menacing the unseen danger with his horns. For several seconds longer the two watched, then rose leisurely to their feet. Simba motioned to the waiting safari, who, correctly interpreting the situation, broke into a trot. Both Simba and his master knew that had the animal not received a mortal wound it would before this have whirled to look back. The fact that it still ran proved its extremity. Sure enough, within the hundred yards it suddenly plunged forward on its nose, rolled over and lay still.

The fierce countenance of the gun bearer lit up in triumph. He shifted the heavy rifle and reached out to touch the lighter weapon resting again in the crook of his master's arm.

"*Nyama yangu! Nyama yangu!*" he murmured. That was Simba's name for the light rifle that did most of the shooting. The words meant simply "my meat." Simba had a name for everything, from the sheath knife of his office to the white man himself. Indeed, Middleton in the central countries was Middleton to none. Should you inquire for news of him by that name, news you could not obtain; but of Bwana Kingozi you might learn from many tribes and peoples.

But now the safari, topping the hill, swept down with a rapid fire of safari sticks against the loads and a chorus whose single word was "*nyama!*"

Simba was already at the carcass, *kisi m'kubwa*, his thin-bladed knife, in his hand. The men eased their loads to the ground, and stood about with eagerly gleaming eyes, as would well-trained dogs in like circumstances. Simba briefly indicated the three nearest to act as his assistants. The wildebeeste was rapidly skinned and as rapidly dismembered, the meat laid aside. Only once did the white man speak or manifest the slightest interest.

"*Sarrara indani yangu*—the tenderloin is mine."

The wizened little headman with the umbrella and the *kiboko*, who answered to the name of Cazi Moto, stepped forward and took charge of the indicated delicacy. Soon all was ready for a resumption of the march. Nothing was left of the wildebeeste save the head and the veriest offal. The stomach and intestines, even, had been emptied of their contents and packed away in the hide.

Already the carrion birds had gathered in incredible numbers. The sky was full of them, circling; an encompassing ring of them sat a scant fifty yards distant, their wings held half out from their bodies, as though they felt overheated. And in the low bushes could be discerned the lurking, furtive, shadowy jackals.

The men were laughing, their weariness forgotten. Maulo, the camp humorist, declaimed loudly at the top of his lungs, mocking the marabouts, the carrion eagles, the buzzards, the vultures great and small, the kites and the lesser eagles.

"Go to the lion," he cried; "he kills much, and leaves. Little meat will you get here. We keep what we get!"

And the men broke into meaningless but hearty laughter, as though at brilliant wit.

But Bwana Kingozi's low voice cut across the merriment.

"*Bandika!*" he commanded.

And immediately Cazi Moto and Simba took up the cry. "*Bandika! Bandika! Bandika!*" they vociferated over and over. Cazi Moto moved here and there, lively as a cricket, his eyes alert for any indication of slackness, his *kiboko* held threateningly. But there was no need for the latter. The men willingly enough swung aloft their loads, now augmented by the meat, and the little caravan moved on.

Scarcely had Cazi Moto, bringing up the rear, quitted the scene, when the carrion birds swooped. They fell from the open sky like plummets, their wings half folded. When within ten feet of the ground they checked their fall with pinion and tail, and the sound of them was like the roar of a cataract. Those seated on the ground moved forward in a series of ungainly hops, trying for more haste by futile urgings of their wings. Where the wildebeeste had fallen was a writhing, flopping, struggling brown mass. In an incredibly brief number of seconds it was all over.

The birds withdrew. Some sat disgruntled and humpbacked in the low trees; some merely hopped away a few yards to indulge in gloomy thoughts. A few of the more ambitious rose heavily and laboriously with strenuous beating of pinions, finally to soar grandly away into the infinities of the African sky. Of the wildebeeste remained only a trampled bloody space and bones picked clean. The jackals crept forward at last. So brief a time did all this occupy that Maulo, looking back, saw them.

"Ho, little dogs!" he cried with one of his great, empty laughs; "your stomachs will go hollow but you can fill your noses!"

They tramped on steadily toward the low, narrow line of green trees, and the sun sank toward the hills.

II

THE game trails converged at a point where the steep, eroded bank had been broken down into a wide approach to a pool. The dust was deep here, and arose in a cloud as a little band of zebras scrambled away. The borders of this pool were a fascinating palimpsest; the tracks of many sorts of beasts had been impressed there in the mud. Both Bwana Kingozi and Simba examined them with an approach to interest; though to an observer the examination would have seemed but the most casual of glances. They saw the indications of zebra, wildebeeste, hartebeeste, gazelles of various sorts, the deep, round, well-like prints of the rhinoceros, and all the other usual inhabitants of the veldt. But over these their eyes passed lightly. Only three things could here interest these seasoned African travelers. Simba espied one, and pointed it out, just at the border of the narrow edge of softer mud.

"There is the lion," said he. "A big one. He was here this morning. But no buffalo, *bwana*; and no elephant."

The water in the pool was muddy and foul. Thousands of animals drank from it daily; and after drinking had stood or wallowed in it. The flavor would be rich of the barnyard, which even a strong infusion of tea could not disguise. Bwana Kingozi had often been forced to worse; but here he hoped for better.

The safari had dumped down the loads at the top of the bank, and were resting in utter relaxation. The march was over, and they waited in abandonment.

Bwana Kingozi threw off the carefully calculated, listless slouch that had conserved his strength for an unknown goal. His work was not yet done.

"Simba," he directed, "go that way, down the river [every watercourse with any water at all, even in occasional pools, is *m'to*—a river—in Africa] and look for another pool—of good water. Take the big rifle."

"And I to go in the other direction?" asked Cazi Moto.

Bwana Kingozi considered, glancing at the setting sun, and again up the dry stream bed where, as far as the eye could reach, were no more indications of water. "No," he decided, "it is late. Soon the lions will be hunting. I will go with Simba."

"If You Will Ride in a Hammock You Ought to Teach Your Men to Shoot"

The men sprawled in abandon. After an interval a shrill whistle sounded from the direction in which Bwana Kingozi had disappeared. The men stretched and began to rise to their feet slowly. The short rest had stiffened them and brought home the weariness to their bones. They grumbled and muttered, and only the omnipresence of Cazi Moto and the threat of his restless whip roused them to activity. Down the stream they limped sullenly.

Bwana Kingozi stood waiting near the edge of the bank.

The thicket here was very dense.

"Water there," he briefly indicated. "The big tent here; the opening in that direction. Cook fire over there. Loads here."

The men who had been standing, the burdens still on their heads, moved forward. The tent porter—who, by the way, was the strongest and most reliable of the men, so that always, even on a straggling march, the tent would arrive first—threw it down at the place selected and at once began to undo the cords. The bearers of the kitchen, who were also reliable travelers, set about the cook camp.

A big Monumwezi unstrapped a canvas chair, unfolded it, and placed it near his master. The other loads were arranged here, in a certain long-ordained order; the meat piled there. Several men then went to the assistance of Mali-ya-bwana, the tent bearer; and the others methodically took up various tasks. Some began with their *pangas* to hew a way to the water through the dense thicket that had kept it sweet; others sought firewood; still others began to pitch the tiny drill tents—each to accommodate six men—in a wide circle, of which the pile of loads was the center. As the men fell into the ordered and habitual routine their sullenness and weariness vanished.

Kingozi dropped into the canvas chair, fumbled for a pipe, filled and lighted it. With a sigh of relief he laid aside his cork helmet. The day had been not only a hard one, but an anxious one, for this country was new to every member of the little expedition, native guides had been impossible to procure, and the chances of water had been those of an arid region.

The removal of the helmet for the first time revealed the man's features. A fine brow, upstanding thick and wavy hair, and the clearest of gray eyes suddenly took twenty years from the age at first made probable by the heavy beard. With the helmet pulled down over the brow this was late middle age; now bareheaded it was only bearded youth. Nevertheless, at the corners of the eyes were certain wrinkles, and in the eyes themselves a direct, competent steadiness that was something apart from the usual acquisition of youth, something the result of experience not given to most.

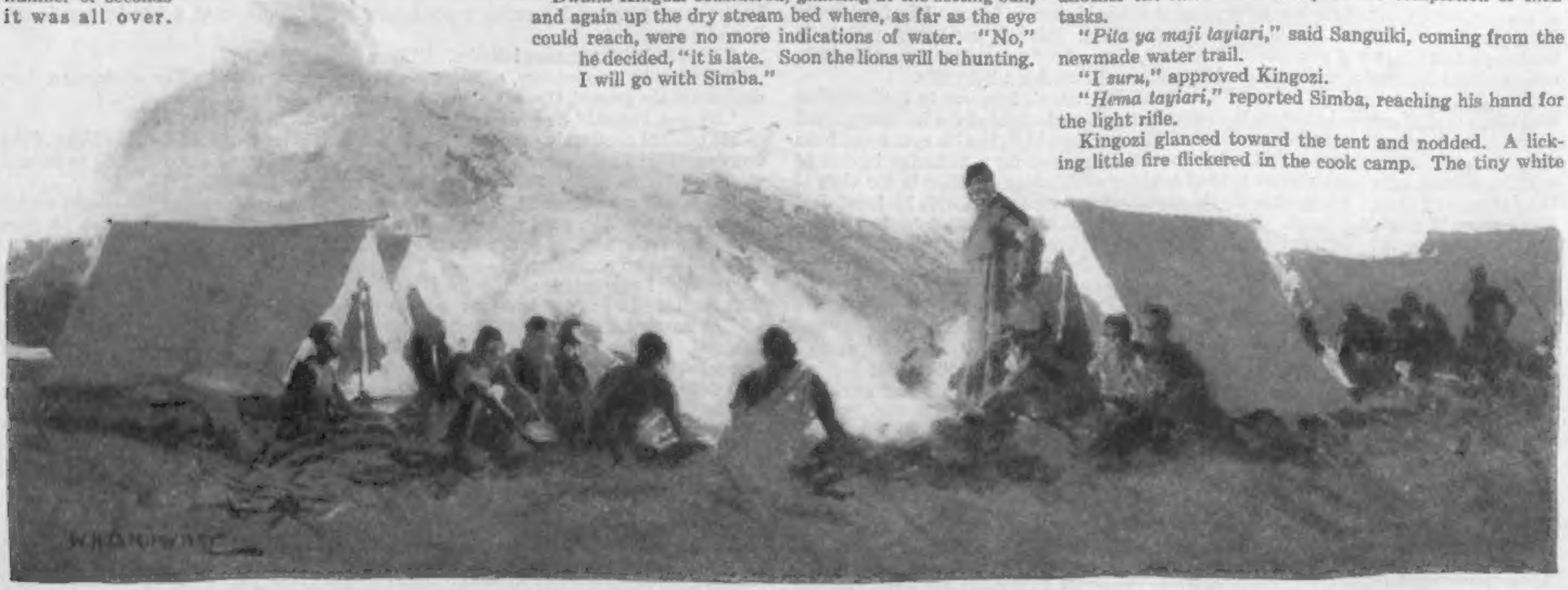
He smoked quietly, his eye wandering from one point to another of the newborn camp's activities. One after another the men came to report the completion of their tasks.

"*Pita ya maji tayiari*," said Sanguiki, coming from the newmade water trail.

"*I suru*," approved Kingozi.

"*Hema tayiari*," reported Simba, reaching his hand for the light rifle.

Kingozi glanced toward the tent and nodded. A licking little fire flickered in the cook camp. The tiny white



A Busy Chatter, the Crooning of Songs, Laughter, an Occasional Shout, Testified That the Men Were Content

porters' tents had completed their circle, and in front of each new smoke was beginning to rise. Cazi Moto glided up and handed him the *kiboko*, the rhinoceros-hide whip, the symbol of authority. Everything was in order.

The white man rose a little stiffly and walked over to the pile of meat. For a moment he examined it contemplatively, aroused himself with an apparent effort, and began to separate it into four piles. He did not handle the meat himself, but silently indicated each portion with his *kiboko* and Simba or Cazi Moto swiftly laid it aside.

"This for the gun-bearer camp," commanded Kingozi, touching with his foot the heavy "backstraps" and the liver—the next choicest bits after tenderloin.

"Kavirondo!" he called. Several tall, well-formed black savages rose from one of the little fires and approached. The white man indicated one of the piles of meat.

"Wakamba!" he summoned; then "Monumwezi!" and finally "Baganda!"

Thus the four tribes represented in his caravan were supplied. The men returned to their fires, and began the preparation of their evening meal.

Kingozi turned to his own tent with a sigh of relief. Within it a cot had been erected, blankets spread. An officer's tin box stood open at one end. On the floor was a portable canvas bath. While the white man was divesting himself of his accouterments, Cazi Moto entered bearing a galvanized pail full of hot water, which he poured into the tub. He disappeared, only to return with a pail of cold water to temper the first.

"Bath is ready, *bwana*," said he, and retired, carefully tying the tent flaps.

Fifteen minutes later Kingozi emerged. He wore now a suit of pyjamas tucked into canvas mosquito boots with very thin soles. He looked scrubbed and clean, the sheen of water still glistening on his wavy hair.

The canvas camp chair had been placed before two chop boxes, piled one atop the other to form a crude table on which were laid eating utensils. As soon as Cazi Moto saw that his master was ready he brought the meal. It consisted simply of a platter of curry composed of rice and the fresh meat that had been so recently killed that it had not had time to get tough. This was supplemented by bread, and tea in a tall, enamel-ware vessel known as a *balauri*. From the simplicity of this meal one experienced would have deduced, even had he not done so from a dozen other equally significant nothings, that this was no sporting excursion, but an expedition grimly in earnest about something.

The sun had set, and almost immediately the darkness descended, as though the light had been turned off at a switch. The earth shrunk to a pool of blackness, and the heavens expanded to a glory of tropical stars. All visible Nature contracted to the light thrown by the flickering fires before the tiny white tents. The tatterdemalion crew had, after the curious habit of Africans, cast aside its garments, and sat forth in a bronze and savage nakedness. All day long under the blistering sun your safari man will wear all that he hath, even unto the heavy overcoat discarded by the latest arrival from England's winter; but when the chill of evening descends then he strips happily. The men were fed now, and were content. A busy chatter, the crooning of songs, laughter, an occasional shout, testified to this. A general relaxation took the camp.

The white man finished his meal and lighted his pipe. Even yet his day's work was not quite done, and he was unwilling to yield himself to rest until all tasks were cleared away. "Cazi Moto!" he called.

Instantly, it seemed, the headman stood at his elbow.

"To-morrow," said Kingozi deliberately, and paused in decision so long that Cazi Moto ventured a "Yes, *bwana*"—"to-morrow we rest here. It will be your *cazi*—duty—to find news of the next water, or to find the water. See if there are people in this country. Take one man with you. Let the men rest and eat."

"Yes, *bwana*."

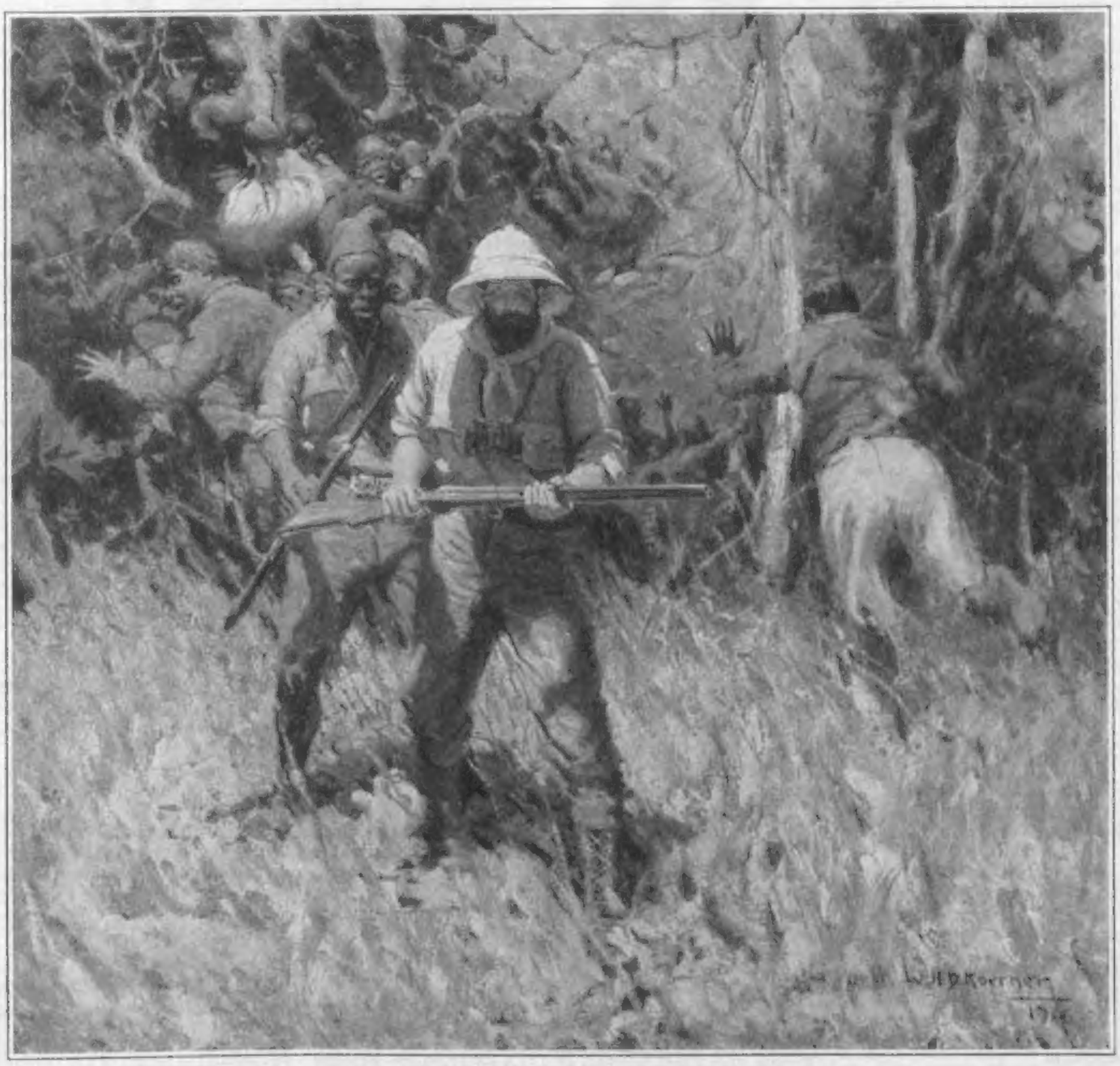
"Are there sick?"

"Two men."

"Let them come."

Cazi Moto raised his voice.

"*N'gonjwa!*" he summoned them.



Before the Appearance of the Rhinoceros Into the Open Kingozi Had Changed Rifles and Stood Ready

Kingozi looked at them in silence for a moment.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked of the first, a hulking, stupid-looking Kavirondo with the muscles of a Hercules.

The man replied, addressing Cazi Moto, as is etiquette; and although Kingozi understood perfectly, he awaited his headman's repetition of the speech as though the Kavirondo had spoken a strange language.

"Fever, eh?" commented Kingozi aloud to himself, for the first time speaking his own tongue. "We'll soon see. Cazi Moto," he instructed in Swahili, "the medicine."

He thrust a clinical thermometer beneath the Kavirondo's tongue, glancing at a wrist watch as he did so.

"Cazi Moto," he said calmly after three minutes, "this man is a liar. He is not sick; he merely wants to get out of carrying a load."

The Kavirondo, his eyes rolling, shot forth a torrent of language.

"He says," Cazi Moto summarized all this, "that he was very sick, but that this medicine"—indicating the thermometer—"cured him."

"He lies again," said Kingozi. "This is not medicine, but magic that tells me when a man has uttered lies. This man must beware or he will get *kiboko*."

The Kavirondo scuttled away, and Kingozi gave his attention to the second patient. This man had an infected leg that required some minor surgery. When the job was over and Kingozi had washed his hands, he relighted his pipe and sat back in his chair with a sigh of content. The immediate foreground sank below his consciousness. He stared across the flickering fires at the velvet blackness; listened across the intimate idle noise of the camp to the voice of the veldt.

For with the fall of darkness and its larger silence, the veldt awoke. Animals that had dozed through the hot hours and grazed through the cooler hours in somnolent content now quivered alert. There were runnings here and there, the stamp of hoofs, sharp snortings as taut nerves stretched. Zebras uttered the absurd small-dog barks peculiar to them; ostriches boomed; jackals yapped; unknown birds uttered hasty wild calls. Numerous hyenas, near and far away, moaned like lost souls. Kingozi listened as to the voice of an old acquaintance telling familiar things; the men chattered on, their whole attention within the globe of light from their fires.

But suddenly the noise stopped as though it had been cut by a knife.

Total silence fell on the little encampment.

The men, their various actions suspended, listened intently. From far away, apparently, a low, vibrating rumble stole out of the night's immensity. It rose and seemed to draw near, growing hollow and great, until the very ground seemed to tremble as though a heavy train were passing, or the lower notes of a great organ had been played in a little church.

And then it died down, and receded to the great distance again; and was ended by three low, grunting coughs.

The veldt was silent. The zebra barkings were still; the night birds had hushed; the hyenas and jackals, and all the other night creatures down, it almost seemed, to the very insects had ceased their calls and cries and chirpings. One might imagine every living creature rigid, alert, listening, as were these men about the little fires.

The tension relaxed. The men dropped more fuel on the fires, coaxing the flames brighter. A whispering comment rose from group to group.

"*Simba! Simba! Simba!*" they hissed one to the other.

A lion had roared!

III

IN THE first gray dusk Simba and Cazi Moto slipped away on the errands appointed for them—to find people and to find water, if possible. The cook camp, too, was afoot, dark figures passing and repassing before a fire. But the rest of the men slept heavily, seizing the unwonted chance.

When the first rays of the sun struck the fly of the small, green master's-tent, Kingozi appeared demanding water wherewith to wash. At the sound of his voice men stirred sleepily, sat up, poked the remains of their tiny fires. As though through an open tap the freshness of nighttime drained away. The hot, searching, stifling African day took possession of the world.

After breakfast Kingozi looked about him for shelter. A gorgeous, red-flowering vine had smothered one of the flat-topped thorn trees in its luxuriance. The growths of successive years had overlaid each other. Kingozi called two men with *pangas*, who speedily cut out the center, leaving a little, round green room in the heart of the shadow. Thither Kingozi caused to be conveyed his chop-box table, his canvas chair and his tin box; and there he spent the entire morning writing in a blank book and carefully drawing

(Continued on Page 49)

THE LATE LAMENTED

By HERBERT QUICK

This Is How the Progressives Saw It

IT WAS in the merry month of June, 1916, in the dangerous waters that surrounded Chicago. The good ship Progressive, her sails tattered, and with several tons of barnacles incrusting her hull, erstwhile so clean and shining, was lying to, standing off and on, luffing, jibing, tacking, splicing the main brace, piping all hands to repel boarders, and the like—you know what W. Clark Russell would say at this juncture.

Commander Raymond Robins was on the bridge. Able Seaman G. W. Perkins was at the helm, and also in the stokehole, and in the purser's cabin, and aloft and alow, and generally sort of all over the place—you know where Mr. Perkins would be in the affairs of the late lamented Progressive Party. First Mate Hiram Johnson had just reported that the barometer had fallen six feet in the last six minutes, and was now probably engaged in knocking off the garboard strakes. Seaman Victor Murdock's tall form was clearly outlined against the political sky as he stood on the orlop deck reaching to the cathead for the purpose of winding the larboard watch. Chips, the carpenter, signed under the name of Gifford Pinchot, announced that all the lifeboats had been stove. Seaman William Allen White sang out from aloft the glad tidings that he had sighted breakers dead ahead and on both bows. Whereupon Colonel Parker, of Louisiana, the second mate, approached the captain, saluted and remarked:

"I have the honor to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."

After which she proceeded to sink.

A Kansas delegate—I believe it was Henry J. Allen or Victor Murdock, one of the antlered herd of the Sunflower State—told a story:

"Once a farmer in the neighborhood of Grand Junction saw a vicious-looking cloud rising fulgurously in the west and, with the hired man, raced it from the field to the house; and, having no womenfolk to look after, he hustled the hired man into the well, followed and shut down the lid. Through a knothole in the well cover he observed the spiral tornadic flight of farm machinery, building materials, livestock, household goods, and selections from the yeomanry of the subhumid belt, careering through space in the embrace of the atmosphere."

When the Tornado Passed By

"PRESENTLY the rumpus receded toward the east, and the farmer climbed out, only to note the fact that his barn, his stock, his house, his crops, and everything that was his, save a quarter section of cleanly scraped land, had been erased from the things that used to be. Upon realizing which, the farmer burst into a loud laugh.

"'Well,' said the hired man, 'you're the beatenest man I ever see! What you laffin' at?'

"'Why,' replied the tornado sufferer, 'I'm amused at the damned completeness of the thing!'"

This yarn was spun the day after Colonel Roosevelt had wired the perplexed Progressives that he could not see his way clear "at present" to run again as a third-party candidate for President. And if the completeness of the catastrophe was actually so tragic that, like an overacted melodrama, the dreadful had become ludicrous, then what—let the nation ask itself—what would the Kansas man say about it now? And what will history say about it?

The rise and fall of the Progressive Party seems just now the most dramatic thing in stories of minor political parties in all our history. The Liberty Party rose to its high tide in 1844, when it nominated James G. Birney the second time for President, but cast less than sixty-five thousand votes. It robbed a genius, Henry Clay, of the presidency and gave it to a nonentity, James K. Polk, and that is about all it ever did, except to merge with the Barnburners to form the Free-Soil Party, the T. R. of which was Martin Van Buren, whom it nominated in 1848, and had just enough strength left to put up John P. Hale in 1852, and turn over its goodwill and fixtures to the Republican Party in 1854. But none of these parties had any such fulminant life history as the Progressive, so far as we of 1916 can tell.

The Liberal-Republican Party seems to have been a Northern alias for the Democratic Party, to be assumed when it was unpopular in the North to be a Democrat—an alias that seems to have fooled nobody but Horace Greeley. The Anti-Masonic Party was born ninety years ago and didn't get very far; and it reminds us—it is so different—of the Know-nothing Party, which also succeeded in getting an ex-President—Fillmore—to head its ticket in 1856, and was a real factor in politics for several years.

Perhaps it is because of its nearness in point of time; but the Greenback Party—which began its presidential campaigns with Peter Cooper, in 1876, came to bat in 1880 with James B. Weaver, and petered out in 1884 with Ben Butler—seems more nearly in the Progressive Party's class—but it never made so much disturbance. It and the Farmers' Alliance combined to make the People's Party, and won twenty-two electoral votes in 1892—and made the situation such that Bryan, with his cross of gold and crown of thorns, swept the Democrats, Greenbackers and Populists into one great horde in 1896, and at the same time took them out of the present comparison by making them into a major party.

As for the Socialist Party, the Prohibition Party and the Socialist-Democrat Party, they represent our normal conception of a third party, a separate column on the ballot, and a place in which to vote your protest when all the others are rotten beyond endurance.

Nobody, however, expects such parties to win. Whether Mr. Allan L. Benson would make a good President or not is a purely academic question. That is the way we Americans expect it to be as to the candidate of a third party. But it was different with the Progressive Party. It rose out of the West, as did the cloud that drove the Kansas man into hiding in the well. It palpitated. It coruscated. It flamed and thundered. It possessed dramatic quality. Its biggest figure, Roosevelt, dominated the firmament, like the angel directing the storm.

A third party, to the normal American consciousness, does not expect to win; but the Progressive Party fought it out with the major parties state by state. It happened to get more of its votes from the Republicans than from the Democrats, and by so doing it turned the country over from Taft to Wilson, just as the Liberty Party turned it over from Clay to Polk; but, unlike any other third party, it temporarily utterly eclipsed the major party from which it drew its strength, and left the great Republican Party—the party, as the orators are always telling us, of Lincoln, Blaine, Grant and Garfield—with only the votes of Vermont and Utah in the Electoral College. On form the Republican Party was dead, and the Progressive Party, with one exultant, joyous bound, had launched itself as "one of the two great parties."

And then the powerful movement, which had been gathering head for a quarter of a century—with a suddenness as striking as if it had been only the creation of the wind machine of the theater—subsided and took its place among the things that were. What has become of it? How was it dissipated—I had almost written annihilated? Is it all over? We are told that force cannot be reduced to nothing, but, if seemingly lost, must be accounted for by some manifestation in another form. If so, into what display of heat, light, motion or electricity has the might of the Progressive Party been converted? If it has been converted has the transformation been into something visible, something we have already seen, or is it still to appear a disturbing force as of old in the politics of the future? The answer to these questions may be clear to the historian—but we of 1916 would like to know now. The answer may solve the uncertainties of this present presidential campaign.

"*Ex nihilo nihil fit*" say the philosophers—which is their way of saying: "Nought from nought leaves nought, and nought to carry." The Progressive Party was made up of two great factors—Insurgency and Theodore Roosevelt. No great research into ancient history is required for an account of the processes of the combination. It took place after The Colonel had given us Taft and, after fifteen months in Africa, had returned to this country and looked over the situation.

The Story of Insurgency

THUS The Colonel approached his nuptials with the movement called Insurgency. We all know The Colonel, and to remind the reader of any of his qualities would be to waste good white paper and ink. Insurgency, however, is a thing we may as well examine a little in order that we may have recalled to our minds the elements commingled for the explosion which sent the Progressive Party to the bottom, in Chicago, in 1916.

Insurgency got its name in Washington during the Taft Administration, and was lifted to the level of national politics by those Republicans who stood out against Cannon and his régime in the House, and Aldrich and his group in the Senate.

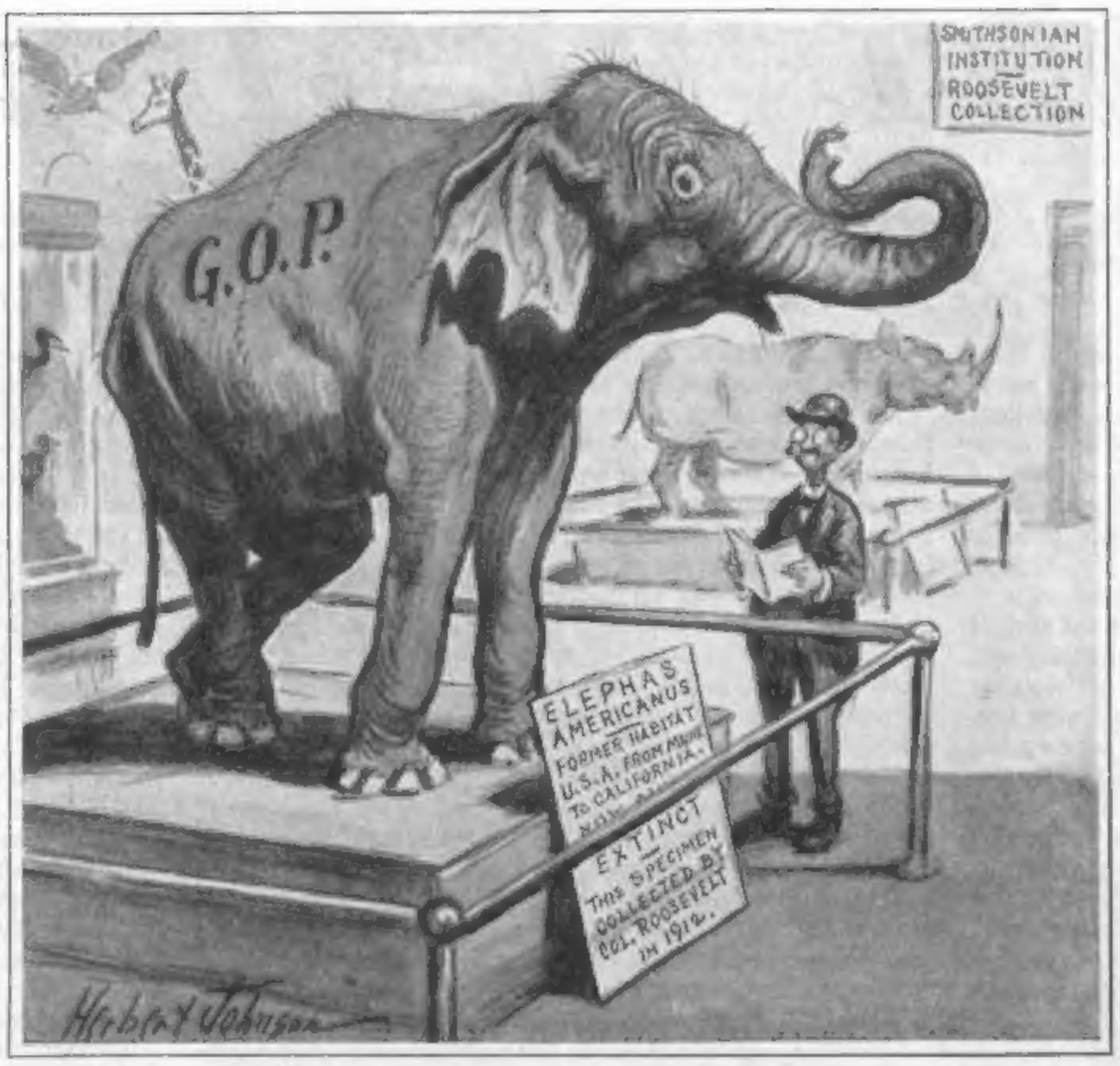
But it did not originate in Congress. It lived obscurely in the West as a survival of the Granger movement, the Anti-Monopoly Convention of the seventies, and the Populist uprising.

It was not confined to the West or to Republican states, but erupted in Alabama in the campaigns and reign of B. B. Comer; in Georgia in the crusades of Tom Watson, who finally abandoned economic affairs in a supreme and successful effort to establish his title as the man who put the rant in frantic; and in the terrific combats of Hoke Smith, whereby he has found safe harbor in the United States Senate; in Mississippi in the furious and tumultuous campaigns of the picturesque Vardaman; in Jeff Davis and Donaghey, in Arkansas; in that portion of Hobson's Alabama activities which can be disentangled from his Japanese frenzy; in the constructive and efficient state legislation in Texas, which may be very largely attributed to Southerners of the type of Reagan and Hogg; in the adoption of their constitutions by Oklahoma and Arizona.

But Democratic Insurgency, in flowing in from the states, never attained a name or a local habitation in Washington, largely because there was no national Democratic Administration against which it might insurge, and for the additional reason that Bryan made economic insurgency the regular thing in the Democratic Party.

It was in the Republican Party that the men grew up—La Follette, Cummins, Norris, Bristow, Borah, Clapp, Dixon, Bourne, Dolliver, Brown, Murdock, Hubbard, Lenroot, Nelson, of Wisconsin, Cary, Beveridge, Crawford and Gronna—to name a few of them—who when they reached Washington found themselves face to face with the problem of abandoning the ideals which had placed them in Congress, or fighting one of the most powerful, resourceful, astute and effective groups of men that ever ruled a government. And when they fought, and just to the extent to which they fought, they were called Insurgents. These were the elements that were mixed with Rooseveltism in the making of the Progressive Party. There now seems to have been a molecular instability, something fulminant, something explosive, in the mixture. Who furnished the detonator?

Insurgency grew up in the states. Unlike Greenbackism, Populism, Free-Soilism, or any of the other third-party isms of which I have any knowledge, Insurgency took no issue with the recognized principles of the party. Cummins, Dolliver, La Follette, and all the rest of them, claimed to be good Republicans; and those of the group who are still in public life are, most of them, either actually or professedly good Republicans in the campaign of 1916. They departed from the Republican norm in their respective states, each in his own way, but always on state issues, and usually in some sort of contest with a state boss or group of bosses.



There Was a Time When the Progressives Dreamed of Something Like This

Half-Breeds Against Stalwarts

WE ALL know what that meant in those days—it meant a fight with the railroads and other corporations as the backers of the bosses. Out of this era of state insurgency grew state-wide primaries; powerful railroad and public-utility commissions; corrupt-practices acts; anti-pass and anti-rebate laws; the rewriting of the laws for the taxing of the corporations—especially the railroad and public-utility corporations; the initiative, the referendum and recall; workmen's compensation acts; factory inspection of a new sort; humanitarian laws with relation to the labor of women and children; the redrafting of state constitutions on lines constantly approaching that of Oklahoma. But through all this thunder and shouting there sounded the deep bass of the popular demand that the bosses should be put out of business, and that the corporations and their money should be driven out of politics.

All these events took place, be it remembered, in a haphazard manner, at odd times, and without organization of the party sort in the states. It was when the movement reached Washington that it attracted the nation's attention. By 1910 it had become the Big Thing in American politics.

Robert M. La Follette was beaten for Congress in the Democratic landslide of 1890. In the latter part of 1891 came his great break with Philetus Sawyer, the boss of the state. By 1893 he was engaged in organizing the state politically against the boss; and his career of political insurgency was in full sway. By 1897, still long before Roosevelt's era, he was pleading for the wide-open primary as opposed to the old caucus and convention system. Rapidly the Wisconsin fight developed from a mere anti-boss protest into the whole insurgent program.

The Insurgents were not called Progressives, however, but Half-Breeds; while the regulars were Stalwarts. Insurgency was better correlated, more scientific and scholarly, and more clean-cut, in Wisconsin than in any other state, and I think antedated the movement in the other states that furnished the Insurgent group; but sporadically and intermittently it flamed up in Iowa, in Nebraska, in the Dakotas, and elsewhere. It was growing all the time while Theodore Roosevelt was President; and in these days came the first contact between Insurgency and Rooseveltism—those two simples out of which Progressivism was compounded into a third party.

It is perfectly fair to say that The Colonel, as President, was quite unable to see anything in the Insurgent movement. He did not like it in the states and when it arrived in Washington he was not overjoyed. It was a disturbing thing. He had his own methods in successful operation. He adopted a system of balanced utterances. If he spoke one day in denunciation of malefactors of great wealth he followed it or preceded it with a condemnation, as undesirable citizens, of others who attacked these malefactors. If standpatters drew his fire one day he evened up matters the next by a volley at impractical reformers. If it seemed necessary at one time to criticize bad trusts, it was a very simple thing to allude to good trusts on some subsequent occasion. Thus he made it possible for the student to glean from his writings a perfectly corking brief on each side of the question; but the judicious commentator was able to harmonize all these utterances as the reflections of moods.

The Insurgents, however, were not a moody crowd, nor in any marked degree temperamental. They had fought their way to Washington by dint of being on one side of questions. They did not like Cannon or Aldrich; but these gentlemen were, as it happened, among the men who were closest to President Roosevelt. When postmasters, Federal judges, district attorneys, United States marshals and their deputies were appointed in the Insurgent states, they were almost invariably selected from the ranks of the enemies of Insurgency. The state bosses often survived in their Washington influence their extinction as state rulers.

Rifts in the Lute

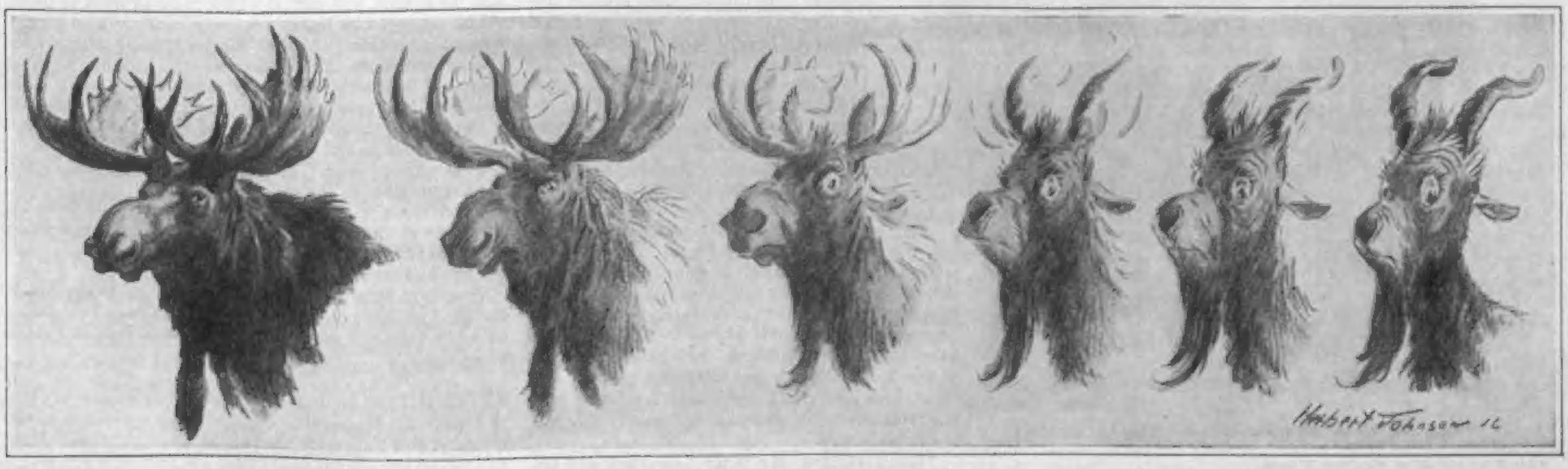
WHEN an Insurgent came to Washington as a senator or representative he saw in President Roosevelt not a crusader of the Onward-Christian-Soldier type, but the man who had appointed to office in his state the men whom he had found lobbying against every bit of Progressive state legislation put forward or passed, and this apparently with Mr. Roosevelt's full approval; the foes over whose dead political bodies he had had to march to victory and to the victory of the Insurgent movement. And there was no love lost between the President and the Insurgents. He looked upon them as intractable, rather dangerous disturbers of that quiet and calm, the disturbance of which he may have regarded as his proper function, and infringers on his copyright in the matter of decency and righteousness.

Moreover, they came bringing a gospel of a different sort of decency and righteousness—things they actually wanted to put into statutes, and the like. Payne, of Wisconsin, and Babcock, and Philetus Sawyer, of timberland fame, had told him that La Follette was a bad citizen; and Judge Hubbard, of Iowa, had informed him that the full name of Iowa's able senator was Short Cummins. These gentlemen, and their like, did not look good to The Colonel. At first contact Insurgency and Rooseveltism exhibited the phenomena of atomic repulsion, which should have convinced any physicist that their commingling would furnish a mighty interesting experiment. It did.

If it had not been for these little rifts within the lute, Insurgency would not have been transformed into the Progressive Party in 1912, and would not have blown up in 1916. These things must be taken note of if we are to know whether it was a bomb or a torpedo, an internal or an external explosion, which littered the waves with wreckage in June, 1916, and relegated the song, "We'll follow, follow, follow wherever he may lead," to the limbo of American antiquities.

And now let us pursue the clew a little farther. Be assured it leads right to the catastrophe with which this campaign started. Having, as we all know and as Mr. Roosevelt said in the letter he read on the day he accused Mr. Taft of biting the hand that fed him, bestowed Taft on us as President, The Colonel became a faunal naturalist in Africa for some fifteen months. Strange to say, Insurgency flourished and grew during these fifteen months at a rate never before seen. Those who give The Colonel the credit for the Progressive movement believe that he was

(Continued on Page 45)



But This Is What Happened to the Bull Moose

BY POST, REGISTERED

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

HE HELD them to the light—the full blast of morning light as it poured through the barred front window of his office: Morris Mott, the old dealer in precious stones, looking, now with a close squint and again from arm's length, at the most famous pearl necklace the world had ever known—the Pearls of Paradise. A decadent poet had called it that in a poem which declared these pearls must each have been dived for in the depths of the skies, since no waters on earth could yield perfection.

"They call me rich," the gray-bearded dealer used to say. "Perhaps I am; but I have only two things really worth while: my daughter and my necklace. For sale—the necklace? I am a merchant and, of course, all my stock is for sale; but this string will never go. It is too expensive for royalty; nobody could ever buy it except a South American millionaire." He had insured it at Lloyd's for thirty thousand pounds, though it was worth considerably more. "Many a man would give his life for this, or for even a single pearl!" he said.

This Was the Man Against Whom She Had Brushed When Morris Mott Posted the Pearls to Paris

He was speaking to the well-set-up, brown-eyed young fellow who was his only assistant; but Billy Wray was busy going through the morning mail at his desk beside the other open window—the barred window at the rear. So Morris, with the pearls still held carelessly in his hand—for that is the manner of your jewel dealer—peered out of the front casement and looked up and down the lane called Old Barlow Street, which is and for centuries has been the center of London's trade in precious stones: Old Barlow Street, in the City, which contains more jewels than any quarter of the fashionable West End can begin to match.

Morris Mott had passed his long life here, and he reviewed it as his calm gaze wandered up and down the narrow way—each stage, from that first of the errand boy to this last of the man whose word was better than the bond of half his competitors.

Catching only rare bits of sunshine from between its crooked houses, this was the street up which he had toiled to his present position. Save at its two ends, it connected with no other thoroughfare, unless one could give that name to the blind alley called Frobisher Court. Mott idly watched the postman, who had just passed by; thrice daily he started from the branch post office at the farther end, came down one side, turned into and went the brief length of Frobisher Court, continued on his way to the other end of Old Barlow Street, and then returned up the other side, and so back to the branch post office again. He was going—that postman with the stupid face—along a strip of pavement over which wander as many as two hundred petty jewel traders, men that live by exchanging precious stones, never doing more than fifty pounds' worth of business at a stroke, rarely renting offices, always carrying their stock on their persons: the commoners of that kingdom of which Mott was the king.

"Mr. Mott!"

Morris turned; young Wray stood before him, holding an open letter.

"Are you ill?" the master demanded.

"No, sir—thank you, sir," the clerk stammered. "It's this! It's from Huet—from our Paris agent—and there's a bidder for the Pearls of Paradise!"

Mott's fingers trembled as he took the letter, and his old eyes had some trouble in deciphering the fine lines of his French associate; but the note was brief. Huet had just received a communication from the man of business of a Rodrigo Alvarez, of the Argentine. According to the Petit Journal, Señor Alvarez, a multimillionaire, was about to unite his vast fortune with that of the daughter and only child of an equally rich Buenos Aires family; according to the man of business, Señor Alvarez thought that the necklace might do for a wedding present to his bride. In Mott's breast the passion of the collector battled with the excitement of the merchant; but the merchant won. He allowed himself only a moment for another look at the pearls.

"We must send them at once," he said.

But the necklace was not to go immediately. Coming down gloomy Old Barlow Street was a ray of sunshine: Cicily, Mott's daughter, a girl who knew almost as much about pearls as did her father, and who had eyes as dangerous as the brightest jewels in his safe. She brushed by a preoccupied, dark little man with a crooked nose who was standing outside the office, and bustled all her blond prettiness into the room where the second step toward a sale was about to be taken.

"Good morning, Mr. Wray," she said, and the clerk's face brightened at the sight of her. "Hello, daddy! Mr. Bryce's motor passed my bus in the Strand, and I thought he might be coming here. I —— Why, daddy, what are you doing with my pearls?"

He had to tell her, and Cicily didn't like it. The girl had always called those pearls her own, and she loved them. Of course she knew that they might have to go sometime; but now ——

"Oh!" she cried; and she seized and kissed them and flung them over her golden head and round her slim, white throat.

That was the picture which Austin Bryce saw when he followed her into the office, and it was not a picture calculated to lessen the admiration of a susceptible young retail jeweler of New Bond Street. Ever since opening his shop, six months before, Bryce had been one of Mott's best customers; but Morris knew that Cicily was as much an attraction for the purchaser as anything he came to buy.

"So that's the famous necklace?" As he put the question Bryce's eyes were divided between the string and the girl. "Is he making you a present, Miss Mott?"

Cicily came as near to a pout as she ever could.

"I'm bidding a last farewell to all my greatness; he's sending them away to some horrid South American millionaire in Paris."

Bryce was examining the pearls, slipping them one by one between his expert fingers.

"You're going to take 'em over?" he inquired of Mott.

The merchant's beard fluttered before the breath of his chuckle. He was not going to take the pearls, he explained; nor yet send Wray with them. As the curbside traders of Old Barlow Street carry their stock in their pockets, so the larger merchants, once they have insured their wares, send them by registered post. "Fortunes daily," said Mott, "fabulous fortunes, are sent like this."

He beckoned to Wray, who brought him a mailing box of about the size that in America holds five cents' worth of matches. Upon its cotton lining the dealer curled the necklace. He produced a sheet of rough paper, made an intricate package, and proceeded to seal it with a ring that he wore on the little finger of his left hand.

"I have two sources of protection," he went on: "One is this ring; the only duplicate seal is owned by my Paris agent, and we seal each package in eight places. The other protection, and the better, is Lloyd's." He handed the box to Wray. "Run up to the post office at the corner, please, and send this by post, registered."

That happened on the thirteenth of April. By the eleventh of May the negotiations of Señor Alvarez' man of business, briskly begun, had sadly languished. On the twelfth came a letter from Huet saying that the South American had departed and the deal was off; Mott's Paris agent was returning the pearls by post, registered and sealed in the usual manner.

It was a bad time for Billy Wray to find Cicily alone in the dusty office and tell her he loved her; but he did it and was not unanswered. She gave him both her slim hands and asked him to let her think; then she gave him her lips and sent thought packing. It was a worse time for the clerk, however, to approach old Morris with this news; for, in spite of the exultation of the collector, the merchant in Mott's soul was angry at the Paris fiasco, and, besides, weeks had passed without a call from Bryce at either the house or the office. Morris had considered Bryce a possible son-in-law. He told Billy that the clerk was too poor to entertain any hope: the man that won Cicily must be able to support her independently of her father. Wray held his tongue, and next morning came to work as usual.

The day's tasks began precisely as they always did. When the postman whistled, Morris himself went to the door to receive the mail. There was the expected package addressed in Huet's fine hand. Mott glanced at its eight seals, saw that they were intact, and returned to his desk in the front of the room. He tossed Wray the packet as if it were a mere box of bonbons.

"Open this, please," he said, as he always did, "and put the necklace in the safe."

He sat down to his accounts. He heard the air from the open rear window rattling the papers on the clerk's table. He heard Billy breaking the seals of the package.

Then he heard a startled cry.

Wray was standing behind him with the wrappings in one hand and the open box in the other. The box contained only two lumps of sugar, swathed in torn bits of French newspaper.

II

WITHIN half an hour after Billy Wray's discovery two powerful forces were engaged upon a solution of the mystery, and they were working at cross-purposes. Mott had locked himself and his clerk in the office and proceeded to use the tardy London telephone.

Stout Sir Henry Herron, head of the Criminal Investigation Bureau of Scotland Yard, was closeted with Inspector Whiting, who knew more about jewels than any other man in England.

"You will take personal charge of this case," said Sir Henry. "There has been entirely too much of this sort of thing lately, and the reputation of the Yard is at stake. We have notified the pawnbrokers. I myself have telegraphed to the Continent and started all possible cooperation. There is already a man at every railway terminus and dock, on the lookout for old offenders with an inclination to leave the country; but I suspect that will be a work of supererogation. I have also called the printing department and arranged for the printing and distribution of descriptions of the pearls. We are offering one thousand pounds for the arrest and conviction of the thief. Never mind about the necklace; get the man."

Lean Mr Malcolm Graham, of Lloyd's, was closeted with Timothy Kirby, the best pearl expert on the detective force of that organization.

"This is your job," he ordered, "and it must be successfully performed; we have lost the last three cases. Spare no money; our reputation is worth five times the amount of Mott's loss. Get in touch at once with every stool-pigeon on your list. I have telephoned our Continental agents, though I don't expect that will have been necessary. The printers are at work on the description circulars. We are offerin' a reward of a thousand pounds for the return of the pearls, and no questions asked. Remember this is an insurance company, not a police office. Never ye mind about the man; get the necklace."

Thus it happened that Whiting and Kirby, bound for the same place, met before the branch post office at the Old Barlow Street corner and renewed an ancient mutual dislike. They were always polite, as great men ever are; and they were always distrustful.

Whiting, of Scotland Yard, pulled the red mustache that formed a sort of pedestal for his monumental nose.

"The Mott Case?" he inquired.

Kirby, of Lloyd's, fingered his smooth chin and nodded. In order to establish confidence, Whiting let fall a perfectly obvious fact: "I shall tell you this: We thought the old buck might have robbed himself; but we have looked up his record and found that hypothesis untenable."

Again Kirby nodded.

"And we," he said, "suspected the Paris agent, but had to chuck that for the same reasons."

They turned down the street.

"An inside job," Whiting ruminated.

"Partly," said Kirby.

"Wholly," asserted Whiting. "Didn't Mott telephone you the facts? Young clerk wants to marry his daughter—told he's too poor—has two minutes with the package while his employer's back is turned."

"Quite right," Kirby admitted. "But Mott has had him locked up ever since. If he took the pearls, where are they?"

"He had a pal just outside his window, of course. I've come with a warrant."

Kirby shrugged.

"That doesn't bring back the pearls," he said.

They were at the door as he said it. Mott unbolted it to their knocking. He looked ten years older than he had looked two hours before. Behind him, erect, his jaw set, his brown eyes steady, Wray stood stiffly, with folded arms, beside the rear window.

"Mr. William Wray?" asked Whiting.

Wray nodded.

"You want me, I suppose," said he.

Whiting's response was a recitation of the brief formula that bears a lifelong stigma. Wray was under arrest.

It was Cicily who interrupted. She rushed in—not this time like a ray of sunshine, but rather like a bolt of lightning. Her cheeks were crimson with her hurry; one strand of her hair had worked loose and blew across her eyes.

"Daddy," she cried, "what do you mean by this? I couldn't half understand you on the telephone. The pearls? Who cares about the pearls? What I want to know is: What in the world can you mean by suspecting Billy?"

The detectives had drawn back respectfully; Morris Mott bowed his head; only Wray remained as he had been.

"What do you mean by it?" The girl stamped her foot; she looked from one of them to the other. "Billy, tell them it isn't true."

Wray's figure seemed to lengthen.

"I shan't even say it, Cicily," he declared.

"Of course you won't; it's too absurd! But it's too awful too." She turned upon Mott. "Father, haven't you any excuse for such a groundless accusation?" Old Mott's voice trembled as he recited the facts to her.

"I hate to think it, Cicily," he concluded, "but nobodyelsewas in this room."

"This paper" she was looking now at the rifled box as it lay on her father's desk—"can't you see that the printing is in French? And the sugar too"—she took up a lump—"that's French! I went to school in Passy, and I know; this was never made anywhere but on the Continent."

"Who Cares About the Pearls? What I Want to Know Is: What in the World Can You Mean by Suspecting Billy?"

"When Mr. Mott signed for the box," said Whiting, "the seals were intact."

Cicily flung herself upon her lover. The musty room rang with her voice.

"You shan't take him!" she cried. Her power for argument had left her, and left her love all the stronger because it stood alone. "They were my pearls! And he didn't take them! He didn't! Billy! Billy"—she drew his head down to her breast as a mother draws the head of a wounded son—"I know you didn't—I know—I know! And I will prove it! I will! Billy ——"

"Come along, Mr. Wray," said the man from Scotland Yard.

III

IT WAS not for nothing that Cicily was the daughter of a hard-headed business man; she had her moments of weakness, because she was a thoroughly charming girl; she recovered from them, she put tears aside, she became practical and active, because she was the child of Morris Mott.

Wray's departure in custody was part of a painful scene. An entire twenty-four hours of almost continuous painful scenes followed at Mott's home—scenes during which Cicily repulsed the parental overtures and abandoned herself to despair; but then, quite suddenly, she got up, washed her flushed face, powdered her nose and, dressed for the street, confronted her astonished father in the hall.

"Daddy," she said, "I want one last word with you about Billy. I want to know whether, after all this night to think it over in, you still believe him guilty."

The old man made a gesture of despair.

"I wish I could think anything else," he said.

"You've never had anything else stolen?"

"Not for years."

"And there has never been anything irregular about the office—anything that anybody else could be responsible for? Try to remember."

No, there had been nothing at all. That, however, did not deter Cicily.

"This thing either happened in the post or else Billy did it," she declared. "Since Billy didn't do it, it must have happened in the post. Did you ever lose anything that way?"

"Never," said Morris. "Once or twice lately registered packages from Huet have been slow in reaching me—one mail late, for instance—but ——"

"Then there's the clew!" cried Cicily. "There's a thief in the post office; the French post offices are always having thefts."

"But this isn't theft that I'm speaking of," Morris persisted. "The packages were late, but they were undisturbed; not even a single seal was broken." His face softened. "It is useless, Cicily," he said brokenly. "My girl, my girl, I didn't want you to care for a mere clerk like Wray, but I should have come round in the end, if only he hadn't done this. Now I can't come round. Why couldn't you have cared for Bryce?"

She understood her father, and she knew that, genuine as was his sorrow, in his attitude against Wray he was firm; he would not lift a finger to help his clerk, and he would not relent until Billy's innocence was proved. But this she could now bear; she had, or thought she had, a gleam of light. With only the briefest of kisses for Mott, she hurried alone upon a new errand.

Sir Henry Herron did not want to see her, but it was a determined young person who besieged him from his anteroom in the Yard—a young person calm with the knowledge that, Wray in jail, her father unrelenting, and the newspapers crying her lover's guilt, vindication was imperative. The Chief of the Criminal Investigation Bureau had to give her an audience to get rid of her.

She quietly told him her predicament. Then, as quietly, she gave the information she had gathered from Mott. The fat baronet sighed.

"It is of no use, Miss Mott," he said. "Packages are frequently delayed. That doesn't signify. Your father himself says those were unopened."

"Have you got copies of the post-office records of this package—the French and English too?"

He had them.

"From the moment it was posted by M. Huet in Paris," he said, "to the moment it was receipted for by your father, that box of pearls was not in any clerk's or carrier's hands for more than twenty unobserved minutes at a time. The sole exception is that of the postman on the Old Barlow Street route; but he could not have robbed and resealed the box on the open street, and I find that he was not one instant late on his return from his first rounds on the morning of the thirteenth."

"Twenty minutes?" Cicily's eyes were eager. "You know what the French post office is, and twenty minutes ——"

"The French post office's records are correct in any case," said Sir Henry, "and I shall tell you about the question of time: All last night ten of my men sat up here, first carefully making sealed packages like that

which held the pearls, and then racing to see what was the briefest time in which they could open and reclose them. Did you know that we have a sealing-wax expert at the Yard, Miss Mott? We have; and we had him in to help us. It was all one. The tests proved that to open the box, extract the contents, substitute the paper and sugar, rewrap in the complicated manner employed by Mr. Mott and M. Huet, and then seal, as they did, in eight places—even supposing that facsimile seals could be procured—the tests proved that it could not be done in less than twenty-five minutes. Either Wray stole those pearls, or else, in spite of the evidences of our senses, they were not stolen."

It was difficult to remain practical, but Cicily was growing used to difficulties.

"The pearls weren't in the office when the detectives came there," she argued, "and yet nobody had left the room."

Sir Henry shrugged.

"Really, Miss Mott, this conversation is becoming very irregular."

"I can't help that. They weren't in the room; and your man searched Billy, and he didn't have them."

"No; but he had had two unwatched minutes beside an open window before he announced their loss."

"Did you look outside that window?"

"A search of the alley was, of course, made."

"And you didn't find anything?"

"We did not find any trace of the confederate who must have been there thirty minutes before."

Cicily flushed ever so slightly: a confederate for Billy!

"I suppose you are looking elsewhere for the—confederate?" she inquired.

"Lloyd's may be: he has your father's pearls. We shall trust to Mr. Wray to talk."

"Sir Henry, you know as well as I do that, except for the diamond market, Hamburg is the center of the jewel trade. Didn't any well-known thief leave for Hamburg yesterday?"

It was Sir Henry's turn to color. Two or three such men had sailed, as they were constantly doing.

"But they were arrested first and searched as suspicious characters," he said; "and they had nothing on their persons or in their luggage that was not their own."

He rose to put an end to the interview. He had made up his mind; Cicily saw that. She also rose, but she rose bravely.

"I don't know much about these things," she said; "but I expect you have had photographs made of those pieces of French newspaper that were wrapped round the sugar?"

Yes; that had been done.

"Then, may I have copies?"

He was glad to find something in which he could oblige her. He rang for them, gave them to her, and bowed her out.

She had two things to work on, and two only: Her faith in Billy, and those photographs of tearings from a French newspaper—tearings about the size of her hands. She went to the British Museum—to the newspaper room. There she ordered the files of all the Paris papers for the past month. She was systematic; she began at the earliest. Her task was to find, somewhere in those turgid columns, passages corresponding to these on the fragments around the sugar. If she could not find them in the past month's journals, she would search the past year's; if she could not find them in the publications of the capital, she would rake those of the provinces. She worked for a week.

But at last she was rewarded; she found what she sought. The tearings were from the Figaro published twelve hours before M. Huet had posted the Pearls of Paradise from Paris.

She went to the bank and drew heavily on her balance. She procured, in order to avoid recognition, clothes of a cut and color unusual to her. She wrote to her father that she wanted to be alone for a month; she was going to visit a school friend in Devon and would not write during her absence. Then she took boat for Hamburg.

IV

IF YOU know Hamburg—or if you knew it as it was before the war—you cannot fail to remember the nest of little streets that parallel the big thoroughfares connecting the heart of the town with the water front. They were damp and crowded, and they were spotted with poor hotels bearing rich names. In and out of that crowd there were always darting furtive men, who had sharp eyes and tense faces—men of every civilized nationality, who yet had some strange quality in common, some general air that marked them all as brothers of a single confraternity: They were the crooked jewel dealers of the world, the emissaries of fences, swindlers, thieves; they were the no-questions-asked men of the trade in precious stones, and they carried on nearly all their business in the lounges of the poor hotels.

"They Call It the Seller's Luck-Piece, But It Is the Buyer's. Take Them"

It was among these men that Cicily had now to look; and she went about her task fortified by the knowledge of the trade that she had acquired from her father, and by the fiction that she was the representative of an unscrupulous pearl collector of New York. The truth gained her an entrance into the confraternity; the fiction won her further progress. She was passed from hand to hand. She looked at hundreds of pearls, won the exhibitors' admiration by pointing out why the asking-price was thrice too high, and conquered their respect by declaring that she was in search of something better.

Late one afternoon she came out of the Golden Swan with Reisenholtz, having inspected and declined, as too trifling, a necklace worth ten thousand pounds, which that Viennese had offered her for fifteen thousand pounds. Across the narrow street stood the Grand Hotel St. Petersburg—an affair about the size of a modest garage—and, going in at its side door, Cicily saw a figure that immediately struck her as familiar.

It was that of a little man, with the furtive air to which she had now grown accustomed; but it was that of nobody she had met in Hamburg. It slouched in a manner reminiscent of the London by-streets. As it turned at the door, Cicily saw its face—a wizened face, with a crooked nose. Instantly she recalled it: This was the man against whom she had brushed at the entrance to her father's office on the thirteenth of April, the morning when Morris Mott posted the Pearls of Paradise to Paris.

"Who's that?" she asked.

Reisenholtz pursed his lips.

"Nobody," said he; "a little fellow—a man well named Small. He is Eddie Small, from London."

"I haven't seen anybody from London," said Cicily. "He might know something from there."

"He cannot know of anything worth your consideration," said the Viennese; and he said it so urgently that Cicily knew the trader's jealousy was speaking.

"I shall ask him, anyhow," she said. "Good afternoon, Herr Reisenholtz."

She crossed the street. Would Small know her? She thought not. Frequently as she had been at Mott's place of business, none of the curbstone traders had entered it. On the occasion of that one encounter, this man had been intently looking down the street. Moreover, her clothes were strange, and the weeks of work and worry had left their marks upon her face. In any case she must take her chance.

The room was narrow and dirty. There was a center table, covered with thumbed German newspapers and a few old copies of the Paris edition of the Daily Mail; there was one or two enfeebled wicker armchairs; and there was nobody in the room except Mr. Eddie Small.

Cicily had learned the confraternity's method of approach: A presentation of verbal credentials and then a direct advance upon the point at issue. She spoke of her New York patron; she used a technical term or two; she said that Reisenholtz had pointed Small out to her.

"Have you anything out of the common?" she asked.

The man had been drinking, but even had he been wholly sober Cicily's credentials would have convinced him. He fenced no more than is required by the etiquette of the trade. Five minutes had scarcely passed before he admitted that he did know of what he called a rather good thing.

Cicily put her hands beneath the table and clenched them hard.

"My chief's a big man," she said.

Small leered. When the waiter had left them alone, he continued:

"I expect these will be large enough for your gov'nor. . . . I should want the best guaranties before we went a step forward."

"Poof!" said Cicily. She mentioned the name of one of the three richest men in America—a man famous all over the world not only for his wealth, but also for the lavish and unquestioning manner in which he spent that wealth for the enrichment of his various collections. "I think he'll do," she went on; "but it will be he who wants the guaranties. Ever since I have been in Hamburg I've heard nothing but large talk and seen nothing but small pearls. You are all what he calls four-flushers."

"Are we?" said Small. "Wait a bit, my lidy; wait a bit. You're going fast to-day, you are."

He didn't know her; that, at least, was clear. But what was it that he had? Was she following only another false clew?

"Is yours a matter of five thousand pounds?" she asked.

"Five thousand quid?" Small's scornful laughter showed twin rows of broken and blackened teeth. "We wouldn't look at that."

This from a member of a class of London traders no one of whom ever did more than fifty pounds' worth of business at a time! Cicily essayed to banter:

"You couldn't get hold of anything worth ten thousand."

The red of a wounded professional pride stole into Eddie Small's sallow cheeks. He looked cautiously toward the open door to the bar. Then he said:

"What I am talking of 'as an insurance policy o' thirty thousand."

Her nails were cutting deep into the palms of her hands. She bit her lip to stifle an impulse toward hysteric laughter. She leaned forward and put everything to the test.

"Why," she whispered, "there isn't a string that carries so much anywhere in the world—except the Morris Mott's!"

Small's dirty fingers softly patted the tabletop.

"It's the Morris Mott's I'm talkin' of," said he.

■

CICILY was dealing with what was probably a group of the most dangerous men in the world. Outside help it would be difficult to obtain: Scotland Yard was, of course, convinced of the justice of its case against Wray and would be inclined to believe that Small was simply trying to swindle her by the sale of a spurious necklace; Lloyd's was more likely to help; but to enlist their aid she must return to London. However, since to clear Billy she must succeed where those two trained forces had failed—since she must both catch the thief and recover the pearls—Cicily made her plans to go back to England at once.

The leering Mr. Eddie Small played directly into her hands. He had come to Hamburg to look for a purchaser, but he was not fool enough to bring the necklace with him. When she told him that she must first get into direct communication with her principal, his reply was that London was the best place for the consummation of their project. When she intimated that she must have a glimpse of the pearls in order to be able to convince her principal that all was as represented, Small declared that she must first show him enough money to convince him of her good faith, and he named a German restaurant in Soho as their meeting place.

"Only gold and French script, my lidy," were his parting instructions. "Bank of England notes are fair easy to trace, you know."

But the next few days convinced Cicily—if further conviction were needed—that there was nothing easy about the case. Under the name of Constance Baily—the name she had used in Hamburg—she took lodging in a family-hotel near King's Cross, went to the Yard and was denied a second interview with Sir Henry, learned from the

newspapers that Wray's case was scheduled for trial within a fortnight, sought Mr. Graham at Lloyd's and was at first treated on the supposition that she was endeavoring to secure an advance on wholly false information.

"But I assure you," she pleaded, "that I am Miss Baily; that I do represent a collector; and that I have every reason to believe I have come across the trail of the Mott necklace."

Something of Graham's ancestry crept into his voice.

"How do we ken that?" he countered.

She was a determined woman; but she was a woman, first of all, and therefore not averse to employing feminine weapons. She let the tears come into her eyes, and the tears were ready.

"You advertised 'No questions asked,'" she pleaded.

The lean Scotchman twisted uncomfortably in his chair. He pushed a button.

"Bring ye at once test box number six," he said to the gray-haired attendant who answered his summons.

The box was brought, and from it Graham drew a handful of loose pearls.

"Sort those accordin' to their value," he commanded.

She did it; it was simple work for her. The same knowledge that would have enabled her to recognize any of the Pearls of Paradise, had she seen it in the gutter, taught her the gradations of pearls in general.

"There," said Graham, "is ten thousand francs. That ought to buy one of the lesser pearls—or rent it. Report here as soon as possible."

It seemed a strange thing for him to do, but she would not have thought it so very strange had she known what happened as soon as she left the room. What happened was this: Graham sent for one of Kirby's detectives.

"Follow that woman," he said. "I have half a mind that she is one of the Mott necklace gang, and so I have invested some of the company's money in her."

Cicily was destined to lead her stalker a long chase. She lost two days before Small appeared at the Soho restaurant; and when she did see him he would not hear of letting one of the pearls pass out of his possession.

"It's all or none," he said.

Suppose he wanted only to get the money she had with her? Suppose he guessed her identity or her visit to Lloyd's? Or suppose he did not have and never had had her father's necklace? She tried to explain that she must have a sample to convince her principal.

"Then bring him to me," said Small.

He would not understand that American millionaires are loath to consort with thieves, and he refused as yet to part temporarily with a pearl, even at an exorbitant figure.

Once she caught his eyes fixed on the money with a gaze that made her fear for her safety. Twice he made fresh appointments with her and broke them. She became conscious that she was followed, first by one man and then, she was sure, by two, each of whom seemed unaware of the other. She thought, and in part rightly, that the thieves were shadowing her for their own protection, and she should wear herself out before she could shake these shadows from her track. Always Small delayed, and always his puffed attempts to shoulder the responsibility for his delays left her more and more certain that he was a mere agent for some shrewd and cautious brain, averse to dealing with her until sure of her position.

In order to deceive Small and his associates, she made mysterious visits to the Carlton, as if to consult her principal; and there she found Fate helping her in the fact that a rich American collector had recently registered. Her sole course was to meet postponement with a smile and shadowing with an assumption of innocence. Yet she knew that Lloyd's would demand results; that the trial would not wait; and she continued to fear that perhaps the man with the crooked nose was only trying to swindle her; that he did not have the Pearls of Paradise after all.

Five days had passed before Small, seated with her at a late luncheon in the Soho restaurant—and he always saw to it that Cicily paid her share of the bill—looked up from biting the end of a particularly bad cigar and said:

"I shall let you see the key pearl this afternoon."

She knew that he must have received orders to this effect before he met her, and that his silence to her appeals during all the luncheon was only another attempt to raise her opinion of his importance; but she realized the necessity of keeping him in humor.

"Thank you," she answered. "Now?"

He scraped some black tobacco from his dark teeth with a deliberate thumb.

"And when you've seen the biggest of the lot you will know we are plying fair," he said.

"You will show it to me now?" she repeated.

"By an' by."

He lit the cigar and smoked it until the last red ashes scorched his fingers. He smoked as if all time were his own; but Cicily, watching him from under lowered lids, saw that he let his eyes wander often to the restaurant clock. She pretended that the smoke did not annoy her; she even tried to make talk; she sat it out. At last he crushed the remnant of his cigar into the dregs of his coffee; he stood up.

"Come along," he said; and he added in a whisper: "Look sharp! Walk a bit a'ead o' me. Tike the turnings as I tell you. I'm not a man for tricks, me lidy."

Obedient to his orders, she made her way into Shaftesbury Avenue, where he directed her into a tea room, pretended to find no table to suit him, and so piloted her out by another door. They crossed to the Strand, and hesitated at a tobacconist's until joined by a dapper little fellow with a ratlike face, who might have been a jockey.

Small said no word of introduction, but the newcomer raised his hat as if he had known her all his life, and walked on one side of her while Small now took the other. Their pace quickened. Cicily felt as if she were in custody.

"'Ere we are," said the ratlike man.

His thin right hand gripped her arm like a trap and turned her sharply into a second tea room.

"And 'ere's our tible," said Small.

The place was fairly well filled; but there were a few tables in the farthest corner, and to one of these Small conducted his companions, seating them so that Cicily was between the two men. He rang the little tea bell for tea and muffins.

"Now then," he directed as soon as the waitress had gone, "sit close. Whatever 'appens, don't look queer. An' when I lights me cigarette, watch me."

For twenty minutes nothing happened. The tea and muffins were brought and consumed. People came and went. A florid man from Yorkshire and his three buxom daughters took one of the vacant tables and talked loudly in the broad dialect of the North Riding; a big mechanic, fresh from his work in some garage, appeared alone at another table. Small and his friend discussed the races.

"You're a long time at yer tea," said the friend at last.

"I was fair empty," explained Small, still redolent of his German luncheon. He pushed aside his plate. "Do you mind if I smoke?" he asked of Cicily.

This, she knew, was the signal. She drew a quick breath. "Not at all," she said.

Small produced a packet of cigarettes, but he seemed to have difficulty in finding anything with which to light one.

"'Ave you a match?" he asked of the ratlike man.

The ratlike man shook his head.

"You jolly well know I don't smoke," he answered.

Small put a cigarette between his lips and dropped the packet to the table. He looked about him; his eyes fell on the mechanic at the near-by table.

"'Ello, there, mister!" said Small. "'Ave you got a match abart yer?"

The mechanic scarcely raised his eyes. He nodded and then looked directly away. From a side pocket of his coat he carelessly drew a penny match box and, without a further glance in the direction of his throw, tossed the box over his shoulder to Small, who, with a dry comment of "Good cricket!" caught it neatly.

The man with the crooked nose lowered the box beneath the table's rim and, incasing it in his hands, opened it half an inch. Cicily let her gaze fall apparently to her teacup, but really to the match box. There, with a single match beside it, lay, unmistakably, the largest of the Pearls of Paradise.

She had been given her promised glimpse. The next instant Small closed the box, struck the match on its side, lit his cigarette, and tossed the precious parcel back to the mechanic as carelessly as the mechanic had tossed it to Small.

VI

IT IS not to be supposed that, after his arrest of Billy Wray, Mr. Inspector Whiting, of Scotland Yard, sat down and twiddled his thumbs; it is only to be understood that, whatever he did, Cicily was in no position to know anything about it. As a matter of fact, Whiting spent a day at home, pulling his red mustache and thinking things over. Then he went to Paris.

He had been ordered to find the thief who stole the Pearls of Paradise, and he had found Mott's clerk. But that discovery had broadened the scope of his present duties; it made the noun "thief" collective. If Wray was guilty—and, of course, he was—he must have had a confederate outside the back office window to whom to hand the necklace. Without that confederate the case—certainly to Sir Henry Herron and perhaps to a jury—would seem incomplete; the other man must be taken.

Very likely it was other men. Jewel thieves rarely work alone, or even in pairs; and Whiting was keenly aware that the value of the Pearls of Paradise was high enough to attract the energies of a dozen persons. He could not get it out of his head that there was a French end to this tangled skein. He tried to put Wray through a process that, in America, would be known as "sweating." Wray would not say a word; so Whiting went to Paris.

He wanted to find out a little more about that multimillionaire from Buenos Aires who had thought of the necklace as a wedding gift. He sought Mott's Paris agent, M. Huet; and M. Huet, now running his stubby fingers through his bristling hair, and now flinging wide his arms in Gallic excitement, told what he knew.

No; he had not seen the so-rich American of the South. With Señor Alvarez' man of business only had he had to do. What did he look like? By M. Huet's faith, he looked, of course, like a man of business. He was pleasant-mannered, he was of a fatness, and he spoke with an accent abominable. Instantly Whiting was alert.

(Continued on Page 29)

The Jockey and the Mechanic Plunged for the Door; Small Made Straight at Cicily

THIS IS THE LIFE

The Story of a Social Secretary

Edited by Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"And so Manner in Which She Spik so Language Française—Ah, Mon Dieu!"

MRS. RHINEBECK CUTTLE wanted her year on the cob. She did not like to cut it down into bits of the Riviera and the London season and the Paris races; and in all the years of my service with her she went to Europe only twice. Thanks, indeed, to the fact that she hated traveling, she never formed one of those groups of wealthy Americans who annually transplant their sphere of activity—gossip, clothes-buying and entertaining—to the tufted corners of the Paris Ritz, who, wrapping themselves tightly about in a cocoon of native interests, put in time between the New York and Newport seasons.

Mrs. Cuttle saw no sense in going to some big foreign hotel to see the same people and do the same things provided her more comfortably by America. When, therefore, at the beginning of Lent, Mrs. Sudbroke Brown and Mrs. Norman Digly and most of her set betook themselves to other shores she stayed quietly at home. Seldom, in fact, did she ever get so far as Florida. About the middle of May she closed up her town house and we all fled to The Torrents, where we remained until the Fourth of July set off the big Newport season.

Never shall I forget the place on the Hudson as it was in those first spring days of our occupancy. On each side of the river spring held a distaff of filmy white dogwood, pierced here and there by redbud, like the swift play of a rosy finger. On each of the fine old trees of this glorious country estate had alighted a swarm of bright glossy-green leaves. During the daytime the majestic river, curving between those blossoming banks, lay under a hail of sunlight. At night Mr. and Mrs. Cuttle and I used to watch its darkened shores for the big passenger boat going to Albany. It was the one event of the day.

Casual Mrs. Cuttle Greets Monty Robbins

"MY HEAVENS, it's dull!" would cry Mrs. Cuttle, jumping up abruptly from the dim veranda. "Mrs. Pemberton, sit down this minute and ask Mrs. Aaron Finn Gordon whether she can't come down next week."

"Why, Sadie, I love it!" came from the heavy, contented figure in the big chair, looking out through veils of cigar smoke on the quiet scene.

"Of course you do!" would snap his wife. "You would like a vault—the darker and damper and lonesomer the better."

"Oh, now, Sadie!" was the big man's usual remonstrance.

Never in his life did he speak impatiently to the wife who so constantly engaged his services in the fashionable world which he hated.

When we got Mrs. Aaron Finn Gordon down for the week the outsider might have questioned the efficiency of this form of relieving dullness, for Mrs. Cuttle took to herself no more responsibility in entertaining a guest than does the leopard at the Zoo in chatting with an inquisitive visitor. The house and the servants and the carriages were there. She was not. Very often, indeed, when one of her house parties arrived Mrs. Cuttle was out driving or walking. Usually at ten o'clock at night she stalked off and left them to their festivities.

Nothing illustrates so well the famous hostess behind the hat as the reception she once gave Monteith Robbins when he came down for a week's visit to her villa at Newport. As the young bachelor, a great friend of hers, came to the front door Mrs. Cuttle was just going out of it. He had been abroad for five months. She had not seen him for six. These facts, however, did not by any means affect her ordinary methods. She never put out her hand. She never said "How do you do?" or "How are you?" She just stood there and stared at him. At last:

"Are you in for luncheon, Monty?"

Even her best friends were not always Cuttle-proof. Mr. Monteith Robbins flushed to the roots of his English walking suit.

"Why—why, I suppose I am! Doesn't it suit?"

"Oh, I don't care! I'm just going out for luncheon myself; but Mrs. Pemberton will look after you. Good-by!" And without another word she trailed off to the motor.

"Well!" said the young society man with a grin. "Doesn't she have a nice way of committing a guest! The best wardens in the country couldn't do better than that."

Yet, though she paid absolutely no attention to anybody, Mrs. Cuttle insisted on the consciousness of having company in the house. Our place at The Torrents was always guest-plated, and the following incident shows how little our visitors missed the fine flavor of personal hospitality:

One day during the early weeks of my service with Mrs. Cuttle there arrived at the country place a rangy young man with an eye for his own comfort. Like most of our guests, he was parched. Like most of them, too, he had no hesitation in saying so.

"Cocktail, please," said he to the butler in that tone of authority which always indicates that a young society man is in somebody's home and not in a hotel.

Parrins went from the room, and in a moment set down before the patron of the establishment an amber-colored drink, fairly rocking with the solicitous haste of its delivery. The young man took the drink and carelessly threw out a dollar. Parrins' self-contained whiskers almost betrayed a quiver. Such generosity! He could hardly wait until he told the other servants.

A dollar for a cocktail! The news came at last to the butler's pantry and reverberated wildly about the dining room below stairs. A system of proportionate gratuities outlined a pleasant future for those servitors.

After that the footman who valeted Mr. L. Dorado bestowed a loving care upon his duties. The footman who took his boots in the morning gave an impassioned luster to the leather. The chef turned off a few extra trills, and the butler saw to it that those amber-colored drinks rose frequently from their source.

Alas and alack for all these calculations! On Monday morning the rangy young man passed two footmen, the butler and the chambermaid without so much as the quiver of a dime. That single dollar bill had been merely a bearded meteor trailing light over dull Shalott. It was all the rangy young man ever gave.

The young man who boomed into the household in this fashion is but one example of the trials and disappointments undergone by the servants of a wealthy establishment. These servants comprise a mirror reflecting back every light of splendor, every shadow of gossip and every financial incapacity of the people they serve. If Mrs. Cuttle snubbed Mrs. Horatius Van Blank, be it well understood that the affair received its proper amount of attention in the sitting room below stairs. If Mrs. Stephen Harcourt spoke indifferently to her husband, Mrs. Cuttle's maid and the parlor maid and the two head footmen had their own theories regarding the situation. To the Elevated set the Subway set applied, too, its own system of appraisements. It was customary to size up each guest according to his possible gratuity.

"Who's coming down to-morrow?" I once overheard Hawkins, one of the two head footmen, ask of the butler as the two met in the butler's pantry.

"Mr. Skiley Lark, for one."

"Brings his own valet," grumbled Hawkins. "Nothing in that."

"Mr. Eustace Staringarter," added Parrins.

"And 'e's no good, either"—fretfully rubbing up a silver fork. "Last time 'e was down 'ere 'e gave me a dollar, and all those London clothes of 'is that I cleaned and pressed! 'E's the kind that thinks a footman works for the love of 'is hart—eh, wot, Parrins?"

"Well, Mr. and Mrs. George Silver—they're coming too."

The wave follows the trough. Hawkins' broad-blown face expanded joyously.

A Gentleman Wot is a Gentleman

"NOW there's something like!" he cooed. "There's a gentleman! Wot did he give you last time 'e was 'ere—twenty dollars, and me five—eh? And Mrs. Silver—a lidy if ever one lived! Never a time she comes 'ere but wot she runs down to the phone in the morning almost before Mary is doin' the livin' room and calls up 'er 'ome. 'Ow's the children?' she asks them at 'ome, just as sweet and hinterested as though she didn't have twenty million or so. I say, Parrins, did you hever know hany of the rest of 'em to ask about their children?"

Parrins shook his head.

"The way these people treat their young ones—it takes me!" continued the moralist, taking up another piece of silver. "They bring 'em up by a 'over—isn't that wot you call it?"

"Hover!" aspirated the more gifted Parrins.

"Well, you know wot I mean. I saw one in a window a fortnight ago—one of them wire things that supplants the

"Work!" He Echoed Weakly. "What Work Can I Do? I Never Was Brought Up to Do Anything"

warm maternal wing with the hincubator chick. They're 'overbred, that's wot they are—these young uns of the millionaire class."

It was conversations like this that I heard almost every day. It was conversations like this that gave me such a thorough insight into the currents that pull beneath the broad and shining level of high society. More than any other person the social secretary knows how the upper side is controlled by the lower.

In the Cuttle household we employed generally nineteen servants, whose monthly payroll amounted to about fifteen hundred dollars. The following list explains the situation: Butler at eighty-five dollars a month; three footmen at fifty to sixty each; lady's maid, forty-five; chef, one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five; pastry cook, forty; chambermaid, thirty-five; parlor maid, thirty-five; coachman, seventy-five; two grooms, fifty to sixty each; two chauffeurs, one hundred and fifty each; head laundress, thirty-five; second laundress, twenty-five; housekeeper, one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five; a useful man, forty-five, and a useful maid, twenty-five. To these must be added in the usual household of Dives a valet, commanding one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle, however, always repudiated this luxury. To the butler fell the task of cleaning and pressing those mud-stained trousers in which he used to appear at his wife's house parties.

In this constellation the butler is the bright particular planet. A good butler is rare and is treated with much consideration. As a rule, therefore, he moves into an establishment as firmly as a stationary washstand. Parrins, for example, stayed with Mrs. Cuttle up to the time of her death. He was recognized as the best butler in New York, and when freed from the Cuttle service he was fought over like Troy itself. He finally heeded the sweet wood-note of one hundred and thirty-five dollars offered him by a certain magnate, a sum that exceeded by fifty dollars the amount he got from us.

To be a good butler a man must be something of a general. He must know more than how to make a good claret cup and serve the wine in its proper cadences. It is the butler, in fact, who oversees and directs nearly all the household operations. He tells Mary, the parlor maid, if there is any flaw in her methods; he allots the work to each footman; and when a big dinner is served he keeps a vigilant eye, not only upon the footmen, but upon all the men of the caterer.

Let us take a daily leaf from the diary of Parrins. First of all his duties was a dress suit. This garment was adhesive. He donned it before the first beams of his fried egg had shone in his eye and he never parted with it until he went off duty at night. Thus panoplied, he went, first of all, to the butler's pantry. Here, ranged on the table, were all the various floats in his own original morning-tray parade. He had fixed up the night before each of these, with its proper china and napery.

"I'm Going to Show That Chef How to Make Mayonnaise"

The Charge of the Breakfast Brigade

ALL that was needed now was a little food and some blossoms. Precisely at seven-twenty-three he geared up Mrs. Cuttle's tray with a dew-beaded pink rose. Promptly at seven-twenty-seven the toast and tea came up on the dumbwaiter. Punctually at seven-twenty-eight he was bearing the precious burden up the back stairs to the maid who waited outside the door of Mrs. Cuttle's room. Right here it may be mentioned that, though the footmen were intrusted with the task of carrying all other breakfast trays, none save the butler's hands ever touched the toast and tea of Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle.

"How is she this morning?" he whispered to Elise as the French maid took the tray from his hands.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the maid. "It is like taking orders from ze tornado. And ze manner in which she spik ze language Française—*ah, mon Dieu!*"

"The new chef said yesterday he couldn't understand her," added Parrins laughingly.

He was glad he was not French, was Parrins. In a wealthy household you have to work just that much harder for your money. Your mistress regards you as merely an exhaust valve for her leaky Gallic verbs and impoverished nouns.

After he had safely ushered Mrs. Cuttle's tray up the back stairs he came to the dining room and stood back of Mr. Cuttle's chair while the master ate his solitary breakfast of ham and eggs. When dismissed from this duty he brought me the morning's mail, the chef's menus, and asked for any orders I might have. He also got from me the key of the wine cellar and took out as many bottles of claret and champagne and sherry as were required by the day's draught. Then, when he had placed the beverages in the desired temperature—the champagne on ice and the other wines in a nice balmy closet upstairs—he brought back the key to me.

From this time until about eleven, when a footman relieved him, Parrins decorated the front hall. Here he answered the door and the telephone and the need for pomp. At luncheon he slipped into his groove behind the master's chair, and from this he departed only long enough to serve the wines. After that he was free until five o'clock. Promptly at this hour he entered the chosen tea arena with a crested table cover hung in a shady nook of that genteel black arm. He was followed by a footman with a huge silver tray, on which was placed the service, and the two of them stood round to await any orders that might ensue. At dinner, of course, his gifted eye and arm were again employed in the serving of the wine, and in the evening he wound his way among such guests as were present to find out just what everybody wished for his tray. During the course of the evening he ordered from the gardener the flowers with which he desired to garnish the toast and tea.

There is a whole swarm of subsidiary duties buzzing about the ears of the butler. Every day, for example, Parrins ordered the fruit. Every evening when Mr. and Mrs. Cuttle were going out he saw them to their carriage. Every day he devoted himself to the earnest task of cleaning those mud-stained trousers. In addition he kept track of a number of details and ran half a dozen different books. One of these in particular illustrates the meticulous methods of a great household. This is the silver book.

The first time I encountered the aforesaid volume was at the opening dinner of Mrs. Cuttle's New York season. Going into the butler's pantry, I found Parrins entering up every piece of silver destined for the party. Afterward, when the guests had all departed for the ballroom, he again counted the pieces and neatly checked them off. In fourteen years only one bit of silver was lost.

As for the three footmen—whom, by the way, Parrins always engaged—it must not be fancied that they fulfilled a destiny of mere icy prettiness. Before they got into their frozen-custard uniforms they did some real labor, and for this labor Mrs. Cuttle provided a calm livery of gray trousers and sack coat. It is interesting to note the expense involved by these frequent costumes. To the Fifth Avenue tailor who ministers to this special form of extravagance we paid fifty-eight dollars each for the morning liveries and seventy-five for the evening ones. When, too, it is remembered that we maintained for special occasions twenty extra liveries, it will be seen that there was an investment of several thousand dollars in this one item.

To go back to the activities of the footmen: At seven o'clock one of the three men goes about and opens up the house. Afterward he carries to the cleaning room below stairs all the boots left outside the various doors. Meantime another member of the squad dedicates himself to carrying breakfast trays—a serious undertaking when a house party brings up the number of portable breakfasts to twenty-four.

Housecleaning at Mrs. Cuttle's did not attack in spasms that draw up the members of the household in semiannual convulsions. Housecleaning here was a daily accomplishment; and Mrs. Cuttle's house, whether in New York, Newport, or in the country, was perhaps the most immaculate of many immaculate households. Every day every room in the house was swept and dusted. Every Friday each rug was taken out and thoroughly beaten. And every day the silver had to be rubbed up.

The Cleaning Room

FOR this last bit of detail we kept in the butler's pantry a huge chamois-covered buffer, the size of a small ironing board. This was supplemented by a number of chamois cloths and about twelve brushes ranging in vigor from one row to twelve rows of bristles. They were of different shapes, too—some curved and some straight—and no ferny grot of embossment, noshaded dell of filigree, could escape the vigilance of these instruments. The silver in active use was rubbed up every day, and as each piece was finished the footman tucked it away in its long wooden tray lined with purple velvet. As for the big pieces, each of these had a separate bag of chamois in which it was kept until called forth by the pibroch of the dinner fray.

Not only, either, was the cleaning confined to articles in daily service; every day some section of the reserve force was attacked. In this way all these extra pieces got at least one polishing a week.

"By hookey, I'm sorry for a speck of dust in this house!" confided Hawkins to Mary, the parlor maid, as she was arranging flowers at the table near by. "Why, it hasn't got the chance of a kitten's tail with a three-year-old! There, darn you!" And he addressed the great crested silver platter he was cleaning. "It's lullaby to you, my pretty baby, for a week." And he tied it up ferociously in its great chamois bag.

A word right here of the butler's pantry: This room, which I have already described as adjoining the dining room, from which it was cut off by only a large and ornate screen, was in reality the switchboard of the whole establishment. In the town house the butler's pantry was two stories high, and you went up a stairway to reach its topmost treasures of china and silver. In the other houses it was merely a large room lined with shelves and closets in which were kept all the tableware of the household. Here dishes were washed, flowers arranged, trays polished and silver cleaned. And here took place some of the most dramatic episodes of the servant world.

While Hawkins was busy with the silver, Henry, another footman, had gone to work in the cleaning room below stairs. This scene requires also a few words of explanation. It was fitted up with ironing boards, pressing tables, all sorts of electric irons and all kinds of stretchers. Here in the evening were brought the men's suits and neckties gathered up from the various rooms, and here during the morning of a house party there were often six or seven valets and footmen engaged in their respective duties. A librettist anxious to get away from hussars, tennis boys and village maidens might take advantage of the tense situation.

"Hi, there! Move up a little, won't you?" cries Hopkins, the valet of Mr. Skiley Lark, bearing before him, like a battle-cry, a pair of dove-colored trousers.

"Say," cries the valet of Mr. Quentin Van Feder Nest, rudely jostled by this rival firm, "how many pairs are you goin' to do for that gentleman? 'E's a regular centipede, I believe."

"Hookey!" cried Hopkins. "Why, this ain't much! 'E just came back from London with twenty new suits. And 'ave you seen those new pyjamas of his?"

"You mean them baby-blue silk affairs, with the forget-me-nots embroidered on 'em? Yes; I saw 'em as I passed through the 'all last evening, all laid out on the blue-maple bed. Sweet! says I to myself; I'd like to be man to a lady like that—a lady that dresses in divided skirts of blue cloud."

"It don't hurt my manly feelin's," replies Hopkins, bearing the dove-colored ones to the desired battlefield. "'E's got some pale rose-colored ones embroidered in buds, and some lavender ones with lilacs on 'em. And I bet there isn't a gentleman that comes 'ere that has finer toilet things than Mr. Lark's."

"Mr. Van Nest doesn't go in for baubles like that. 'E's rich enough so he doesn't 'ave to show people just 'ow rich 'e is," answers the loyal retainer of Mr. Van Nest.

About this time the dignified figure of Parrins entered the room. A subdued little wave of merriment rose and broke at his feet at sight of the trousers swung over his arm.

"'Ere's the man that really works!" cries one of the valets. "'E don't have to just make believe 'e's cleaning—do you, Parrins?"

"They do look unusually bad; that's quite so," says Parrins, giving a concerned look at the burden over his arm.

"They say 'e looked simply a sight when 'e came in to luncheon yesterday," commented one of the valets; "and 'Awkins says the madam was simply furious. Never to get in until after the fish was served and then to look something like a cross between a mud pie and a Newfoundland dog! And she yells out at 'im so everybody can 'ear: 'Oh, Rhinebeck, stop telling that long story! Can't you see that Mrs. Digly's bored to death with you?'"

It will be seen from such conversations as this how clearly Mrs. Cuttle's set was refracted below stairs.

But to return to the footmen: By eleven o'clock, that fateful hour when Mrs. Cuttle always descended for her morning drive or walk, two of the men were supposed to be bound in their red covers and on guard at the front door. As a matter of fact, the front door of the fashionable home is always guarded like a shrine. I shall never forget Mrs. Cuttle's scorn for a friend of hers who permitted the pure ether of this region to be contaminated by a perambulator.

"My heavens!" she cried. "Maudie Towne actually allows her grandchild's nurse to wheel a baby carriage down her front steps. A baby carriage, mind you! And she comes from one of the best old families in New York!"

The Work of Invisible Mary

EVERY other afternoon each footman was permitted to take off; but, to counterbalance this, one evening out of every three during the social seasons each man had to stay up and await the return of Mr. and Mrs. Cuttle. For his long and solitary vigil a couch was fitted up in a closet in the front hall. When, in the early morning hours, he finally was roused to admit his employers, it is doubtful which looked more bowed down by weight of society—the sleepy-eyed servant or his sleepy-eyed master.

Anyone entering for the first time the household of the great is sure to be impressed by the absolute secrecy of all operations. Every domestic action is absolutely macadamized. No guest ever sees a servant at his task; and Aphrodite herself, descending in a cloud to assist her Trojan favorites, was not more clandestine than these nineteen household servants of the Cuttle mansion.

Of this fact the parlor maid is a good example. Mary was an important factor in the spotlessness of the home. As soon as she had finished her breakfast she swept and cleaned the downstairs rooms. She arranged all the flowers for living room, reception room and library. She served my meals in my sitting room. She and one of the footmen washed the breakfast dishes. And in the afternoon, when everybody had gone upstairs, she repaired the ravages of tea and a day's occupancy. Yet not a soul in the family ever saw her at it.

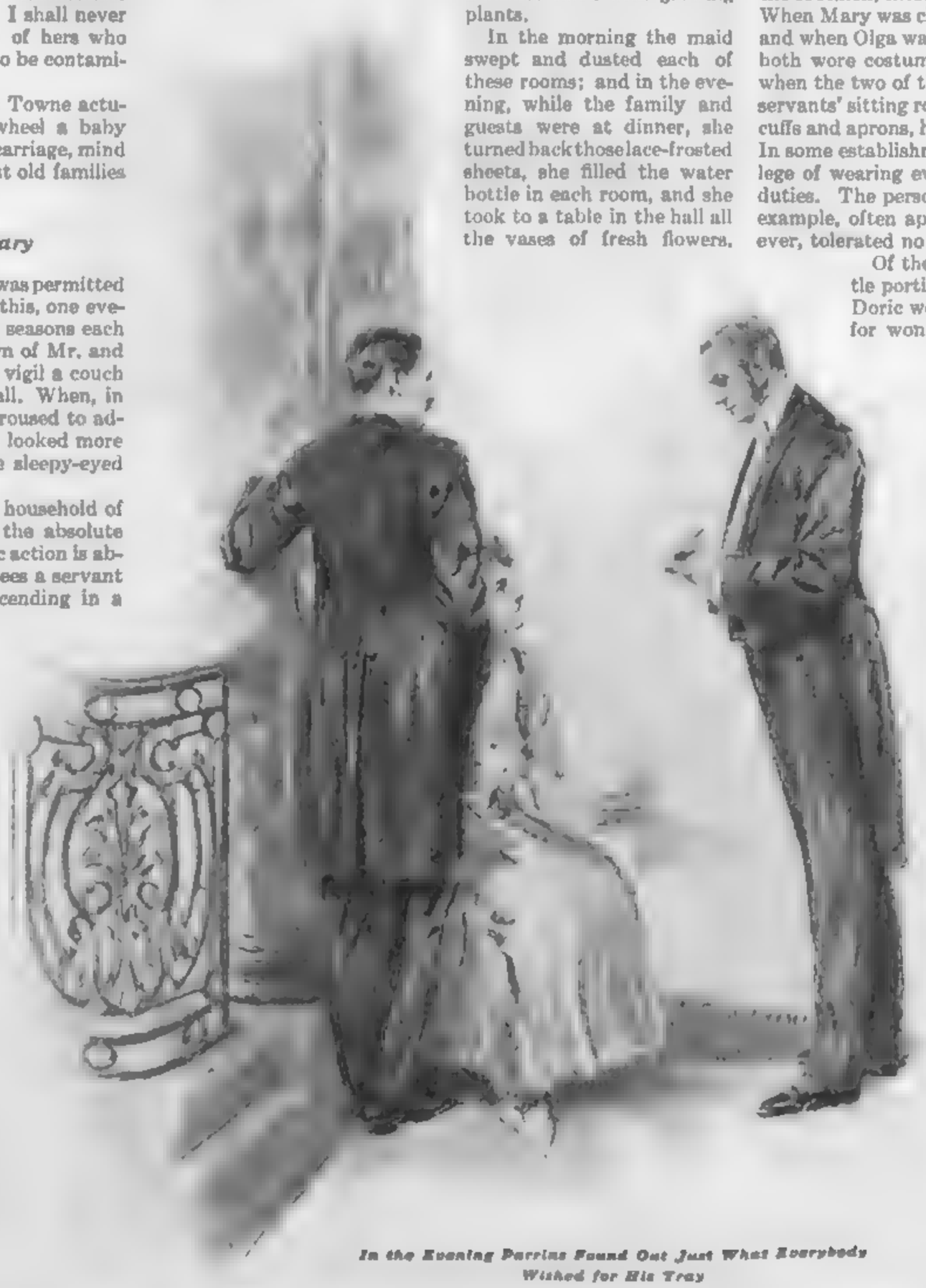
One morning, for example, when Mrs. George Silver, commemorated by one of our footmen for taking an interest in her own children, came down very early, as was her custom, to call up her home in Lakewood, she found Mary sweeping the living room. Before she had a chance to be overcome by the sight, however, Mary had been absorbed. No beauty cream could have done it more neatly.

In the daily routine of the Cuttle household flowers played a heavy rôle. From the great gardens and conservatories of the estate on the Hudson we took for decoration an annual levy of six thousand dollars a year. Once we used up in a single month seven hundred dollars' worth of bloom. Every morning while we were at The Torrents a great wagonload of fresh flowers used to be brought to the rear door, and every morning while we were in town similar quantities were sent by express. It is illustrative of the careful bookkeeping done by the wealthy that all these flowers were recorded and appraised. Each day I got from the overseer of the country estate an itemized price list of the flowers used that day. After I had O. K.'d this list I forwarded it at once to Mr. Cuttle's financial secretary.

When these decorations arrived they were taken at once to the butler's pantry and laid on a long table. From the varied assortment Parrins took, first of all, those which went with his breakfast trays. Next the parlor maid selected those adapted for her domain—always big showy flowers, like chrysanthemums and American beauties and hollyhocks. As for the shyer blooms, these were reserved by the chambermaid for the upstairs rooms. Every single room in both the town and country house was decorated freshly every day, and it was only in Newport that we got so far from our base of supplies as to be compelled to forego this item. Even the servants' rooms at the other two places were touched by this general conflagration of bloom, and each day the useful maid trimmed them up with the flowers that had been used in the family's rooms the day before.

As to the chambermaid, her duties always came up thickly. In order to see why, let us glance at those rooms over which she presided. Each bed was fitted out with lace-bordered, lace-crested sheets and pillowcases, which had to be changed every morning. The blankets were bound deeply with satin, and this binding, together with the eiderdown quilt laid at the foot of the bed, was in a color to match the furnishings of the room. Beside each bed stood a table with a water bottle and china—also deferring in color to the room—and in front of each window there was a basket filled with growing plants.

In the morning the maid swept and dusted each of these rooms; and in the evening, while the family and guests were at dinner, she turned back those lace-frosted sheets, she filled the water bottle in each room, and she took to a table in the hall all the vases of fresh flowers.



In the Evening Parrins Found Out Just What Everybody Wished for His Tray

When getting ready for a house party this maid had a particularly exacting time. Let us say, for example, that the blue-maple room was the subject of her operations.

First of all, the cake of soap, which she provided here, had to be in tune. The wrapper of one of those winsome little cakes of French violet would no more have betrayed a trusting set of blue-maple furniture by coming out in a pink wrapper than would Ivanhoe have worn the colors of a strange lady. Such accessories we ordered by the gross, and they came variously in green, blue, rose and violet habiliments.

One day, when I first came to Mrs. Cuttle's, I made a blunder about this detail. I went after the maid and took all the wrappers off the soap provided for the guest rooms. Mrs. Cuttle came after me and the storm came after Mrs. Cuttle.

"What!" said she, drenching me with her loud voice. "You aren't taking off the paper, are you? Why, Skiley Lark would think I had used this soap before!"

Not only, either, was the soap a delicate echo of the room color. When Mr. Skiley Lark's valet laid out on the blue-maple bed of the guest room assigned to him those blue silk pyjamas, embroidered in forget-me-nots, he found in diplomatic proximity a washrag that looked as though somebody had picked it from the meadows. The towels, too, were embroidered up like an Italian sky. No jarring accents rent the deep, composed, blue stillness of Mr. Skiley Lark's morning slumbers. The chambermaid saw to it, too, that every other bedroom in the house observed the same proprieties of color.

There were certain things we always bought in quantities. One of these was soap and the other was bromides. As soon as the guests at our house parties left, the remains of their soap were placed in the servants' rooms. There were no remains of the bromides.

The Perturbed Life of the Chef

BEFORE swinging downward from upstairs to kitchen, a word must be said of the maids' uniforms. Like those of the footmen, these were of morning and evening varieties. When Mary was clearing up the living room in the morning and when Olga was putting on those fresh lacy sheets, they both wore costumes of white. In the evening, however, when the two of them were chatting together down in the servants' sitting room, black frocks, with white collars and cuffs and aprons, had taken the place of their former attire. In some establishments the maids are permitted the privilege of wearing evening clothes when through with their duties. The personal maid of Mrs. Millicent Gamble, for example, often appeared in décolleté. Mrs. Cuttle, however, tolerated no such approximations.

Of the nineteen columns that upheld the Cuttle portico of splendor, the chef was the heaviest Doric worker of them all. The butler had time for wondering why his employers did not improve their conversational powers; the footmen got every other afternoon away from their gaudy liveries; the chambermaid and parlor maid were given a free afternoon. As for Giles, however, the only times I ever saw this poor creature in the open was sometimes, in Newport, when he took a plunge under the breakers. As a rule, he never had a chance to get brown on any one side.

The domain of this person was august. On one side of the kitchen was the giant range, and on the other were shelves where hung all the various utensils. Adjoining this was a big cooling room, in the center of which a long, marble-topped table provided a place for making all the pastry. Here, instead of one ice box, there existed a whole battery. One was for the meat; another for the fish; another for the cream and butter. These huge ice boxes took during the summer a toll of twelve hundred pounds of ice a day; and under their glacial sway came the vegetables, heaped each morning upon the marble-topped table, and the row after row of shelves containing all the cold dishes that had been prepared.

In these two rooms the chef led a perturbed life. Consider, please, the demands upon his energy: He got ready all the breakfast trays, Mr. Cuttle's breakfast and my own. This tandem of breakfasts led him gently up to luncheon, and when luncheon was over he had to begin work on the tea sandwiches that usually

(Continued on Page 40)

Tumblings and Raisings of Rudy

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

UP TO the time when he met Tina Swezey at the Plumbers and Gas Fitters' Annual Picnic, held at Sharpshooters', Rudy Bowles was not an emotional young man. He had his emotions, of course; but they were usually superficial, and came and went by imperceptible degrees and at decently long intervals. He was the same old Rudy, year in and year out, so to speak—"One fine kid!" according to his friendly and contemporary intimates; or "A fresh young guy, who wouldn't never amount to much," if you accepted the estimate of certain critical and unsympathetic seniors.

The head and very much front of the gents' furnishings at Eisenbaum Brothers', State Street, admitted that Rudy had occasional glimmerings of almost human intelligence, but deplored the fact that they were only occasional. He also observed that the young man was a faithful and earnest worker, but to that encomium he added a nullifying "Not!" Nevertheless, Rudy held his job and was perfectly confident that he would continue to hold it. Form your own conclusions—or, perhaps, wait a little.

Rudy met Tina at the picnic, as aforesaid. When he was introduced he said:

"I'm not a plumber myself, but I know a pipe when I see one. It's a pipe that we hesitate right here."

Tina thought that was pretty cute, but she was pretty cute herself. No tardy marks on Tina's report card.

"I ain't going to hesitate, because this is a fox trot," she said as the band blared out.

They fox-trotted, they tangoed, they two-stepped and crow-hopped; they swayed and dipped and slithered and slid in the raw saltatory similitude of most of the creatures of barnyard and covert; and the music, with its barbaric syncopations, stutterings and sudden bursts of whirlwind rhythm, got into their blood.

Rudy looked down on Tina, and her rounded cheeks were shell-pink, and her parted, breathless lips showed little teeth so white and even that they might have been her dentist's handiwork, instead of her Maker's. Her hair had the clean color and gloss of a chestnut newly peeled from its prickly envelope, and the blue of the ribbon that bound it matched her eyes. Tina looked up at Rudy and liked his smile.

He was no beauty, and his hair, which was of no particular color, needed rumpling by a friendly hand; but she liked his smile. She had already noted that he was some classy dresser.

"Who's that giddy gink you threw down?" inquired Rudy after the third dance. "He's looking at us as if he was sent for but couldn't come."

He indicated a short and squarely built youth in a pin-checked suit, who glowered at them from a seat behind the rope barrier of the dancing floor.

"That's Pete," replied Tina, gayly shaking a morsel of a handkerchief at the glowerer.

"I heard you call him Pete, but that doesn't get me nowhere."

"I'm with him," said Tina.

Rudy looked at her intently.

"Guess once more yet again, little one," he requested. "You're with me!"

"Oh, am I?" she laughed.

"The surest thing you know! I'm no plumber myself, but ——"

"It's just that Pete never seems to know what the floor's for when he's dancing," Tina explained. "But he's awful nice."

"Well, I ain't stamped on your little feet yet," said Rudy. "You can say that much for me."

"You're a swell dancer," breathed Tina; and here, as the music had stopped and the musicians refused an encore, Rudy proposed refreshment.

Tina, however, descried her particular young-lady friend and insisted on joining her and, at the same time, the young man called Pete came up in a heavy and deliberate but direct sort of a way. It transpired that Pete's other name was Pillsbury and that he was a sure-enough plumber by profession. Rudy pleasantly volunteered the information that he had an uncle who was a train robber out West; but Mr. Pillsbury only stared at him with pale, serious eyes, as if he wondered at the indiscreet admission. The particular young-lady friend then took possession of Rudy and the four proceeded to the refectory, where they found Rudy's gentleman friend and another lady. Rudy bought—bought royally and regardless—nut sundaes, cake, sandwiches, lemonade.

He Couldn't Have Been Thinking of Her and Looking Into That Girl's Eyes the Way He Did

"Bring it all, from soup to cheese!" ordered the young prince.

Then there was some cheery chatter—believe me! But through it all Peter Pillsbury, plumber, sat glowering and did not even relax when Tina lifted a piece of ice with her soda spoon and dropped it down Rudy's neck. It must be admitted that Peter showed no symptoms of wrist cramp when the second check came round, and the other man tried to place his money, too; but Rudy was doing this.

"Your coin is spurious," declared Rudy. "Be thankful, both of you, that I don't have you pinched." One fine kid, Rudy!

Well, there was no shaking Pete. Rudy maneuvered skillfully to that end, but you cannot maneuver a limpet from a rock or a bulldog from an inimical leg bone. So the day was not entirely and absolutely satisfactory. But Rudy had his emotion—keen and profound—fathoms deep. He talked out loud when he was alone, which was an extraordinary and significant thing.

"Some little queen! Oh, some little queen!"

He said it again and again, lingeringly. And he did another remarkable thing: At an hour when he should have been recruiting his energies for the morrow at Eisenbaum's, he flipped a westbound Madison Street car and took a thirty-minute ride. Alighting, he walked south for a couple of blocks and stopped to look at the street sign on a corner lamp post. Montague Place, said the sign, and Rudy smiled and was moving on when his eye caught another inscription—this time on a store window: P. J. Pillsbury.

Peering through the unlighted window, Rudy could make out the ghostly white shapes of porcelain bathtubs, *lavoirs* and sinks; quite a respectable showing. Having identified the stock, he folded his arms, frowned and muttered: "Coises!" It might be said that he hissed the word. Then he laughed in two scornful syllables and walked down Montague Place, noting occasional numbers as he went until he came to 138. There he paused to observe that 138 was a modest story-and-three-quarters cottage, with a neat lawn about the size of a government blanket. There was no gleam of light from the two windows that faced the street, and Rudy sighed. It was past eleven o'clock, but somehow he had cherished a vague hope. He walked on.

At the next corner he turned and walked back. At Number 95 he wheeled about and retraced his steps. There was no doubt about his emotion. He might have continued his patrol but for the phenomenal appearance of a real patrolman, who looked at him suspiciously as he passed. Thereupon Rudy went home.

In the ensuing six weeks Rudy experienced a variety of emotions; but one Saturday afternoon he ran quite a gamut in a relatively short space of time—hope, wrath, jealousy, suspense and, finally, joy in its most ecstatic form. He took the Madison car, as usual, and hope was high in his breast. We are informed that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and it unquestionably does; but also in the summer. There are no reliable statistics to prove that autumn makes any great difference or that the chill blasts of winter have any perceptible effect on the young man's fancy, so far as this particular bent is concerned. Nor is it any light matter. This was late midsummer, and hope, as before mentioned, was high in Rudy's breast.

His next emotion was wrath. That was because on the top step of the three that led to the porch of 138 Montague Place there was seated a chunky young fellow in a pin-checked suit that fitted him very badly. Nevertheless, Rudy smiled and greeted the pin-checked individual almost cordially.

"H'lo, Peter Pillsbury!" said he. "How's Peter?"

He seated himself opposite his rival and smiled again.

"If Peter Pilly picked a porch for peaches, where's the peaches Peter Pilly picked?" he inquired.

"Aw, cut it out!" growled Peter, eying the dapper Rudy with distinct displeasure.

"In other words, where's Miss Tina?"

"Inside, I guess."

"I don't blame her," said Rudy.

"But she'll be out in a minute," added Mr. Pillsbury defiantly.

"Yes; I think she heard me," Rudy agreed.

"You've got your nerve!" remarked Peter with a snort of disgust. "If you had anything else ——"

"A fond father, with a nice little plumbing business, f'r instance," Rudy suggested. "Too bad, Pilly! But I should worry! That father's suit you've got on? He must be a bigger man than you are"

"Don't you get too gay with me!" Peter snapped.

Rudy leaned forward, placed his hand on Peter's knee and smiled into Peter's pale, blinking eyes.

"Listen here, Pilly," he said impressively: "If I get too gay you just hand me a wallop. I'd be obliged to you if you would. I know my faults and I'm glad any old time to have 'em corrected. The harder the wallop, the better I'll be pleased; and if you don't want to do it here I know a vacant lot that ain't far off. Get me, Pilly? I'll go right with you and take all you feel able to give me."

He gripped Peter's knee ungently, and Peter blinked harder than ever and his complexion became a little more pasty than usual. He might have easily delivered the wallop, and a minute or two before he had entertained the idea; but, slenderly built as Rudy was and Willy-boyish as Rudy's apparel proclaimed him, there was something disconcerting in his smile and nothing weak or undecided in his grip.

"You're trying to start something," said Peter, disenguging his knee.

"Correct!" Rudy assented. "I'm trying to start you. Just for your own good, Pilly. I hate to see you wasting time round here when you might be wiping a joint or fixing somebody's kitchen sink for father."

"You lay off a me!" said Peter. "You'd better."

Here there was a diversion. Lingerie frock, blue beads, white silk stockings, and very foolish white shoes.

"What are you two boys fussing about?" demanded Tina. "H'lo, Rudy!"

"H'lo, Tina!" returned Rudy cheerfully. "I just found something here on your steps."

"What? Not my glove?"

"No; this." He indicated Pillsbury. "Got any use for it? I haven't."

Tina laughed musically.

"Of course I have," she replied with a kind look at Peter. "Listen, you two boys: What's the reason you can't never be together a minute without scrapping?"

"I didn't start nothing," declared Peter. "He started picking on me."

"Peter Pilly peeves when he gets picked on," Rudy murmured.

"You hush now!" commanded Tina. "Peter, don't you mind him."

"I don't," said Peter gruffly.

"He's too fond of kidding," Tina went on soothingly. "Some of these days he'll kid the wrong person."

Rudy looked at her reproachfully, but she only made a face at him and patted Peter's shoulder. At that pat, jealousy seethed in Rudy's bosom—a scalding, toxic flood.

"Peter's my friend," continued Tina remorselessly, but with a quick, noticing glance at the unfortunate kidder.

At this, choking as he was with the waters of bitterness, Rudy abandoned horses and staked his all on a single flop.

"Well," said he, "if you and me are going to make that trip to the park this afternoon you'd better tell your friend good-by and get on that lacy little lid of yours. Honest, we'll be late, Tina."

Then came an agony of suspense while Tina gazed thoughtfully at the hydrant across the street.

"Step lively, please, lady," Rudy urged with great good humor and an effort to keep his voice from shaking.

Tina started and looked at him.

"Why, yes!" she exclaimed. "I'd forgotten. And I didn't tell Peter I'd promised to go. Peter, I got a date with Rudy for this afternoon. You don't mind, do you?"

Peter got up and dusted his trousers inelegantly; then he favored Tina with a glare.

"Sure, I don't mind," he growled, and forthwith descended the steps in his heavy, deliberate way and strode off without another word.

Tina looked after him until he disappeared round the corner and then she turned on Rudy.

"Now see what you've done!" she cried indignantly—"made me tell a lie and hurt his feelings. Don't you dare laugh, Rudolph Bowles!"

"I don't feel like laughing," said Rudy gravely. He took her hand and drew her to a seat beside him. "I guess I know how it feels," he continued. "I'm sorry for him."

"I don't know why you should be," said Tina. "And leave my hand go!" She plucked her handkerchief from her belt and dabbed quickly at her eyes.

"Kid," said Rudy tenderly, "you know, all right, all right! And you're sorry for him yourself, for the same reason—because you just found out you think a heap more of me than you do of him. Ain't that so, Kid? Look at me and tell me if it ain't so."

Tina wanted to tell him that it wasn't. She wanted to shake her head at him, at least; but she looked at him first and, seeing what she saw, she nodded. And, at that, Rudy promptly got up and leading her inside the doorway, just out of sight of Montague Place, kissed her for the first time.

"You're my girl? You'll marry me?"

Tina's response was entirely satisfactory. There were no tears for Peter now.

A cough—a prolonged, portentous masculine cough—sounded from the back room and brought them to a sense of things earthly.

"Sure enough!" said Rudy. "We'll go in and get his blessing now."

"No; wait!" whispered Tina.

"I gave up my card in the Waiters' Union five minutes ago," said Rudy. "C'm' on!"

But Tina broke away from him and sped upstairs as he knocked at the door of the little back room.

"Oh, come in—durn you!" roared an impatient bass voice; and, upon this invitation, Rudy opened and walked in upon Papa Swezey, who, comfortably unbuttoned and with his red suspenders slipped from his shoulders, lay blinking upon a lounge.

He was a chunky, round-faced, bald-headed, blue-eyed old gentleman, with a paintbrush beard that concealed a slight deficiency of chin, and an inflamed-looking nose that did him an injustice, inasmuch as he was a temperate person. He scowled at the intrusion, but, recognizing the intruder, grinned amiably; for he liked Rudy.

"Change cars!" said Rudy. And then: "Say, if you knew what I was going to tell you you wouldn't look so pleasant. Light up and you'll be able to bear it better."

Mr. Swezey took the cigar, lit it with the match that Rudy obligingly struck and said concisely:

"Shoot!"

Rudy looked down at the bulging carpet slippers the old gentleman wore.

"I'm glad you've got them on," he remarked by way of preface; then he broke the news.

"I guess it will be all right," observed Tina's father; then, his duty as a parent occurring to him: "How much you dragging down, Rudy?"

"Eighteen bucks."

"'Tain't much."

The old man pursed his lips.

"Anything laid by?"

"What do you take me for, Mr. Swezey?" asked Rudy reproachfully. "Be reasonable. You wasn't any tightwad when you was young, and you ain't now."

"I sh'd say not," said Mr. Swezey with warmth. "I'll bet I've spent "

He checked himself.

"That ain't neither here nor there, though. When do you figure you want to get married?"

"Right away," declared Rudy firmly. "A month's plenty of time to get ready. I've got a steady job, ain't I? Pipe! They'd close the department if I quit 'em, and it's a skinch I get a raise Christmas. We'd be foolish to wait. You know that. You've got to take a chance on anything. I bet you've taken chances in your time. You may wear carpet slippers, but you ain't got cold feet."

"Yes; I've taken many a chance," agreed Mr. Swezey—"chances that most men wouldn't have took. And come out on top too. Well, it seems reasonable, and ——" He waddled to the door and opened it. "Tina, dau—— Oh, there you are!"

In fact, his daughter was face to face with him. He chuckled and embraced her with considerable show of feeling. "You can have him," he consented.

Tina, blushing and laughing, hugged his arm. Then she asked a pertinent question.

"Don't you think ma will have something to say about it?" she asked.

Ma did have something to say. Ma was a practical woman by necessity and inclined to pessimism. An acute observer has defined

"What are You Two Boys Fussing About? Ki'te, Rudy!"

a pessimist as a person married to an optimist, and Pa Swezey was certainly inclined to take a rosy view of things. To ma's objections he replied that everything in life was more or less of a gamble, and that a willingness to take chances was evidence of a bold and enterprising spirit. Rudy's insistence on an early wedding he took as a proof of the warmth of the boy's affection.

As for Peter, Peter made him tired. Peter didn't have no business; it was old Pillsbury's business. Another thing, Peter was a tightwad; hadn't handed out so much as a cigar since he began coming round to keep live wires away from the girl. "Nossir!" Mr. Swezey put his carpet-shod foot down.

Rudy saw ma that same evening. Ma said what was the use of asking her? She cut no ice. Rudy said that if ma objected the stuff was off.

"Very well," retorted ma. "I object!"

"Then that settles it," laughed Rudy, and gave her a filial embrace.

So that was how the matter stood. Rudy went home an engaged man—that is to say, one who has attained the sunlit heights of human happiness. A little hand-over-hand work to get to the very peak and summit, perhaps, but meantime the prospect before him was delightful enough. Conceive it, if you can! To find, unexpectedly, the one girl in the millions who ornament the face of the earth that by any stretch of the imagination he would want to marry! That was astounding. But to discover that she actually cared for him—well, if that wouldn't jar you, nothing would!

He rose at an unholy hour in the morning and was second to pull the clock at the store—a record performance. Mr. Berkmann, the head of the department, opened his mouth at the sight of him already behind the counter. Rudy cheerfully explained that his car was ten minutes ahead of its schedule and consequently he was not to blame. Mr. Berkmann said: "Try to let it happen again, Bowles." And Rudy grinned and immediately got busy. Ambition burned within him.

He had a good chance to show his energy. A midsummer clearance sale was on; two extra men, and a jam at that. But at about eleven o'clock there occurred one of those inexplicable lulls in the storm of custom, and the clerks embraced the opportunity for social communion and the exchange of ideas. Rudy, as was usual, became the center of attention. One of the extra men, straightening himself from a lower shelf of pyjamas, expelled his breath with a sigh of relief and wiped his moist brow. Him Rudy addressed with an engaging smile.

"Pretty fierce, working off these special invoices of surplus stock—ain't it?" he remarked.

"You've said it," assented the extra with emphasis.

"Awful sacrifice of red marking ink," Rudy proceeded sarcastically. "Seventy-five-cent goods reduced to eighty-nine without a pang of regret! But you don't want to take it too hard, brother."

"No?" said the extra.

"Not too hard," repeated Rudy gravely. "Not to risk your health. You're perspiring, and too much perspiration is weakening. Ask any doctor. Don't make so many rapid movements just because you see a customer or two waiting. Let 'em wait. Patience is a virtue and it gives 'em a chance to be virtuous. Be virtuous and you'll be happy; so there you are! The longer they wait, the happier they'll get."

Appreciative sniggers, which, however, were suddenly suppressed, encouraged Rudy to proceed.

"Self-preservation is the first law of Nature," he continued. "If you ain't a law-abiding citizen you're a danger to the community. Watch the way I work. I don't kill myself, because it would spoil my usefulness to be dead, and if I got laid off with a case of brain-fag, or something, who'd pay my doctor bills? No; don't overwork. Listen, brother: if ——"

His eye fell on Jimmie Phelan, one of his most sincere admirers. Jimmie had ducked below the level of the counter and his face was horribly but significantly contorted, while his thumb jerked furiously. Rudy turned quickly and beheld—Eisenbaum.

The Merchant Prince was standing in an attitude of strict attention, almost at Rudy's elbow. His massive bald head was slightly cocked; his heavy black brows were sardonically arched; his highly magnified eyes seemed to bulge through their thick, flashing glasses; and his mouth was grimly set. He spoke, and his voice was low and even, with a velvety quality.

"Don't worry about either of the contingencies you mention, young man," he said. "If you get sick from overwork I'll pay you double wages until you're convalescent, and if you don't get well I'll pension you."

He turned and walked away very composedly, leaving Rudy a scarlet-faced, open-mouthed image of horror. Jimmie broke the dead silence.

"Well, old man, we'll certainly miss you," he said sympathetically.

Rudy the Ready made no reply. He was past speech. In the instant of his swift fall from the aforementioned heights of happiness to abysmal depths of despair he had realized the tragic significance of what had happened. Then came the dull, sickening thud, and his mentality was

Rudy Heard and Saw Her From the Other Side of the Street

an unrecognizable mass. His condition was so apparent that Jimmie felt quite remorseful and the rest forbore to banter. It was a relief to Rudy when there came a reflux of business, and a greater relief when, at the noon hour, he found himself in Grant Park, where he could meditate and even soliloquize with a degree of freedom.

"Bonehead! Mutt!" He pronounced the words with indescribable bitterness. "Great kidder you are! Kidded yourself out of a job! Bonehead!"

Eisenbaum's calm manner had not deceived him in the least; for Eisenbaum hired and fired, commended and condemned, in the same velvety tones. He was as cold-blooded as a cobra and about as safe to fool with; he forgot nothing and never repeated an order; he advertised to bring people to the store and, having brought them, he expected his clerks to treat them with the most flattering consideration. That was an order. He paid his employees to work and, having paid them, he expected them to work. Would he overlook opposition to these policies of his? Would he? Would he! Oh, Tina!

He tried to think clearly of consequences, but they crowded too thickly upon him and planning seemed impossible. Presently he looked at his watch and found that it was time to go back to work. It was necessary to go back, if only to take his dismissal. So he went; but, although Mr. Berkmann looked at him queerly, there was no talk of firing.

"Too much of a rush on," Rudy concluded. "They'll wait till the end of the week. Well, I've got to make a grand-stand play for a reference."

It was a long afternoon to five-thirty, but it was ended at last; and Rudy went sadly home to eat and then doll up for his visit to Tina.

Tina was on the steps waiting for him in her prettiest frock. He could see her as he turned the corner; and at the sight of her he straightened up and executed a flourish with his hat that was jauntiness itself. And when he came to where she sat—for she had modestly resisted her impulse to dance down the sidewalk to meet him—when he saw the gladness in her eyes and the heightened color that joy had brought to her cheeks, it would have been strange if he had not forgotten everything else and hurried her—as he did—to the friendly obscurity of the little box of a hall.

That was an evening! Certainly it took very little effort to seem happy. Still, there were moments when Rudy seemed seriously abstracted, and Tina was quick to notice the changes in his manner. Once it was when Mrs. Swezey talked of an engagement party for Tina—if the house wasn't so small. But there was Brandenburg Hall.

"Pa," said Mrs. Swezey, "you might ask Jake what it would set you back to hire it some off night."

"Hall nothing whatever!" exclaimed Rudy hastily. "We don't want any of them kind of diddings—do we, Tina? Not right now!"

"N-no," replied Tina; but she had rather liked the idea.

It was during the pause that ensued that Rudy frowned and seemed to ponder.

"Well, September ain't so far off," observed Pa Swezey.

Rudy sighed.

"And Tina's got lots of friends," added Mrs. Swezey. "There's such things as engagement presents."

"You leave Tina and me talk it over, people," said Rudy. "There ain't no rush about it to-night, anyway."

But when the old folks left them to themselves Rudy rather avoided the subject. Only he said:

"Little Sugar-lump, I'd kind of like to keep this to ourselves for a while—in the family. Get me? I want to have you all to myself for a while. I'm no shrinking violet, but, at that, I never could play a note on the megaphone. Turn the hose on that Brandenburg stuff, Peaches."

"Rudy, dear, what's the matter with you to-night?" asked Tina anxiously. "Are you sorry?"

She had not long to wait for her answer. Rudy's arm was already round her waist, and it was a remarkably well-developed arm for a salesman of haberdashery. Ten minutes with the clubs every morning did it. Tina's doubts were expelled with her breath, and there was no more talk of parties or announcements during the all too brief remainder of the evening.

But even before he had got back to his room the worried frown had returned to Rudy's brow and his shoulders had again humped themselves disconsolately. He had been tempted to tell Tina what had happened to him, but he had been afraid to take the risk of lowering himself in her opinion. Almost from the first he had bragged to her of his standing in the store. And it had been honest-bragging. He had really believed himself to be a valuable man. In the three years of his employment promotion had not been rapid, but he had advanced from twelve to eighteen dollars without effort, and he had always intended, at some future time, to make an effort. Meantime he had supposed himself to be secure. Mr. Berkmann might have bawled him out now and then, but he had been confident that he was solid with Berkmann.

And now all that beautiful assurance had vanished at the crook of a thick, black eyebrow and a few softly spoken words; nothing of any particular import—to anybody who didn't know Eisenbaum.

Well, was he, Rudy, going to tell his girl—the girl who had picked him for a winner—that he was a false alarm, a two-spot in the business deck, a plugged nickel under the descending blade of the base-coin chopper? Was he going to Old Man Swezey with a poor mug, after the front he had thrown, and tell him that he was just hanging on to his job by the skin of his teeth, and could feel the skin giving? Fine and dandy! And yet, what was the answer?

At his own urgent proposal the date for the wedding had been set for some time in September—less than two months ahead. Tina would be wanting to quit her job. She worked in Bagley's Real Estate and Rental Office, on West Madison—pounded the typewriter, looked after the books and lists, card indexes and key racks, while Bagley showed property and premises, and made an occasional sale. Easy hours; within easy walking distance from the house; and Bagley was an old-time friend of the family.

The next morning he looked at the advertisements in the paper. Fat chance! If he had been a marble cutter, a tinsmith or a pastry cook —— Well, he wasn't. All he knew was gents' furnishings, and there seemed to be no demand for experts in that line. He would have to make a personal-application tour of the loop and he had four days to make it. After that, the handicap of explaining how he came to be out of a job—for, beyond doubt, the blue envelope would be passed out to him at the end of the week.

He made three personal applications during the noon hour—unsuccessfully.

In the store the fellows were all friendly, but he fancied a subtle change in their attitude toward him—a sort of constraint. On an impulse he asked the extra who was the innocent cause of his misfortune where he had worked.

"Gaylord's, up to the first of April," replied the extra.

"That was the day they fooled you—eh?" said Rudy. "Where, after that?"

"No place, steady. You take it from me, a steady job ain't so easy to get."

"Cheer up!" said Rudy. "Maybe you'll get my job."

"Maybe," assented the extra in a matter-of-fact way.

That was encouraging too.

That night Tina told Rudy that her Aunt Elizabeth had promised to give them a marble-top center table; a swell pair of silk portières; a davenport that cost sixty-five dollars, new; and a refrigerator—all of which were in excellent condition.

"Ma saw them," said Tina, "and she says they are elegant. Auntie hasn't any use for them since she gave up her flat. The refrigerator is porcelain-lined."

"Fair enough!" commented Rudy. "All we've got to do is keep it filled."

"You don't look a bit pleased," pouted Tina.

"I'm holding myself in," said Rudy. "I want to turn handsprings."

A little later, the matter of Tina's giving up her job was broached, as Rudy feared it would be. Mr. Bagley ought to have notice; and then there would be a new girl to break in.

"That's so," Rudy agreed; then: "Kid, I wish you wouldn't say anything to him now, just the same. I —— Maybe I've been rushing you; and September—— I don't know but —— See here, girlie, don't let us say anything to anybody at all right now. Wait until next week anyway."

Tina's eyes widened.

"Rudy, what is it?" she asked. "Is anything wrong? I just know there is; and you ought to tell me."

Rudy laughed. "Wrong? Sure! I'm the unluckiest guy in this village. I've got a bone in my arm and everything I eat goes to my stomach. I can't sleep daytimes, and I'm going to lose a button off my coat. See?"

"I'll sew it on for you," said Tina; "but I know there's something."

Rudy could see that she was puzzled and dissatisfied, but he exerted himself manfully to distract her anxiety and, on the whole, succeeded pretty well.

Three days passed, during which Rudy worked faithfully in the store and deprived himself of proper nourishment at noon hours to canvass the neighborhood for a new employment. Three evenings went by—evenings of rapture and

(Continued on Page 57)

"Your Coin is Spurious. Be Thankful, Both of You, That I Don't Have You Pinched"

FEAR OF FAT—By Margaretta Tuttle

We Like Food Between Meals—Tea at Four With Sandwiches, Supper at Bedtime!

TWENTY years ago no man of fifty expected to have a waist and no woman of forty a figure. Why a figure in middle age? If you looked pleasant and comfortable that was enough. You could wallow in fat and grow old in peace, and call it Providence if you liked. Nobody looked askance at you and said: "Why don't you reduce?"

If you puffed when you tried to catch a car nobody told you to cut out bread and potatoes. If you slowed up climbing a hill those who walked with you slowed up also; they did not talk about fat being unhealthy. They did not even think it. Fat was fate, and no more to be helped than a crooked nose or big feet or gray hair.

These were the days of the popular ending to the real love story: They lived in peace, and died in grease, and were buried in mutton tallow. But nobody lives in peace any more. Love stories no longer end at the altar; they begin there. Nobody dies in grease. We go without half of our food and get rid of our fat. To be buried in mutton tallow is not a pleasing end to the adventures of youth in these days. These are the days of efficiency; and fat does not mix with efficiency any more than it does with water. Yes, you may be moderately efficient if you are plump, but you will not be as efficient as if you were leaner. If you are downright fat you may get away with a few of the duties of life, but not with nearly so many as if you were unencumbered. Fat has gone out with bonnets, and caps with lavender bows, and mufflers round the neck, and chimney corners. It has not only gone out, but people are beginning to be afraid of it. Fear of fat is the brand-new contribution of the last five years to the phobias.

Leanness as an ideal is an old one. Only a few decadent Oriental peoples like fat. All other nations in describing beauty include slenderness in women, straightness in men, grace in both—the grace of flowing lines, not of pudgy mounds. Their descriptions of strength are of a wiry quality and not an oily one. In every age, in every country, the fat man has been the buffoon and the fat woman has been relegated to the household, where competition is not so keen and a handicap not so fatal. But not until we became efficient did we know we could do anything about it.

Of course we all know that, aside from beauty of appearance and grace of outline, fat is a sign that we are taking in more than we give out, that we are not justifying our whole existence. If we were we shouldn't have so much left over. We may deny this to ourselves: we usually do; for if we are fat we like to be comfortable, and it's hard to be comfortable while you are saying to yourself that odious phrase: "It's your own fault." Nevertheless, the fact is that we are eating more than we need, and working both brain and body less than we should, or we shouldn't be fat. You can't get away from it. You may like to eat better than you do anything else, or you may think you need food ever so often to keep up your strength; but if you are fat you are eating more than you should or you are doing less than you ought, and both of these mean inefficiency. You cure yourself by eating less or doing more, or both; but it's work and hard work either way.

Regulating the Body Processes

IT SOUNDS a simple thing to say: You are eating too much; cut it down. It sounds a simple thing to do: A luncheon left out, a dinner cut down to a glass of milk. Anybody can do that. Well, you try it. You will not only get hungry, but you will have to do battle with that great power Habit. Habit will tell you that at a certain hour of the day you ought to be hungry even if you are not, and you will have to fight that as hard as you fight hunger, for there is an element of sociability in it. It's pleasant to divide your day's work with an hour of relaxation and good food. You miss the relaxation and the talk and the pleasantness of luncheon more than you do the food. You will not believe this at once, you will think it is hunger that is depressing you; but it isn't—not at first. The time will come, if you are obstinately bent on getting rid of your fat, when you will be really hungry—that's the way you get rid of it—and then you'll see the difference between the two. During your hunger you are denying every cell of your body that which it is crying out for. In the other thing you are merely denying your gregarious instincts which can be placated by any other amusement—a walk, a good novel, a new interest.

The new and scientific way of reducing—and when you say reducing you do not mean your income, or the volume of your business, or your pleasures, or anything else but just your weight—is to get a physician to watch that you do not overdo it, to have your heart examined and see that you can stand it, to get a diet list and to keep to it.

Exercise is not a necessity, merely a help. You can stay in bed, and scarcely stir, and lose many pounds a week if you drink nothing but milk. If your physician is one of the new ones he will discuss with you your taking of the extract of a certain gland to increase your metabolism and raise your blood pressure. You may not have had the activities of this gland called to your attention; but as you grow older this particular gland is often not quite so active as it was in your youth, and there are many brilliant medical men who could doubtless persuade you that the middle-aged fat you are acquiring is due to this, just as the fat of cretins is due to deficient action of this gland. All children afflicted with such deficiency grow enormously fat. Indeed, there are physicians especially interested in the avoidance of old age who would have you believe that your hair gets gray and your face wrinkled and your waist large all because of the laziness of this small gland. But you can't fool with the extract of this gland without a doctor to direct its use. You have to take this Elixir of Youth under careful supervision. It isn't anything to be played with or experimented with.

But your food is another matter, and usually an individual problem whose solving requires your individual effort. One man's meat is still another man's poison. Your doctor will tell you that each one of the three varieties of foods—the proteins, the carbohydrates and the fats—are capable of contributing fat to the body, deposited in fat vesicles. He will say that there is some dispute over which of these foods furnishes the most fat; that it is even possible for a person who eats very little fat to become obese. You will not like the term obese. It has a more serious sound than fat. It is not so accidental. Your next-door neighbor, who has three chins, insists that he is a most moderate eater.

You tell your doctor about him. He shakes his head and says that many fat people think they do not eat much, but that careful investigation will prove them to be liberal consumers of all three food elements.

You forget for the moment what kind of food protein is, and carbohydrates, too, not having resolved them into their elements for a long while, and if you have the courage to ask your doctor, he will classify them roughly for you in this fashion:

Proteins: Eggs, milk, meat, the gluten found in wheat flour, the legumen found in such vegetables as peas and beans. The proteins differ from the carbohydrates in having nitrogen.

Carbohydrates: Sugars and starches; white bread, potatoes, grains. Now while these sugars and starches are direct sources of fat, they act largely by sparing the fats derived from other sources. If, for example, you have been eating too much meat and eggs and milk—and by too much is meant more than your body can use—the excess is stored away in your tissues in the form of fat. If now you eat a quarter of a pound of candy or a dish of fried potatoes, the elements of these foods decompose and oxidize very rapidly, and so give themselves to the production of heat and energy so readily that the stored fats are not called on.

Alcoholic drinks belong to this class, especially beer, which sometimes contains five per cent of carbohydrates. An appreciable per cent of our fat men are among the beer drinkers, and everybody who went through high school recalls the pictures of the drunkard's stomach and the aspect of his liver.

One of the new things that efficiency has brought about is the practical investigation of causes, where heretofore we placidly accepted results. Your grandfather went to the doctor, stated his trouble, answered the doctor's questions and took the dose prescribed. You do not. That's why the doctor has gone into all this matter of the proteins and the carbohydrates. You want to know what you have, and how you got it, and why you got it, and how you can protect yourself from it in the future, and what medicine you are taking, and why this particular treatment is necessary, and just what it will do for you. It's a plain matter of efficiency, and the doctors are having to meet it as well as business men. It is being practical, and it can be done in the elimination of fat as well as in the making of steel rails Any system of scientific management installed in any factory takes cognizance of the average case. Most of us are average. Some of us inherit fat and, therefore, have to fight harder, starving it off pound by pound. The rest of us overeat and underact. And most of us refuse to believe it.

Brain Fat Commoner Than Brain Fag

IT IS true we like the second helping at the dinner table, and we cannot eat our dinner without bread, but that merely proves we have a good appetite. If we finish our dinner with sweets, that too seems natural. We even like food between meals—tea at four with sandwiches, supper at bedtime with a glass of beer. Why not? And why leave the table without feeling full? That's what you went to the table for. Who wants to go outdoors and run for a street car after a good meal? Somehow or other we don't care about running for street cars as much as we did in our school days. We are not quite so active, less active as the years increase our girth. It is another example of "to him that hath." The accumulation of fat makes for inactivity almost as surely as the inactivity makes for fat. The unwieldy body is greatly in the way of exercise, both because of the burden it carries and because of the fatigue which follows physical efforts. Among women the first effect of accumulating fat is the tightening of their stays to "hold down the flesh," with an increased unwieldiness of body.

Fat is consumed by muscular contraction, and each extra pound helps to interfere with muscular contraction and, therefore, with the using up of the fat. It also diminishes what the doctors call oxidation by reducing the demand for heat. The accumulated fat preserves the body heat. Sluggishness follows. It will not confine itself to the muscles. Like everything else that is superficial, it is bound to affect at some point or other that which is more important. Your brain is like your body. If you don't give it enough work to do it takes on all the symptoms of flabby, unused muscles. Try it and see. See if your brain is as good as it was when you came out of college? See if it is as good as it was three years ago. Perhaps you haven't exercised it enough and it has grown fat. Maybe you've used it only for routine work and not to think out new things, and so it puffs when you begin to run after something new that is moving fast. Maybe you've let it run in a rut, and so it makes a great difficulty out of stooping over and picking up something strange. Possibly you have kept it on a level, and so it objects to being urged up hill to some new endeavor. Perhaps you have merely entertained your brain with fiction instead of making it work with ideas, and so it says: "Oh, nonsense!" when asked to climb a mental stairs, or to consider a new project, or to concentrate on an old one. Brain fat! There is more brain fat than there is brain fag, for the same reason that there are more ungainly figures than well-proportioned ones.

Twenty years ago we thought it had to be so. We said: Young men for new ideas. We don't say that now. We say: Keep young, keep efficient, keep new, keep slim.

(Continued on Page 26)

SUDDEN JIM

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

XXIII

MARIE stopped, panting, at the hotel piazza.
"Mr. Ashe?" she said. "Where's Mr. Ashe?"
"Hain't been gone more'n couple of minutes. Feller, all excited up, stopped and says somethin' to him, and off he goes like somebody was robbin' his hen house."

She was too late! He was gone. Where? Marie guessed. Somebody else had warned him, and he was off for Crab Creek Trestle.

"Who was with him? Did he go alone?"

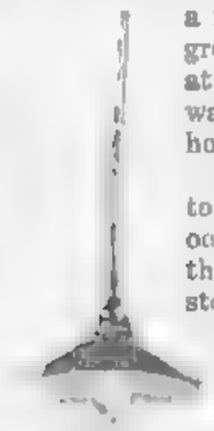
"Just up and rushed off like sixty. Didn't wait for nothin' or nobody."

It was like him. Sudden Jim! He had not paused for help, but had plunged ahead alone. How futile it was! What could he do alone save rush into danger? Marie felt there was danger. A business matter Moran had called it, yet in the heart of the woods that might happen which could not be considered a business transaction. Jim might come upon Moran's agents as they set their fire. What then? Would they pause to consider if here were business? Would Jim pause to think of business? No. There would be violence—and Jim alone.

There is a cave dweller hidden in each of us. At some hour it will emerge, our varnish of civilization will peel from us, and we shall stand forth primitive, thinking, functioning as did the remote ancestors of the race. This was Marie's hour. Her man was rushing into danger—and she was not with him.

She did not consider if her presence would help; if she could do better service otherwise. Her instinct was to be with him, to share what came to him. She would warn him, delay him, if possible. But that was not the chief thing. The foremost thought was to stand at his side, to feel his presence.

Unconscious of the stares of astonishment that followed her, the buzz of comment and surmise that remained behind, she followed the path Jim had taken, heading toward the railroad. But she did not follow the rails as Jim had done. She crossed the track and plunged into a marshy country, treacherous underfoot, grown thickly with undergrowth that tore at her garments, scratched her face. She was cutting across a curve in the railroad, hoping so to overtake Jim.



Now she floundered and fell, was up again to struggle forward. Her feet sank in marsh ooze; sometimes she waded stagnant water that gurgled above her shoe tops. But she stopped for nothing. Another might have become confused in the blackness of the night, for the moon was hidden by clouds which promised storm, but Marie had traversed those woods again and again. She was the daughter of a lumberjack, and woodcraft was bred into the very fiber of her.

Once her ankle turned under her with a sickening pain; but she forced herself to rise and limp onward. "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" she whispered to herself over and over again, unconscious that she was whispering. Her body was not inured to such endeavors, but her will was master of her body. When exhaustion would have brought her to the ground her will held her upright, gave her strength to flounder onward, always to the accompaniment of that hysterical whisper: "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

Her skirts, soggy with the slime of marsh pools, clung to her legs; her hair hung about her face, caught on projecting branches, to be torn loose ruthlessly. She seemed not to feel the pain of it. The flesh of her hands was lacerated; blood oozed from more than one abrasion upon her cheeks. She was unconscious of it. All of consciousness that remained was the knowledge that Jim Ashe was there ahead of her somewhere, going to his death perhaps; that she could, must warn him, save him. So she floundered on, with the whispered words "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" urging her ahead. Perhaps she heard the words; perhaps they helped to spur her on. There came a moment when she did hear them, but fancied they were spoken by another. "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

It seemed as if she had been traveling so always, forcing her way through nightmare obstructions, encountering such vain labors as are only to be met with in vivid, horrible dreams. Then she tripped, fell, striking her shoulder against something hard, cold. She felt it with her hand, and cried aloud. It was the railroad! She had won to the railroad!

Was Jim ahead or behind? There was no time to study. Her mind was in no condition to reason; there was only the feverish urge that forced her on. "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" She turned up the track, now trying pitifully to run, now wavering, staggering, but always persevering.

How black it was! She strained her eyes forward. He might be near, very near, yet she could not see him, and any moment her strength might fail.

She demanded yet another effort from the forces so near exhaustion. "Jim!" she cried shrilly, wildly. "Jim! Jim! Wait, oh, wait!"

A hundred yards up the track Jim heard the cry, stopped, listened.

"Jim, wait!" It sounded more faintly. A woman's voice, here, calling his name! There was but one woman in Diversity who had ever called him Jim.

In this moment, a moment he knew was weighted with danger to him, came her voice out of the black mystery that lay behind him. It was startling, unbelievable. He asked himself if much worry, much travail of heart, had not deranged some spring or cog in his imagination, so that he heard things which were not. If it really were Marie, what was she doing there? She had betrayed him once; was this another act in tune with her betrayal? He braced himself against a fresh danger, an unforeseen danger, and waited.

She tottered up to him out of the black blanket of night; tottered, hands fumbling before her, his name on her lips, his name and that other word which her will had set there so that it was repeated endlessly without volition: "Jim, Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

Her fingers touched him before she was aware of his presence; touched him, clung to him. She cried aloud, inarticulately. Panting, sobbing, she tried to speak, but only repeated over and over that one word: "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

He felt her fingers slipping from him, felt her body sagging, falling. His arm passed round her, sustaining her. Her head sank in the hollow of her arm and she sighed with weary contentment.

"Marie, what is it?"

"Hurry!" she muttered. But he shook her, not roughly, but with boyish impatience, boyish alarm.

"No, no! Why are you here? What is the matter?"

Her mind cleared slowly; her will that had set on one determination, to reach him—set so it could not loose its hold—relaxed. She breathed deeply, pushed against him in an effort to stand free.

"Crab Creek Trestle," she said. "He's—going to burn it. He warned you—to get you—out here."

His suspicion reared itself between them.

"How do you know? What are you doing here? Did he send you?"

She quivered, sobbed dryly—then she shoved him away.

"I know because he boasted of it. That—and other things. To-morrow that—note. The bank will make you pay it. He—said he—would be making clothespins—in your mill ——".

"But you—why are you here? What do you want?"

She summoned her strength and her pride.

"It doesn't—matter why—I am here. You must go back. You mustn't go on."

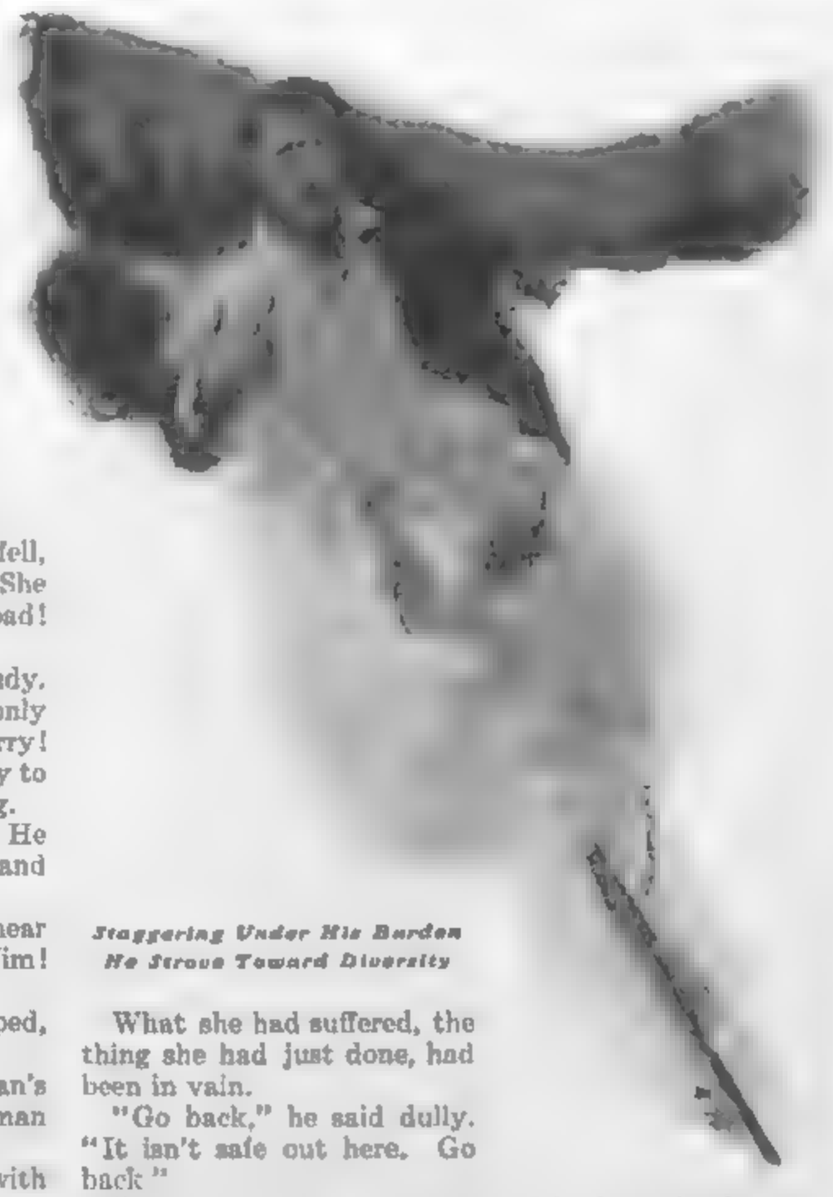
"So that's it," he said bitterly. "He sent you to hold me back till they could do the work."

He turned and began to stride away.

"No!" she cried. "You mustn't go!"

"Go back to town, Marie," he said, his voice quivering, not with wrath but with pain. "Go back. I'm going on."

"You mustn't!" She took one tottering step toward him and sank until she was on her knees. He would not believe her. He would not be warned.



Staggering Under His Burden He Strove Toward Diversity

What she had suffered, the thing she had just done, had been in vain.

"Go back," he said dully. "It isn't safe out here. Go back."

"It isn't safe for you—for *you*. It's planned to have you come—alone." He moved away from her. She forced herself to rise.

"Then I'll go with you," she said.

"Go back," he commanded.

"No," she said, and tottered on.

He set his teeth, turned his face away from her, and went on, unmindful of her sobbing, gasping breaths. At one moment they saw a redness in the sky; saw the darkness ahead fluttering like a waved cloth.

"Fire," Jim muttered, and began to run. He was too late—Crab Creek Trestle was in flames!

As best she could Marie followed. He gained, but she did not falter, urged herself to her utmost. Ahead of them the trestle came into view, wreathed in flames, flames that leaped and writhed and strained upward as if seeking to be released from bonds that held them to earth. The trees and bushes about seemed to rise and fall with the swelling of the tongues of fire. In the midst the framework of the trestle stood black, stark, startlingly vivid.

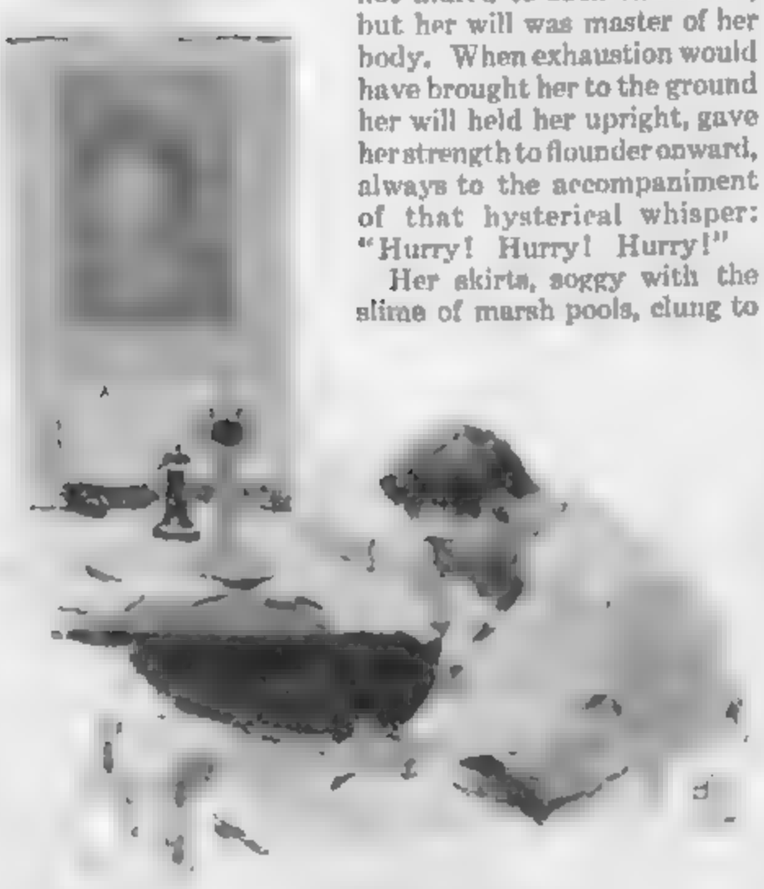
For a moment Jim stood where bank and trestle met, stood undecided. There was nothing to do, yet he must do something, for it was his nature to do something. Nothing would save the trestle. He perceived that, though he hesitated to admit it. He saw that the work of incendiarism had been done efficiently; timbers had been well soaked with oil, and the match applied not in one spot but in scores of places. Except for a matter of thirty feet at the end where Jim stood the whole structure was flame-wrapped. From the very brook fire seemed to flow upward; here and there, twenty feet below, marsh grass burst into ruddy, living flower.

Without plan or reason Jim started forward upon the trestle, as if to plunge headlong into the dancing, undulating, seething mass of destruction and stifle it with his hands.

Marie, now at his side, clutched his arm to restrain him. He shook her off ungently, sprang forward. She kept at his side. Again he was forced to pause, shading his face from the heat that reached out to meet him. His eyes were for nothing but the fire; saw nothing aside from it.

Waves of heat surged against him, forced him to draw back, and the very action of retreating cleared his head, restored him to something resembling calm. Instinct, impulse withdrew, leaving intellect in command. He thought of his father. What he saw before him was his father's—Clothespin Jimmy's—life work disappearing in flames. He had been given his father's shoes. How had he filled them? The destruction of this trestle was the destruction of the Ashe Clothespin Company. He should have foreseen this danger, guarded against it adequately. In that he had failed.

Again Marie was at his side. "Come back," she said. "You can do no good."



He Could Not Pay. There Was No Way to Pay

He did not notice her, but stepped forward again, forcing himself against the heat. She clung to him.

"You can't put it out," she said again. "Come back out of danger."

He turned on her, eyes flashing, jaw set.

"Put it out!" he said harshly. "I'm not thinking about putting it out. It's gone." He was Sudden Jim now, not defeated, still fighting.

"Go back and tell Moran you left me figuring how to get logs from there to here. And tell him I'm going to do it. Tell him if he'd burned the woods I'd find some way to make logs out of the ashes."

Presently he spoke again—to himself.

"I wish Nelson was here," he said. He was trying to figure construction, needed his millwright's advice.

In that moment Clothespin Jimmy might have felt satisfaction in his son, for young Jim had forgotten the blow just dealt him, had forgotten the fire that raged at his feet. His thoughts dealt only with the future. He wasted no moment in discouragement, though he might well have been discouraged. One thought he held: Logs must cross the gap before him. But how? His fingers doubled into determined fists.

"It can be done," he said, "and I'll find the way!"

An older woodsman than Jim, a man experienced in the handling of logs, would have shaken his head. Such a man would have seen the difficulties of the task; would have declared it impossible to haul timber across that swamp before winter.

Jim's inexperience refused to be daunted.

His head was clear now; he was himself. Marie—she had been there. He turned upon her.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded fiercely, but she was not upright before him. She lay upon the crossties, one arm dangling limply through, the garish light exaggerating the pallor of her face.

"Marie!" he whispered hoarsely. She did not stir or answer. Her endurance had been urged to the point of breakage, had given way. He was on his knees beside her, his heart gripped by fear, for he had never seen a woman faint. He lifted her. Her head lopped grotesquely to one side as he moved her, and this multiplied his fright. He had loved her, and she was dead. She had not been worth a man's love; had been treacherous; had betrayed him; but he had given her all of his love. Her breast lifted laboriously. He was conscious of a feeling of relief, not of gladness. So this would not be the end of things between them. They would continue to inhabit the same world. To him it seemed the world was over-small to house them both.

Whatever she had done, he could not leave her so. He strained until she lay partly across his shoulder—a weight it would have been joy for him to bear a few short hours before—and so, staggering under his burden, he strove toward Diversity.

Long miles lay between him and town; no help was nearer; no shelter for Marie. He found himself near the point of exhaustion. But he labored on.

After a length of time that seemed to have stretched into hours Jim was aware of the dark figure of a man standing between the tracks before him.

Somehow Jim was not interested in it, was not interested in anything save the effort to keep on his feet and make progress. The man spoke with a voice Jim knew but did not identify.

"Who are you?" Jim asked in a whisper.

"Gilders," said the man. "Here, I'll take her. You carry my rifle. You've lugged her about as far as you can, hain't you?"

"All of that," Jim said, surrendering his burden and sitting down abruptly.

"Rest a bit," said Gilders. "When you're ready, say so. We'll take her to my place—it's nearer'n Diversity."

Presently Jim got to his feet.

"All right," he said.

Gilders raised Marie without effort and strode away with her in his arms. Jim followed. At times Gilders waited to permit Jim to rest, for Jim could not equal the woodsman's pace, indeed could not have sustained any pace at all without frequent stops.

That last tramp was a thing of vagueness to Jim. How long it was, how many minutes, hours, days it required to traverse the distance, he did not know. It was a hades of blackness and weariness and pain. At last they arrived at Gilders' shanty. Steve laid Marie on his bed. Jim waited for no bed but sank to the floor, and the night held no further consciousness for him.

Somehow Steve procured a neighbor woman who gave of her kindliness and skill to Marie, ministering, watching through the night. Steve let Jim lie as he had fallen. Sleep, he knew, would work its own reviving miracle.

XXIV

ON CAUCUS days or election days it had been Zaanan Frame's custom to sit in his office and receive his friends. There were few who did not take that opportunity to shake Zaanan's hand, to show themselves at his levee. Most came because it was their pleasure to do so; some came because they regarded it as the part of wisdom.

But on this caucus day Zaanan sat alone. Outside on the steps was Dolf Springer, taciturn, doleful. That was all. The old man was deserted. Diversity had forsaken him on the day of his downfall. The power he had wielded for more than a generation had dropped from him, leaving in the place of the political dictator merely a tired, weary, disappointed old man.

He had taken some comfort in that greatest of all books, the Justices' Guide. Now he laid it aside and rose.

"Dolf," he called.

The one faithful retainer entered.

"Calc'late we'll be startin' for the op'ry house, Dolf."

On other years this had been a sort of triumphal procession. Zaanan had marched to the opera house surrounded by his friends. Now he looked quizzically at Dolf.

"Seems like we was sort of scarce this mornin', Dolf, eh?"

"Dog-gone 'em!" said Dolf vindictively.

They started, a pitiful procession. As they made their progress there were eyes that turned away with a feeling of shame; other eyes stared gleefully. Here was ocular evidence that Zaanan Frame was beaten; that they, the sovereign voters of Diversity, had been able thus easily to reach out and pluck him down.

When Zaanan arrived the opera house was full. Zaanan, who had for years been given a conspicuous place of honor, found a seat with difficulty. He sank listlessly into his chair, slid forward with extended legs, and let the brush of his beard rest on the bosom of his shirt. He did not look about him.

Had he studied the hall he must have been surprised, not alone at the numbers present but at the composition of the spectators. In Diversity women were accustomed to take no part in politics—even that slight part of watching their men functioning in caucus or convention. But this morning was presented a condition abnormal. The gallery, usually occupied by a sprinkling of loafers, was filled with women. Not ten women or a score of women, but row after row of women; the mothers and wives of Diversity in a body.

Others had been surprised by it. Not a few husbands had remarked upon it to wives as they left their housework and departed. Some wives had evaded questions; the bolder ones and the majority did not hesitate to inform their husbands, in words easily understood, that their reasons for going to the caucus were nobody's business but their own.

The monotonous routine of organization was completed. Throughout, Peleg Goodwin had been in the public eye. He was a figure of importance. He already assumed the dignity of the office which was to be his as it had once been Zaanan's. Peleg had views as to his future. What Zaanan had done Peleg could do. True, Moran was putting him where he was; but later—Peleg would see to that. His bearing was feudal.

The gallery had watched impatiently, if silently. So this was politics? So these futilely buzzing, smoking, lounging male creatures below were actually their husbands exercising a high rite of citizenship! It was monotonous. It even moved some of them to giggles. Many of them had invested the caucus with the dignity of mystery, with a certain pomp and regality. Now they saw it as it was, in nowise different from a casual gathering round the wood stove in the post office on any day in winter.

"So that's how it's done," said the Widow Stickney. "Huh! 'Tain't much more glitterin' than peelin' potaters. And I doubt if it's as useful."

But when the moment arrived for nominations for the office of justice of the peace, the women leaned forward, interested not to miss a phase of it.

Young Lawyer Bourne placed Peleg in nomination, did so noisily, flamboyantly, with waving of arms and screaming of eagle. He mentioned Peleg as Peleg had never been mentioned before. If the young man had not mentioned Peleg's name at the outset, that worthy candidate would not himself have recognized the subject of the speech. But Peleg enjoyed it. Maybe that's what he really was and hadn't realized it; maybe that's what his fellow men had been thinking about him for years, wasted years. Why, with such regard he might have risen to the governor's chair!

"Look at Peleg," whispered the widow. "If somebody don't tie a strap round his chist he's a-goin' to bust."

Peleg's nomination was duly seconded, not by Michael Moran, for Moran's residence was elsewhere, but to Moran's satisfaction. He sat on the aisle well toward the front, and had been the recipient of much attention. Easily Moran was the dominant figure of the body. Why should he not be, on this his day of victory over his enemies?

Zaanan sat motionless, spoke to no one, paid no attention to what went forward. He was there, that was all. It seemed as if he had come from habit, not from interest. After the first few moments he was forgotten, unnoticed. Zaanan had been moved on to oblivion.

Bob Allen nominated Zaanan. He made no speech, simply mounted the platform and announced that he placed the name of Zaanan Frame before the caucus as a candidate for the justiceship. It was a form, that was all. Then he stepped down.

"Any secondin' speech?" asked the chairman—a form too.

"Calc'late there is," said a voice at the rear of the hall, and Steve Gilders arose, for once detached from the rifle which had grown to be as much a part of him as his arms.

As Steve walked forward, indeed as the first of his words fell on the ears of the body, it became silent. Men looked at one another, felt a tenseness in the air, an apprehension. A small boy walked by Steve's side, his hand in Steve's.

Together they mounted the platform, stood facing the hall.

"I'm here to second that there nomination," Steve said harshly. "Bein's I hain't taught in speechmakin' I fetched help. But I figger the boy and me'll be able to make out."

He got down on one knee so his face was on a level with the child's.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Steve," said the little one.

"What's your other name?"

"Hain't got none."

Every man, every woman, in the house was straining forward. Here was something not to be expected by any; something fraught with meaning.

Michael Moran was of those whose eyes were fixed on the two figures. He half arose to his feet, then sank back, face distorted, fists clenched.

"Who was your ma?" Steve asked in a voice that chilled.

"Susy Gilders."

"Where is she?"

"She's dead."

"What killed her?"

"She did," said the child, his lips quivering.

"Why?"

"On account of me."

The gallery became audible—it gasped once, then was silent again.

"Who is your pa?" Steve went on inexorably.

"Michael Moran."

"Who do you hate?"

"Michael Moran."

Steve arose, lifted the child above his head.

"Look at him, folks," he said; "he's secondin' the nomination of Zaanan Frame."

While Tiffany Jogged Along the Old Justice Instructed Jim

He turned, now leading the boy, descended from the platform, passed down the aisle toward the rear of the hall. The child's coat brushed Moran's sleeve, unconscious of whom it passed. Moran shrank away from the touch.

Nobody spoke, nobody moved, save Moran. He leaped to his feet, face working with rage, with shame, with the ignominy of it.

"It's a lie!" he shouted.

"It's the truth," Steve Gliders said over his shoulder.

In the gallery a woman stood. She pointed downward to an individual on the floor.

"Tom Samson," she said shrilly, "you're goin' to vote now. Vote right or don't come home to me."

Another woman dared equally.

"You, too, George Perkins."

Woman after woman was on her feet, singling out her man, letting him hear her voice in this matter.

The vote was taken in silence, counted in silence. The hall awaited its announcement in silence. Three votes were cast for Peleg Goodwin, the rest for Zaanan Frame.

There was a cheer, but it came not from the floor, not from the menfolk. It was shriller than a cheer by the men would have been, for it came from the throats of the wives and mothers of them. Women not accustomed to politics had taken a hand in that game. Women not granted the suffrage by our laws had by their mere presence wielded the powers of the suffrage. They had not voted in person for Zaanan Frame; they had exerted no prior influence; but they had at the moment of action shown their men what was in their hearts, and the men voted in accord with it. The women of Diversity had shown there was a force, a power resident within them, that was capable of ruling when it sought to rule. Men versed in the law tell us that in every state the supreme power must lie definitely in some individual or some group of individuals. Where autocracy, absolutism, obtains, the supreme fountainhead of authority is in the autocrat; in a republic it abides in the citizens. The women of Diversity had made apparent where resided the ultimate authority in their village.

Moran had left the opera house.

Scatteringly at first, then with volume, arose shouts for Zaanan. Shamefaced men bellowed his name, at first because they were ashamed, afraid, to do otherwise, then with an infection of enthusiasm, perhaps with a clearness of vision they had been deprived of hitherto. Zaanan walked forward slowly, gravely, with no indication of elation in his face. From the platform he eyed them sternly.

"Folks," he began presently, "I can't say I take any pride in this. I don't feel like I'd been honored. No, I hain't been honored, except by them that hadn't votes to vote. My heart hain't so old but it kin appreciate bein' trusted and respected by them that sits in the gallery. They stayed by me when you forsook me. You men, 'tain't on your accounts I'm takin' this place ag'in; it's because of them women that I've seen babies in their cradles, and for the babies that is in their cradles to-day."

He stopped to remove his spectacles.

"I should 'a' let you have a dose of Peleg and Moran. It would 'a' been good for you. But I seen you didn't have sense nor judgment to know what you was doin', so I done what I've had to do before. I took things into my own hands, and for another spell things'll go on as they did before. I was hopin' you'd learned. I was hopin', when I come to step out for good, that you'd be fit to handle the job yourselves. I'm disapp'inted in that, so I'll hang on as long as I can."

He stopped again and tugged at his beard, and glowered at the men as one might glower at refractory children.

"Some of you men that's here to-day has money in your pockets that don't b'long there. It's Michael Moran's money. For a dollar or two, that'll be spent and forgot in a week, you sold somethin' that's next worse to sell than the decency of your homes. You sold somethin' that men have fought for and give their all for. The whole of this here nation's built up on you and others like you. You're a part of the gov'ment; the nation trusts each feller to do his votin' and his politics to the best of his judgment. But you hain't done thet. You've up and sold your votes. I calc'late I hain't never been more ashamed. At the door of this op'ry house is Dolf Springer holdin' a bushel basket. He's holdin' it in plain sight of all. If you that's took money hopes to have my respect, and the respect of your wives and mothers and daughters, you'll rise now and march past Dolf, and you'll chuck into that basket the Judas-money that's soilin' your pockets. Now, I'm waitin'."

They looked at one another shamefaced, each man afraid to be the first to rise.

"Tom Samson," came his wife's voice, "you head that percession."

There was the hint of a nervous laugh from the men, but Tom got to his feet.

"Zaanan," he said shakily, "I'm a dum sight more ashamed 'n you be of me," and he marched to make his deposit in Dolf's basket.

It was a procession. Men formed in line behind Tom, and there were leathery faces that felt for the first time in many years the down-trickle of tears. Zaanan was wiping his eyes unashamed. Audible sobs descended from the gallery. The atmosphere was that of a revival—it was a revival, a moment of regeneration, a moment that would linger in the minds of those men as long as mind and body remained bound together. The line filed past Dolf and the men returned to their seats.

"I calc'late the business of this caucus is about over," Zaanan said. "When what's left to be done is over I wisht Parson Bloom 'ud say a benediction. 'Tain't usual at sich meetin's, but 'twon't do any harm."

So it was done. Aged Parson Bloom mounted the platform, his silvery head bared, and held his arms extended over them. His words were few, simple:

"'The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.'"

Then they passed out, leaving Zaanan alone on the platform, seated in a huge armchair, his head bent wearily, his face in his hands.

XXV

JIM, in what might be termed a ramshackle physical condition, drove to town the morning of the caucus. His left arm occupied a sling. He had not seen Marie. She would not have known him had he seen her, for she lay in the borderland, not delirious, not unconscious wholly, but strangely indifferent, still. He did not wish to see her.

He went directly to his office, nor did he leave it during the morning. The caucus was in progress. He had been vitally interested in it. But this morning nothing interested him; he was apathetic. Part of this was due to physical condition, more to mental stress.

Even when the Diversity Bank presented for payment his note for thirty thousand dollars he was not aroused. It would have been his nature to do something, anything, in an effort to avert calamity; but it was not Sudden Jim who sat before his desk. It was just Jim, shorn of the attributes which had earned him his name.

He had expected the note to be presented. Well, he could not pay. There was no way to pay. Somehow he had failed, and his father would think the family blood had grown thin in his veins. Even that mattered little. Moran had beaten him. The burning of Crab Creek Trestle was a decisive blow. Before it could be replaced the logs in his yard would be exhausted, the mills must shut down for lack of raw material. There was no use to try to sweep back the inevitable; it was attempting to stay the inflowing tide with a broom.

He did not leave the office at dinner time, but asked young Newell to fetch him a lunch from the hotel. Three days remained, the days of grace allowed by law after the presentation of his note. He saw no use for them.

It had not yet struck one o'clock when Zaanan Frame came in.

"Feelin' perty bad, Jim, eh? Had a perty tough time?"

Jim nodded.

"Git on your hat. I've fetched Tiffany, and we'll drive down to the Diversity Company's annual meetin'. Guess a drive after the best hoss in the county'll perk you up consid'able."

"What's the use, Judge? They've got me. I'm done."

"Huh! Sudden Jim, eh? Don't act very sudden jest now. What's ailin' your ambition?"

Jim told him briefly with complete discouragement

"Wasn't at the caucus this mornin'?" Zaanan asked.

"No, I didn't have the heart to go."

"Figgered I was beat, didn't you, eh? Figgered the ol' man didn't have a ghost of a show?"

"I knew it."

"Um! No more show 'n you've got to pull out of this mess? Not any more show than that, eh?"

"I guess we're in the same bout."

"You hain't asked who got nominated this mornin', Jim."

"No need to, Zaanan."

(Concluded on Page 38

"Jim, Last Night I Learned Something About Love. I Know What It Is"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents. Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 29, 1916

German Credit Machinery

IT WAS Helfferich who once said that the greatest financial genius was he who could devise the most new ways of lending money, or words to that effect. That was a leading idea in Germany's war finance. Not only did the Reichsbank greatly increase its note issue for the purpose of making new loans, but the loan bureaus which had been resorted to during the war with Austria, in 1866, and that with France, in 1870, were revived. These Darlehnskassen are under the supervision of the Reichsbank, but do an entirely separate business. Their profits are first held as a reserve against possible losses and finally go into the Imperial Treasury.

They lend money on agricultural or mineral products, merchants' stocks of goods and approved securities, and for the purpose of making the loans issue notes which circulate as currency and are receivable for all public payments, such as taxes.

The chief object was to provide means for making a class of loans of a less liquid kind than those made by the Reichsbank, but the Reichsbank is entitled to count its holding of Darlehnskassen notes as part of its reserve on a parity with Imperial Treasury notes, which are, roughly, equivalent to our greenbacks, and, in fact, a large part of the circulating notes issued by the loan bureaus are held by the Reichsbank.

To take care of smaller borrowers, who presumably had no stocks of goods, agricultural or mineral products or securities to pledge, special War Credit Banks were organized by coöperation between the government and the big joint-stock banks. They issue no circulating notes, but—a certain capital or guaranty fund being subscribed by the joint-stock banks, the municipality or others—the Reichsbank will rediscount the loans made by the War Credit Banks.

Thus, it appears, means have been found for taking care of everybody who can make any sort of valid claim to credit—the whole structure finally resting on the Reichsbank, which finally rests upon the Empire.

War Finance

ENGLAND is carrying the long end of the financial load on one side and Germany on the other; and two striking differences between England's fiscal methods and those of all other belligerents at once appear. In the first place England has ruthlessly increased taxation, raising the revenue of the government from a billion dollars, roughly, before the war, to two and a half billion dollars. And England is the only big belligerent that has not resorted to a great increase in virtually irredeemable paper money. The Bank of England's outstanding note circulation, at latest report, was only thirty-five million dollars greater than before the war, whereas the Reichsbank's note circulation has risen from about five hundred million dollars, in July, 1914, to more than a billion and a half, while the Bank of France's circulation now stands above three billion dollars.

But England's credit machinery has always differed technically from that of the Continent. Peace or war, she manages to do an enormous business with very little cash. Her gold stock is now only half that of Germany and a third that of France, so the small amount of paper money outstanding is not actually conclusive as to her relative position taken as a whole. Answering criticisms of Germany's position some time ago, Helfferich—no doubt the Fatherland's foremost financier—said: "The best currency in Europe after the war will be that of the victor." But the longer the war continues, the less convincing that statement looks. It seems very likely that none of the belligerents' currencies will be worth par. But greatly increased government revenue and a small volume of paper money give England a preferred position.

Cuba and Mexico

THE only point of likeness between the case of Cuba, in 1898, and the case of Mexico, in 1916, is that both provoked the United States. Over half the population of Cuba is classed as native white. On the record they are an industrious, peaceable people. Modern history of the island began in 1763, when England handed it back to Spain, and for more than a hundred years internal peace was the rule. From the fore part of the nineteenth century the government was an abominably corrupt and cruel tyranny, but it was only in 1868 that the people revolted. They fought for ten years, securing the abolition of slavery and promises of other reforms. Except as to slavery, their hopes were largely disappointed, and in 1895 they took the field again. Details of "Butcher" Weyler's scheme of pacification need no rehearsal. In 1898 the United States intervened as a deliverer of the people from a foreign tyrant, and were as welcome to a majority of them as the French were to the American revolutionists.

The population of Mexico is classed roughly as one-fifth white, two-fifths Indian and two-fifths mixed blood. For more than a hundred years preceding the second inauguration of Diaz, in 1884, Mexico's history is a record of almost incessant warfare—first against Spain; then for over half a century a confused coil of internal strife, with our war of 1846 and Maximilian's reign as mere interludes. What it has been since the revolution against Diaz started in 1910 everybody knows.

It is sometimes amiably assumed that we can intervene in Mexico about as we did in Cuba—restoring order, writing a few amendments to the constitution, ordering a general election and retiring with a bow. But the cases are wholly unlike. Opposition to the United States seems to be the only point on which the people of Mexico are likely to unite.

However benevolent our intentions, we should appear to them, not as deliverers but as conquerors, to be received not with plaudits but with bullets.

Mexico has never had a free government and is probably incapable of working one. A reasonable presumption from the record is that a stable government for some time to come can be essentially nothing else than an iron-handed dictatorship. The Mexicans would not fairly try out a tolerably free government of their own making—that of Madero. What they would do to a free government which was imposed upon them by a foreign conqueror seems clear.

There may be no alternative to intervention, but we ought to look the job squarely in the eye.

Why Just the Clock?

WE ARE in favor of the "daylight saving" plan, because it is one of those harmless pieces of buncombe which please many people while really hurting nobody. If you can make a man think you've added an hour a day to his life by merely moving the hands of the clock, why not do it? Pleasure over that benefit may for some time distract his mind from the desire for benefits of a more substantial nature. It's like solving the trust problem by solemnly disorganizing the Standard Oil Company, or making the seaman's lot happy by enacting an unworkable law about it. It revives the greenback and free-silver beliefs that if everybody got twice as many dollars, each dollar worth half as much, everybody would be comparatively affluent.

This plan should work both ways, however. In summer a great many men who perform manual labor get up some time after daylight; but in winter a great many, especially in rural sections, get up before daylight; so in summer seven o'clock should come at six, but in winter six o'clock should come at seven. There's no good reason why it should stop with the clock either. Why not "save summer" by having June begin at the end of February? Hardly anything else in the world is so attractive to mankind as a square, shiny gold brick.

Inclusive as the Air

SHE was a gangling, open-mouthed, vacant-eyed young thing, with untidy hair under a bedraggled hat. You would have supposed her foredoomed to the last degree of pinched and listless obscurity. Yet she had been discovered. Inspired by an advertisement, she had contrived an ungrammatical string of vapid words, two of which came near rhyming; and she bore in her unlaundered hand a long, typewritten letter—evidently a stock form—on a finely engraved letterhead, announcing that her beautiful poem had been accepted. One of the company's most gifted musicians, it said, was even then composing appropriate music for it. The company felt certain the song would have an enormous success; but she was to remit twenty-five dollars by return mail—merely to cover the cost of making the plates from which it was to be printed. Raising twenty-five dollars happened to be, for her, a feat comparable to floating a war loan, and before the family cookstove was mortgaged she had the good fortune to meet with saving advice.

It is a sweet thing about this democracy of ours that, however poor and humble and generally hopeless one may be, some genial thief is doing his best to reach one and swindle one out of the little one has. In four years the Postal Department has investigated over fifteen thousand cases of fraudulent use of the mails—cases of every imaginable and unimaginable sort, from magic rings to fake widows. Lately there seems to be a revival of the ancient device of selling stock—by public advertisements—in manufacturing and other concerns whose chief object is evidently to sell the stock.

In most cases the victims are reached by advertisements which the publishers thereof know to be fraudulent, or would know if they did their duty.

Quoting the Great

WITH a little patience you can collect quotations from eminent and virtuous men in behalf of almost any proposition. What, for example, should you say about a man who recommended bigamy to two monarchs who sought his spiritual advice, who justified slavery, who so detested all ideas savoring of democracy that he said the common people of the world were Satan? or, again, although having declared that princes were generally the "biggest fools and worst rascals on earth," said he would rather bear with a princely government that did wrong than with a people that did right? That man was Martin Luther, whose testimony still illumines the world as to certain matters concerning which he was especially enlightened, but who as to many other matters merely delivered the common opinion of his day.

A Government Railroad

THE Intercolonial Railway has about fifteen hundred miles of line, running eastward from Quebec through the provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Dominion of Canada has owned and operated it for forty-seven years. In twenty-two of these years its receipts have exceeded its operating expenses; in twenty-five, operating expenses have exceeded receipts. Samuel O. Dunn, in the June number of the Journal of Political Economy, casts up the account, taking the cost of the road in 1867 as officially reported, adding interest on that sum at four per cent—although the Dominion, in fact, has probably paid rather more—deducting the operating profit, adding the operating loss, adding also sums spent in further construction, and so carrying the computation forward to the end of 1914, at which time this railroad had cost the Dominion just a little short of three hundred and fifty million dollars, or more than two hundred thousand dollars a mile. The deficit for that year, if interest on the total accumulated cost at four per cent were included, would have been a little short of fifteen million dollars. Meanwhile, the privately owned Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk operate in the same provinces and pay dividends.

Of course nothing is conclusive on this subject of government ownership, but those who are interested in it will find the Journal's article worth looking over.

Throwing Away Votes

WE SURMISE that no political party could survive on any extensive scale without winning an election at least once every twenty years. It was twenty years from the defeat of McClellan to the first election of Cleveland and twenty years from the second election of Cleveland to Wilson. If Blaine had got a few more votes in New York in 1884, probably the Democratic Party—relinquishing hope of winning on its own hook—would have consolidated with the Republican Party on some such basis as the recent Republican-Progressive consolidation. Third-party movements are ineffectual because any numerous party must win once in so often or perish. The stock electioneering advice is: "Don't throw away your vote"—that is, don't vote for anybody who hasn't a rather bright show of winning. If there were principles, and one were voting for them, it would be quite different. As long as the only vital interest is a sporting interest—just to see who's going to win on whatever platform appears likely to catch the most votes—voting for any except the main contestants is, of course, throwing away the vote.

Harpooning the Hyphenates

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

POLITICALLY the hyphenates have no happy home. For purposes of publication, eke patriotism, they are a byword and a hissing to two excellent collections of byworders and hissers—to wit, the Democrats and the Republicans. They are outcasts, babes lost in the woods of expediency, orphans with no asylum. They are without the most etiolated pale that can be set forth.

The Fourth of July impinges as this is written, and at this perfervid, not to say my-country-'tis-of-thee, period, there are two chief factories busily, even enthusiastically, at work preparing great stores of denunciation, disavowal, denial, depreciation and other instrumentalia of disclaimer for those who hitherto have described their allegiances as SomethinghyphenAmerican; or have operated with the impulse of foreign nativity as the actuating one, either politically or otherwise.

The hyphenates are homeless wanderers. Neither political party is willing to hold out the welcoming hand. To be sure, if it might be arranged that the hyphenates would give their votes to one or the other clandestinely, or in some adroit manner, such as by talking for one party and thereby hurting it with the intention of voting for the other, that arrangement would be entered into by the exemplars of exigency who will direct these campaigns. But that cannot be done. Hence, you will find all speeches, letters of acceptance, speeches of the same, campaign literature, and so forth, from buttons to button-holed, carrying as the theme—the motif, as we say in highbrow circles—the central idea, this: "No hyphens allowed! Keep off! This means YOU!"

It wouldn't be surprising if, in order to make it stick, the Honorable Woodrow Wilson and the Honorable Charles Evans Hughes put in here and there "*Verboten!*"

An American for Constable

THIS eagerness to get away from the hyphen illustrates a new and frantic stage of our curious national politics. Time has been, almost continuously since our present party system was devised, when our political masters and mentors, instead of hammering the hyphenates, coddled and cajoled them. Take the make-up of any municipal ticket in Milwaukee, for example; or Buffalo; or St. Louis; or a state ticket in Minnesota; or a ticket in classic and somewhat Hibernian Boston, and so on. No harrying of hyphens there, but assiduous collocation of them, and extreme deference to their wishes and desires and votes. And so with other trends, such as religion, and color, and unionism, and this and that.

"Who's for sheriff?" asked the sub-boss of the boss of a Minnesota political division.

"Ole Olson."

"County clerk?"

"Pete Larson."

"Treasurer?"

"Yon Yonson."

"Collector?"

"Olaf Nelson."

"Constable?"

"Oh, we'll put some American on for constable."

And so it went nationally. We—meaning the politicians—recognized and catered to every hyphen extant, and created some when the supply was lacking, by minute recognition of delicate shades of political nationalities—Italian, Hebraic, Hun, Slav, and thus to religion and again to organization affiliation. Not one escaped. All were kindly and courteously recognized.

But now—now—out upon the hyphen. "We," as we shall be told verbigerously, vertiginously and vociferously until election day, "are all Americans," and none others need apply. The passion for the Stars and Stripes that this European war has developed in the former and expansive versatile and unsectarian breasts of our national politicians is as astonishing as it is universal. We, meaning the politicians, are Americans primarily, ultimately and all the time. "America first!" is the slogan of each party, and the sloganers will parade the country from end to end, snatching at each stopping place a mighty pine from the forested sides of whatever eternal hill is abiding permanently in that locality, to write in letters of living fire on the heavens that arch above that inspiring sentiment, the exclusive property of whichever party is paying the traveling expenses of the writer—"America first!" after the manner of Wendell Phillips when he made the original bid for the colored vote by nominating, thus, Toussaint Louverture for the Hall of Fame.

Whereupon we shall observe, before this is printed even, several principal political things. The first will be the earnest and united attempt of the Democrats to annex to themselves the visible supply of Americanism, and its chief exponent of annexation will be the Honorable Woodrow Wilson, at present in the dual capacity of President and candidate and thereby having a most conspicuous edge on his opponent. Also we shall observe that distinguished but now retired jurist, the Honorable Charles Evans Hughes, in the same accumulatory adventure, the object of his exertions being himself and his, as it is alleged, united party, ably aided and abetted by those warm and personal friends, who haven't worked much at their friendship for the past seven years, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and Professor William Howard Taft, all three showing under the same tent—a marvelous collection of megatherium mentors for the guidance and salvation of the toiling masses and the spoiling classes to get together and pin the red-white-and-blue on the manly breast of the instrument of their happy reconciliation—Mr. Hughes.

This struggle, which has already begun, and which will be in full and declamatory, exclamatory and inflammatory swing by the time this is printed, will be inspiring, and will doubtless serve to fill the great purpose of informing many of our voting citizens the exact name, style, geographical position and political entity of the country of which they are citizens but in which many of them, politically, do not live. Looking at the matter with that broad and tolerant philosophy that some twenty-five years of study of the species has evolved, there seems to be nothing to say about it all but "Go to it!" For it is patent that one side can claim to be as American as the other, and that both sides are well supplied with claiming apparatus.

There is eminent authority for the theory that deeds and not words bring home the bacon, and Mr. Wilson will point with pride to what he has done as the exponent of Democracy, while Mr. Hughes, and his colaborers in the field of requisition of all Americanism for Republican purposes, must content themselves with viewing with alarm the said deeds of Mr. Wilson, and assuring the people that had they had the chance they would have done much better themselves, and promising thus to perform in the future.

From Romulus to Bill Sapp

WE OBSERVED the acute realization of the importance of this phase of our America-first policy after the two minutes and forty-five seconds had elapsed that sufficed to metamorphose Mr. Hughes from the remote, dignified, aloof and non-political justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, sitting stately and solemn and secluded in the interior recesses of the highest judicial tribunal of this or any other land, into the eager, ardent and highly receptive candidate for the Presidency. It is related that when the totally unexpected word arrived in Washington, by wire from some person who had a vague idea that Mr. Hughes might be interested in a calm and judicial manner, that the Republican Convention, unheeding of the protest of Mr. Hughes that he was in no sense a candidate, decided to commit a most flagrant act of lese erminis and tear him from the Bench and put him on the stump, Mr. Hughes leaped agilely to the typewriter and dashed off a few hundred words of Americanism to be sent by wire to the expectant patriots in Chicago, assuring them that, notwithstanding his six years of isolated and arduous interpretation of the Constitution, he was at the moment, and intended to be right up until election day, a real American, thus proving that a judge may be a judge of other things than law—politics, for example.

Wherefore, on flag day, June fourteenth, at Washington, the Honorable Woodrow Wilson, having marched in a preparedness parade, wearing a straw hat and a large flag, to say nothing of a most determined look, foregathered himself at the base of the Washington Monument and, thus reënforced, assured his assembled fellow citizens that the only genuine, hand-picked and sun-cured Americanism is the property of the Democrats and the Democracy at that exact moment registering the imperious will of the people in St. Louis via the medium of Martin Glynn, of Albany, New York, former governor of the Empire State and temporary chairman of the Democratic National Convention. Mr. Glynn, it will be recalled, started the proceedings at St. Louis by a résumé of all human historical knowledge, from the time Hiram K. Romulus made his great campaign for imperator et rex in Rome, some years ago, until the period when Mr. Glynn fell so gallantly without the breastworks in New York State not so many months before. This was a keynote speech, and it fairly teemed with Americanism. If there is any patriotic citizen in history, from Adam to Bill Sapp, of Kansas, with whom Mr. Glynn did not compare Mr. Wilson quite favorably, it was an error of Mr. Glynn's head and not of his heart. He bore down quite heavily on

Alexander Hamilton and Abraham Lincoln, which gave the Southern delegates some considerable pause. But they are all Democrats anyhow, and Mr. Glynn was keynoting with especial reference to the North.

Thus the issue may be said to have been joined, jointed and conjoined, with the accent on the con; and as time progresses we shall observe this continued assertion of Americanism by these two leading Americans, and the imputation of the only and original Americanism to their followers, the same holding good until November, and being emphasized in the speeches of acceptance and the letters of the same when those shall be delivered to and before the expectant and, it is hoped, aroused proletariat. We are all Americans, you understand, and it must rest with the individual, after listening carefully, to determine whether the Republican-American or the Democratic-American is the preferable sort. It will be utterly impossible to be just a plain, non-frilled American-American. There is no such thing. One must be Republican-American or Democratic-American, and that is the hyphen that is admissible in our present politics. There is no recourse, as it will seem.

Grand Tactics of the Campaign

This highly patriotic situation as thus outlined and as thus to be exemplified gives an intimation of what the chief strategy of the campaign will be. The one and earnest endeavor of the Democrats will be to festoon Mr. Hughes with all the hyphens there are. They intend to drape him with hyphens, to make banderillas of them and stick them into his protesting flesh, to paste them on him and his party, to tie them to him and identify him with them beyond recall. You see, the Democrats figure that they haven't a chance with the hyphen vote anyhow, and particularly with the pro-German section of it, and they have marked all such expectations off, save as the luck of it may serve. Thus they figure they can get the reflex by making it appear, if possible, that Hughes is beloved of the hyphenates and that they favor him.

Every time Candidate Hughes sticks his head above the trench the Democrats intend to shoot a few bombs full of hyphens at him. They have their artillery on the hill, too, and in a commanding position; for Candidate Hughes cannot possibly know what President-and-Candidate Wilson has in mind, either in regard to such hyphen contingencies as may arise, or have arisen, or in respect to any foreign, or quasi-foreign, or domestic-foreign relation or action whatsoever.

To be sure, what is done is done, and Hughes can attack past performances; but he will be met with the disquieting request to state specifically what he would have done, or what his party would have done, in similar case. It is not forgotten how this very Hughes, when he was a candidate for governor, used these tactics on his opponent, and asked him ten questions which that estimable and perplexed citizen could not answer—or did not, at any rate, save in the most roundabout fashion. Mr. Hughes will be asked, when he gets to denouncing: "What would you have done?" and if he replies in detail it is quite possible that there will be documents and information within the useful range of the Wilson men—official stuff, you know—that will show that no other course than the one pursued by Wilson, and criticized by the Republicans, was possible in the circumstances.

President Wilson has the great advantage of first-hand information on all these subjects, and it is likely that Mr. Hughes and his friends may be disconcerted when they come to specific criticism. At any rate, that is the expectation of the Democratic managers. Furthermore, this tying of the hyphenates' sympathy and support to Mr. Hughes and the Republican party can be, and will be, brought about, it is planned, in numerous other ways.

No person who is familiar with Washington, has any delusion that the Government has gone through this two years of European war without collecting a vast amount of information, on various subjects, and particularly concerning the activities, political and otherwise, of the hyphenates. The fact that most of this information has not been made public does not mean it doesn't exist. Ordinary political sagacity would dictate the use of such of it as might be put to most useful in a campaign. Use the one that is beginning.

Perhaps that may happen. No person has told me it will happen, but perhaps it may. The fact of it is that there is no intention on the part of the Democrats to allow Mr. Hughes, or his party, to get away with any Americanism without a we-too assertion, and the further fact is that the Administration has the whip hand, for it knows and the Republicans can only denounce and surmise.

The Democrats began the Americanism feeling-out some time ago, and found it to be popular. They are convinced that the professional hyphenated activities have been most obnoxious to all non-hyphenated Americans, as well as to the nonprofessional class of naturalized citizens themselves. They have no hope of holding much of the so-called German vote, not even the twenty-five or thirty per cent that usually is Democratic, and with the view of getting the American support of protest against some—many—things that have happened in this country since war began they will do their utmost to tie this hyphenated favor to Hughes.

It is quite likely that we shall hear shrieks of agonized protest from the Republicans, for, as will be observed, when the letter-of-acceptance stage arrives and the real ballyhoo begins there will be no propitiating done by the Republicans. They will make no dead set for the hyphen vote. They want it, of course, but they will openly scorn it, and as President Wilson has lost it anyhow, or the professional part of it and the active part of it, and doesn't want what he cannot get, the hyphenates are due to vote the socialist or the prohibitionist ticket for all that will be done to get them in under the Republican or the Democratic banners.

Patriotic Hedgehogs

Watch and see. Of course there will be considerable jockeying over the formal acceptance dates. Each candidate wants the advantage of the second and following date, and so with the letters of acceptance, which, as will be remembered, are always the outcome of the acceptance speech, wherein, after the candidate has told all he knows, he says: "I thank you, gentlemen, and I will take early opportunity to elaborate my views on these important questions in my formal letter of acceptance."

As a mere matter of prognosis I dare say that both the speeches and the letters of Candidate Wilson and Candidate Hughes will be so filled with spines and barbs of militant Americanism that they will resemble patriotic hedgehogs, and could be set to music to replace Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. America first, and he who hyphenates is a hellion—three cheers for the Red-White-and-Blue! Thus established the great struggle will come, on the part of the Democrats, to tie the hyphenates and their sympathies and their support to Hughes, and the earnest and vociferous assertion of Hughes that this is not only dastardly, but despicable, and entirely without the facts.

The rush of the candidates and their supporters will be to get on the offensive and to remain there. The Democrats will try to get the Republicans in that position by virtue of what the top-side Democrats know and have in their official possession appertaining to the various and varied political activities of certain of the hyphenated class in this country. The Republicans will fight back and do some denouncing themselves.

Naturally this will make a great speaking campaign of it. There seems to be no disinclination on the part of the President to go out and tell his countrymen his side of what has happened, is happening, and why, wherefore, because and but, not neglecting to call attention to the recreancy of the Republicans and the mendacity of his own administration as represented by his legislative program and the completion thereof. The probabilities are that the President will make a good many speeches in the course of the campaign, and that every Democratic orator will be sent lambasting across the country. It is not so easy to get the people shouting about a policy that has an economic or a governmental principle behind it; but they will break up the benches for the old flag.

As I wrote, Candidate Hughes is straining at the leash. He has packed his judicial robe in moth balls and has trimmed his judicious whiskers. Six years on the bench and the consequent silence give him the opportunity of getting his position into shape unhampered by any past pronouncements. This campaign is a fresh and untilled field for Mr. Hughes. So much water has gone over the dam since he made his speeches in the 1908 campaign—and they were the best speeches of that campaign, by the way—that he isn't concerned with either the dam or the water. His future stretches before him without fear of a parallel column being sprung on him.

Ringing Welkins and Clarion Calls

And eager! Why, say, brethren who have been thinking that this is to be a scholastic campaign, academic-like, with the President standing on his pedestal and the former associate justice of the Supreme Court handing down a few decorous opinions, this will be about as academic a campaign as a stump speech by Ollie James is academic. This is going to be a red-blood, hit-'em-again, up-boys-and-at-'em, you-lie-you-villain-you-lie campaign. There will be no cause for complaint of inaction by the time it gets under way next fall. You will find the former Princetonian and the former justice right in the middle of it too. When we set out to be American, we Americans, we do it with vim, vigor, vitality and vast vocableness. Every welkin we have will ring continuously, and no day will pass without its multitude of clarion calls. We, as you must understand, have a country to be saved, and it is up to us to save it, either via the medium of Mr. Wilson or via the medium of Mr. Hughes. Three patriotic cheers!

The Democrats have a notable mess of achievements, as they will claim. If they get past without war with Mexico—it isn't certain as I write—they will have as the first great asset: "He kept us out of war!" And even if we do get war with Mexico they will say that that isn't really a war at all, but merely a policing expedition, and that the big, tumultuous fact is that we haven't mixed, and didn't mix, in the European war. Also it will not be at all surprising if, along in the summer or in the early fall, some Washington steps are taken, in an imperative manner, by the Administration, to stop the war and get a truce and peace. It is to be expected that the President will do something along these lines, something with substance and demand behind it.

Secondly, the Democrats will lay claim to the prosperity of the country. They will say they filled the dinner pail as it is at present filled, and are responsible for the plenitude of work at big wages, and all that sort of affluent and pleasant thing.

They will exalt their preparedness program, and their tariff commission, and their Federal reserve law, and their rural credits, and their various other accomplishments in a legislative way; and threaded through it all will be their shrill claim for Americanism as their most beloved tenet.

Candidate Hughes wasn't much understood by a good many of the men who nominated him. They rather figured him as an aloof and reserved person, dignified and didactic but strong. Wherefore, they were much astonished when the solemn justice turned handspring off the bench into active politics again, yelled "Whoopla!" and exhibited an earnest and vigorous desire to knock the block off any Democrat who might happen along.

"Why, say," said a new Republican National Committeeman to me, along about July first, "I never got a man so wrong in my life. I had an idea that this chap Hughes was a thin and studious, narrow-shouldered and anæmic, hundred-and-forty-pound sort of a cuss, with an air of great reserve and much learning, and I want to tell you I got the most delighted shock of my life when I went in to see him yesterday.

"Say, that man isn't pale and studious or anæmic and reserved, so's you'd notice it. I went in there and I ran across this big, broad-shouldered, two-fisted candidate of ours, weighing a hundred and eighty and all of it muscle, and with a close-cropped beard and big, strong teeth—ever see those teeth?—why, he can give Roosevelt two molars and a bicuspid and beat him to it—strong enough to bite a Democrat in two—and he jumped right at me and said 'How about it?' and began to talk.

"Reserved! That makes me laugh! He looks you right straight in the eye and he just busts right into things. He's about as reserved as a circus parade. In three minutes he had me standing on my toes and hollering for the G. O. P.; and I ain't what you might call a demonstrative citizen either.

"Now, you mark my words, these Democrats will know they have been in a fight before they get through with that man Hughes. He's just busting with red blood, and he's like a boy out of school, he's so durned tickled to get off that bench and out among folks again. He whirls those big fists through the air, and lets a yell out of him you can hear half a mile; and does he go to it—does he? Why, say, you watch him perform in this campaign. He'll have 'em marching round in circles and yelling 'Hughes—Hughes—Charles E. Hughes!' until they drop in their tracks, see if he doesn't."

All of which pretty well sizes up the Hughes situation. That esteemed and vigorous gentleman, who has been cloistered for six years in Washington, is out among 'em again, and he has, in addition to his natural vigor, the stored accumulation of six years of energy. He's going to wade into this campaign up to his neck, and when the Democrats come to try to tie unpleasant things on him they will find that it is hard to get him down long enough for tying purposes.

The Hughes campaign will be along Republican platform lines, and will bulge with Americanism also, and the menace of Wilsonism. It will condemn, and promise better things, and there never will be a minute when the flag will not be flying above the hirsute gonfalon of the candidate. Mexico, and the muddle there, will be a big Republican campaign asset, and there will be a general demand for the return of the Republicans to power, because of the incompetency of Mr. Wilson's official supporters and the Democratic Congress. The Republicans will be reasonably united, as most of the Progressives have already returned; and as it is normally the majority party, it has hopes.

Work Cut Out for Mr. Wilson

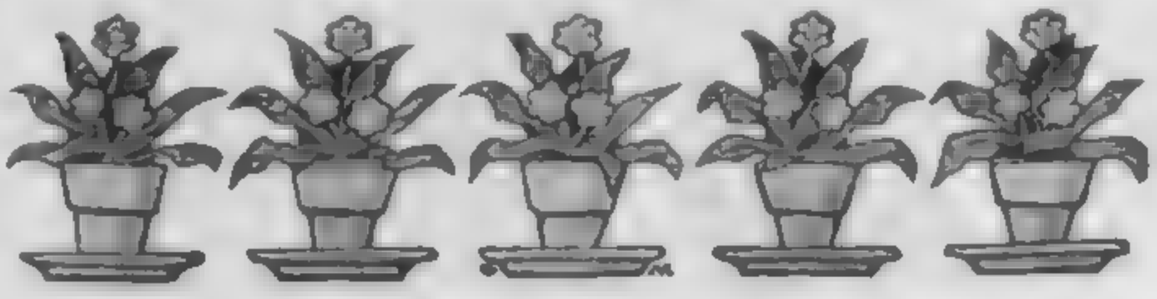
To win, Mr. Wilson must carry, in addition to the normally Democratic states, New York, Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, and the equivalent of Colorado and Montana, to say nothing of holding Maryland and Kentucky. He polled 2,450,504 votes less than the aggregate vote of all his opponents in 1912, out of a total vote of 15,036,542; and his vote was 1,311,444 less than the combined vote of Taft and Roosevelt, eliminating the Socialist, Prohibition and scattering vote.

Thus if the Progressives are united again with the Republicans, Mr. Wilson has his work cut out for him, and his managers will depend on the potential peace sentiment in the country, on prosperity, and on his sort of Americanism to get enough votes, and in the right places, to secure a plurality. It is too early yet to guess even what will happen in the various close states, in a voting way; but not too early to say that these close states will be harrowed for votes unceasingly until Election Day. This is to be an earnest and an enthusiastic and an energetic and an enlivened campaign.

Meantime, the hyphenates will get theirs on every stump. There isn't a chance for them.

Mr. Wilson will lambaste them and so will Mr. Hughes, for both of these eminent gentlemen feel very kindly toward America, and are for this valued Republic against all comers, and especially against all comers who come with hyphens.

Take the Star Spangled Banner home with you and try it on your piano. You'll need it before the campaign is over.



"Here's the tonic for you!"

Nature's formula combined with Campbell's

What makes this wholesome soup so appetizing and so healthful?

First, the delicious recipe put up by nature in the juicy vine-ripened tomato. No human chemist ever invented a "bracer" superior to this. Next, the wholesome materials which we add to nature's inimitable formula.

The finest tomatoes that grow are used for this soup. Solid, red, perfect specimens, rich in natural sugar.

All their tonic and medicinal properties and their enticing flavor and color are preserved by the Campbell method of preparing tomato soup.

Equally important, we remove all indigestible elements—the core, the harsh fibre, skin and seeds. Only the pure juice is retained.

All the other ingredients are of equally high grade. They are selected without regard to expense, but solely for their quality and nourishing effect.

"He who eats good soup every day is wise."

These are the words of Arthur Brisbane, the famous editor—referring to *Campbell's Soups*. And he adds: "Soups properly prepared are the most valuable and important factors in digestion. And your digestion makes you what you are."

In summer time when appetite is so often lacking and heavy meals are at a discount you realize particularly the healthful stimulus and nourishment combined which make this soup so beneficial and so tempting.

Its regular use at this season will do the whole family a world of good.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

DIRECTORY OF
SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

NEW ENGLAND

The Sargent School for Physical Education
Established 1881. Largest normal department for physical education in the world. General and special courses prepare for healthy womanhood. *Address for booklet,*
Dr. D. A. Sargent, 12 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS, BOSTON, 563 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.)
Chauncy Hall School
Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist.
FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal.

NEW YORK

The New York
ELECTRICAL
SCHOOL
(Technо-vocational)
Gives you a complete training by actual practice. You get the knack of "HOW" together with the theory of "WHY" and the
The N. Y. E. S. [illegible] of the "Learn by Doing" method. When [illegible] this Course you shall be fully qualified to handle [illegible] of Electrical industry.
[illegible] equipment of this School is unequaled and up-to-the-[illegible] information needed to become a "learner" in [illegible]. You can start to learn on any day of any week [illegible]
Visitors heartily welcomed. Send for catalogue
33 West 17th St. New York City
N. Y. ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

PENNSYLVANIA and NEW JERSEY

KISKIMINETAS SPRINGS SCHOOL
[illegible] every American [illegible]
Kiskiminetas Springs School, Dept. 9, Saltsburg, Pa.

NAZARETH HALL MILITARY ACADEMY
Nazareth, Pa. Founded 1743
A Military Academy for Boys. College Preparatory and Business [illegible]

Blair Academy
"A School of Distinction"
[illegible] for boys looking to general education and [illegible] college or technical school [illegible] certificate privilege. New [illegible] all term 1915 Visit the [illegible] and be cordially welcomed.
John C. Sharpe, Lit. D., Headmaster, Box X, Blairstown, N. J.

HERBART HALL
Private school for boys and girls whose uneven brightness or difficult mental grasp needs special education. Individual home care for unusual children. High, healthful location on estate of 15 acres. Summer Camp "Wetmupka"
Dr. MAXIMILIAN P. E. GROSZMANN, Plainfield, N. J.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Electrical [illegible] always in demand. The Blue Electrical School, with its well equipped shops and laboratories, is peculiarly qualified to give a condensed course in Electrical
Engineering
Every detail taught. Actual construction, installation, testing. Course, with diploma, complete
In One Year
21 years' reputation, with over 2000 young men trained. 24th year opens September 27th. Send for new catalogue. 113 Tahoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

SOUTHERN STATES

LAW SCHOOL of Cumberland University
A one-year course covering the entire field of American Law. Not a [illegible] as daily lessons [illegible]
Box 20 LAW SCHOOL, Lebanon, Tenn.

LAW (Chattanooga College of Law [illegible] recognized high standing. Lectures so arranged that
Students May Earn Living
[illegible] of 15 [illegible] opens Sept. 20th. Write for illustrated catalogue
CHATTANOOGA COLLEGE OF LAW
Chattanooga Tennessee

Continued on Page 29

FEAR OF FAT

(Continued from Page 18

Play golf, ride horseback, walk to the office, do housework—yes, sweep, and stoop over wiping up floors; it's fine for the hips. Go to the Turnverein or the gymnasium for half of your noon hour. You don't need a whole hour to eat in. Train your will.

You may not even take a drink these days without consulting all the big and little white blood corpuscles that you are supposed to be putting out of business, when you may need them to fight pneumonia germs or to prevent a common cold. Even your family will no longer help you to drink. Time was when a man's family would put him to bed, shield him from curiosity, apologize to the neighbors for the unseemly disturbance in the dead of night, and economize to pay the bills. Not now. They send him to a cure. And the neighbors, instead of grinning over human weakness, talk of lack of self-control. Heads of important companies will no longer hire him. The man on the train says to you: "He drinks too much. He's too fat. No will power!"

You have to order new evening clothes or else have a gusset put in your old ones, and you object to this phrasing. You say: "Oh, stuff; we're born that way! Most babies are born fat."

"Yes, and most babies haven't used much will power when they are born. They lose their fat when they begin to be of real use in the world."

Now your friend on the train was really too fat when he took himself in hand a couple of months ago. He ought to reduce. It was all right for him, if he hadn't become such a crank about it. It certainly beats all the way the men who take cold baths and sleep outdoors insist on trying to convert the world. Besides, when a man is that fat the fat rolls off with proper treatment. But not for you. You are only twenty pounds overweight, and you have real muscles. It would take hard work to get the fat out of them.

"I can't go without my food," you object. "I'd get too tired to do my work."

"You don't know whether you would or not. Maybe you get tired because you are eating too much and giving your alimentary canal too much to do. Anyhow, nobody wants you to go without food. But eating more than you need is just a habit. You do it because you like the taste of the food and the feeling it gives you after you've eaten it. How's that any different from drinking? You do that because you like the taste of it and the feeling it gives you. But you can get over that habit. You have to if you want to work better than the other fellow. And you can get over the habit of eating what you don't need, and not lose any strength either."

"And when he got his horse down to eating straw, the horse died."

"He didn't go about it scientifically. You won't get down to straw, because you won't be doing it to save your money but to increase your efficiency. You have sense enough to be practical about it. And then it's your own stomach and not your horse's. That makes a difference."

Why You are Short of Breath

It certainly does. The scientific part of it isn't so hard. All you have to do is to investigate. To your "I'm short of breath now that I'm a little heavier," add a "Why?"

Well, you are short of breath because your heart cannot push your blood through your lungs rapidly enough to aerate it at the ordinary breathing rate, and because the motion of the lungs is also restricted. Besides the fat which has accumulated over your thorax there is also some intra-abdominal fat, and very probably an enlarged liver, both of which interfere with the descent of your diaphragm. You don't get all this fat on the outside alone.

Scientifically, if you don't want to stay short of breath you have to act on two principles: You have to give your body less food to oxidize, and you have to increase the oxidation of the fat already in the body.

Practically—and that is a far more difficult thing—you have to cut down the food supply and use up the excess by making your brain and body exercise. The former brings immediate results, the latter helps make them permanent. You do not absolutely need to exercise. Men have exercised vigorously for an hour and then had a Turkish bath, and if they have drunk enough water they have weighed the same afterward as before. But they do not weigh the same after doing a day's work on no food save milk.

Scientifically, you have to go without sugars and starches and cut down on the proteins—limit your food to nonfat-producing stuff. That's easy! But practically you have to eat less food than you have been eating, and that isn't listening to explanations or investigating causes, it's going hungry; it's actually doing a very disagreeable thing. It's your own stomach, not your horse's. You have to do it unaided and alone, and nobody but you can do it.

It takes a lot more will power than anybody who has not tried it can imagine.

If you are not in a hurry, if to take off a pound a week is enough for you, you may have to make very little alteration in your habits. Perhaps it will be enough for you if you limit your breakfast to coffee and a roll and go without desserts. You will have to test it out yourself.

Losing Half a Pound a Day

You need scales to do this—bathroom scales if you can afford them. They are not expensive. For you must weigh at the same time each day and in the same clothes. But if you cannot get bathroom scales, pick out some drugstore or grocery scales on which you can weigh yourself daily, and keep to them only. There is quite a difference in your weight at different times of the day. You will weigh from one to two, or even three pounds less on rising in the morning than you do at night. You haven't had anything to eat all night and your bodily processes have gone on utilizing energy. If you are doing some difficult brain work and are not eating while you do it you can lose a pound an hour quite easily. Prodigious brain workers are seldom fat. Thinking uses up fat as fast as exercise does, if not faster.

But if you are in a hurry, if you want to get thinner for some especial occasion, or if you are like most of us and want to see and feel results, you can take off half a pound a day or even more, if you have enough will power. No physician will advise you to hurry about it. Still it can be done.

If on two days of the week—any two days you select—you were to take nothing but milk the whole day long, and if on the other five days you were to cut out from your diet the sugars and the fats and the bread and rice and potatoes, you would probably lose four pounds a week—more than that if you were very fat and if it was the kind of flesh that came off easily.

On the days during which you drink only milk you will lose three pounds. The next day, even on the most careful diet, you will probably gain half a pound. Your milk days are the days on which you lose. The other days you merely keep even. Do not exercise much on your milk days. Pick out days for this abstinence on which you can afford to be reasonably quiet. On your keep-even days exercise as much as you like. You will find that you won't want to exercise on your milk days. You will imagine that going without food is making you feel weak. By and by you will get over that feeling, but not at first. Indeed, your first milk day will be a nuisance, unless you are so busy or so interested in something else that you haven't time to worry over the way you feel.

Nobody who has not tried it knows how much self-control such dieting takes. It will get to be an obsession with you that you ought to have a cracker or something to chew on. You probably won't be actually hungry for you can take a glass of milk whenever you like, even if you drink twelve or fourteen glasses a day. But you will think you ought to be hungry. You will wonder why you are not faint. It will seem days and days since you had a mouthful of solid food. And when you think you ought to be a thing and find you are not, your mind dwells on it. That's the foundation of much morality and also of much hunger. You keep thinking of food all day unless you head yourself off. And even then your day gets broken up. Its nicest punctuations are swept from it. For when you are drinking only milk and eating not at all it is safest not to go to the table. You'll be tempted to eat if you do. You will never realize how pleasant those half hours at the table are until you deliberately refrain from going there.

You will find that along toward five o'clock, even if you are the most amiable being in the world, you will begin to be cross; but if you have prepared your family for it doubtless they will bear with you. It is just as uncomfortable for you as for them. It doesn't feel any pleasanter to be cross than to be bored. And there are some who have died of boredom, or we wouldn't have the phrase "bored to death." Reassure yourself with the idea that even your crossness is taking off your flesh. If you can pull through, the scales next morning will show you to be three pounds less. Also you will certainly be hungry for breakfast, even if you are habitually a light breakfast eater. You will get down to the essentials of food and let the rest go, and presently you will not mind its going.

Bread is not one of these essentials. No bread for you save a little bran bread that will furnish bulk without nourishment; no sweets; a potato only now and then, and preferably a boiled potato, which will give you the impression that you are eating a large meal without furnishing you much excess of food; no fats, save a little butter on your bran bread to make it palatable. But there is fruit left—all you can eat of it—and meat and fish and fowl and green vegetables, provided you do not eat too much of them. In changing your diet to get rid of your fat, there are two ways of making the change, one of quality and one of quantity. There is no use making it harder than necessary, and one way may be harder to you than the other. There may be times when you feel you must have quantity, and there may be other times when you want some particular food more than you want anything else. If the food is on the fat list limit the amount you take. Suppose you have sensibly made up your mind to eat nothing but grapefruit and coffee for breakfast, and then the maid brings in hot waffles and maple sirup. Your resolves may very easily go for nothing. If you must eat that waffle eat the smallest amount of it that will remove your longing for it; chew it slowly; get all there is to get out of each mouthful. Half a waffle and your coffee for breakfast will not set you back, where four waffles might.

A Specimen Diet

If, on the other hand, you feel that you just have to be filled up, have the cook make you a dish of carrots or spinach or turnips.

Here is an actual diet for five days with which four and a half pounds of weight was subtracted from one hundred and thirty pounds. The woman was ten pounds overweight for her height. She began to reduce by taking only a cup of coffee, sugar and cream in it, for breakfast. Having hardly any appetite for breakfast, this was no hardship:

MARCH 31. Weight at 11 A. M. 130 pounds.
LUNCHEON: One cup clear beef soup, one apple, one slice Graham bread, one cup of tea.
DINNER: Small portion of fish, peas, pineapple, tea.

APRIL 1. Weight 129 pounds.
BREAKFAST: Coffee and one egg.
LUNCHEON: Two tablespoonfuls creamed fish, one apple, tea.
DINNER: Tenderloin of beef, tea.

APRIL 2. Same weight as yesterday. Quite disappointed. Hungry after two days' abstinence.
BREAKFAST: Small portion of escalloped oysters. (Pleasant to chew on.)
LUNCHEON (had to eat): Small slice rare beef, stewed apples, celery salad, tea.
DINNER: Veal cutlet, ice cream, tea.

APRIL 3. Weight 127¼ pounds.
After coffee for breakfast took nothing but milk—a glass whenever I was too hungry to stand it. About three pints of milk during the day.

APRIL 4. Weight 125 pounds.
BREAKFAST Grapefruit, one egg, one piece of bran toast, coffee.
LUNCHEON: Some chicken left over from the family's dinner, carrots, stewed apricots.
DINNER: Rare beef, spinach, stewed fruit.

(Concluded on Page 29)

35,000 More Hudson Super-Sixes

An Announcement of Hudson Policy

DETROIT, MICH., July 1, 1916.

We have today to announce—

That more than ten thousand Hudson Super-Sixes have now been delivered to owners.

That we have in four months, by tremendous exertion, quadrupled our daily output.

That we have parts and materials, on hand and in process, for 20,000 more of the present Super-Six. Constantly increasing demand has just forced us to place contracts on materials for an additional 15,000.

Thus it is settled that at least 35,000 more of the Hudson Super-Six will be built like the present model. Our production is now 3,500 monthly.

No Change in Sight

Our opinion is that a like announcement will be made in a year from now. The Super-Six invention, in one bound, increased motor efficiency by 80 per cent. From a small, light Six, which delivered 42 horsepower, it created a 76-horsepower motor. And simply by reducing vibration.

Stock Super-Sixes, in a hundred tests, have outrivaled all other stock-car performance. In speed, in hill-climbing, in quick acceleration and endurance, they have done what was never done before.

No man can doubt that the Super-Six holds the pinnacle place among motors. And there is no higher place in sight.

After eight months' experience, with 10,000 cars, not one important improvement in design suggests itself to our engineering corps.

So the Super-Six will remain as it is. And, because of our patents, it will maintain its supremacy.

Watch the 10,000

Watch the 10,000 Super-Sixes now running, and judge if you want a car like them.

Each owner feels himself master of the road. He knows that in every sort of performance his car has out-matched all rivals.

He knows that he has the smoothest-running motor ever built. The most powerful for its size.

He knows that in ordinary driving he never taxes half its capacity. That means long life and economy.

He knows that his motor has shown boundless endurance—such as never before was shown. And that he can look forward to many years of its perfect present service.

Watch some of those cars. Talk to the men who own them. Then ask yourself if there is any fine car to equal it.

Now 135 Per Day

Thousands of men in the past few months have been forced to take second choice. Most of them, we think, now regret it, and will always regret that they did not wait.

Those times are over. We are now sending out 135 Super-Sixes per day.

Go ask our local dealer.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Unrivaled Super-Six Records

All made under A. A. A. supervision, by a certified stock car or stock chassis, and excelling all former stock cars in these tests.

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec., averaging 74.67 miles per hour for a 7-passenger touring car with driver and passenger.

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger in a 7-passenger touring car.

Standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16.2 *sec*

One mile at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour.

1819 miles in 24 hours at average speed of 75.8 miles per hour.

CAROLA

$15 Cabinet Phonograph

Complete

In the Summer Your *Mind* Needs Recreation as Much as Your Body

YOU don't have to go away to get Vacation-Hours; let the Carola bring them to you in your home. The Carola has many *exclusive* advantages:

It is designed to stand on the floor beside you. Weighs only eleven pounds, and can be carried easily about the house. Records are protected and carried in dust-proof compartment. Uses any standard needle. Plays all standard disc records. You can easily rewind or change records without getting out of your chair. One winding plays one 12-inch record or two 10-inch records or three 8-inch records.

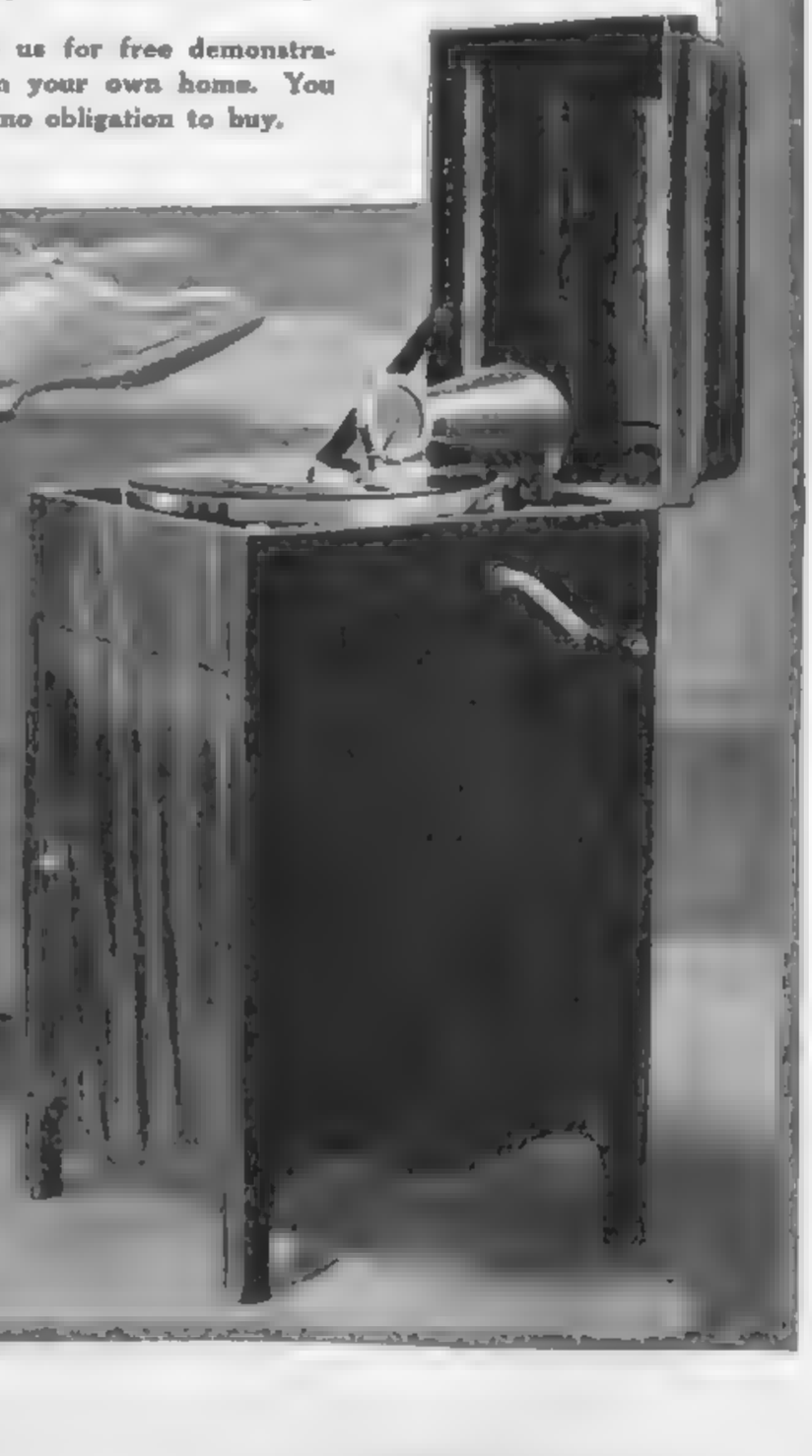
Cabinet body is made entirely of acoustic metal with exquisite mahogany finish. Tone arm is of violin fibre; sound waves do not pass thru metal. Twenty-two inches high by 11 by 13; thirty-one inches high in playing position.

IT is the *finest* small convenient phonograph, in our opinion, ever made; finest in beauty of design and finish; in completeness and unerring reproduction of records. You must actually see and *hear* it to fully appreciate how wonderful it is.

If you do not know the Carola dealer in your town write us. Write for free illustrated booklet.

Exceptional Dealer Opportunity—Write at once about exclusive territory still open in many desirable locations.

Write us for free demonstration in your own home. You incur no obligation to buy.



THE CAROLA COMPANY
505 Leader-News Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

(Concluded from Page 26)

APRIL 5. Weight 125½ pounds.

The advice given some two thousand years ago about fasting—not to disfigure your face when you fast, but to anoint it, and not to be of a sad countenance—is still good advice. It will avail you little to make your figure slim and your face flabby. That is one of the reasons your doctor will advise you against exercising on your days of greatest abstinence. You must not let fatigue lines get into your face. Watch it, massage it, use plenty of cold cream, freshen it with a bit of ice and refresh yourself with a long sleep.

As your fast progresses two things will happen to you. The first thing is that you will get used to being a little hungry and after a while you will not mind it. When you first begin hunger will be your enemy. But after a while it will become your friend. Hunger gives such a zest to your meals when they do come.

It gives a zest to life in general. You are never stolid when you are a little hungry. You will no longer be stupid from overeating, nor half drowsy, nor wholly unresponsive. You will be alert, awake and interested. You cannot be bored and hungry both.

Ennui is a misfortune of the replete. It comes from having too much and not too little.

The other thing is a new liberation of energy. Your wits will work faster, and even if you remain cross because you are hungry it will put an edge on your hopes and your endeavor. The religions that make fasting a part of their search for wisdom have a sound physiological basis for it. The observance of Lent in the springtime is a sanitary measure. Most of us continue to eat the heat-producing foods we have been eating all winter at a time when we should begin to leave them off. Spring fasting would prevent that tired feeling and banish spring fever better than molasses and sulphur or any spring tonic ever invented.

Of course fasting as a means of obtaining moral tuning up is an old resource. The saints have always practiced it. Nowadays it is for the sinners also. When you deny yourself food and go hungry you deny one of the strongest and most primitive impulses within you. You deny a thousand cells in your body that cry out against you. You place over against this instinctive demand your will power. And just because it is so beastly hard to do, you tone up all the lax fibers of your will power by doing it.

You succeed with your success. When you take off your fat because you want to, or think you ought to, or because your clothes no longer fit, or because you have seen yourself in one of this year's new suits, or because somebody has called you fat, or because you really want to increase your efficiency and keep yourself young, what you have lost in useless fat you will have gained in the most useful thing in the world—will power.

BY POST, REGISTERED

(Continued from Page 11)

"English?" he asked.

Without doubt. Many South American millionaires employed the businesslike English to care for the details of their affairs.

"Short?"

"On the contrary, this M. Bronson was as tall," said M. Huet indignantly, "as I am." The Frenchman drew himself up to his full height; he was quite five feet five.

"Clean shaved?"

"Yes."

"A low collar and a black string tie?"

M. Huet thought so.

"Thank you," said Whiting.

He inquired at the hotel where Señor Alvarez and his man of business had stopped. Little had been seen of young Señor Alvarez, but his agent was always freely in evidence. The pair had come; they had spent their money lavishly; they had paid their numerous bills; they had gone. That was all, but it was enough for Whiting.

"He didn't even bother to try to change his looks," the detective reflected; "he who never once appeared in person before! I expect the game was too large for him to trust it to a poor hand, and too large, too, not to go to the old boy's head. Well, it's taken years, but I begin to believe that, if we go about it carefully, we shall get Mr. Grimm at last."

The inhabitants of the quietest portion of Camden Town would have heard with incredulous amazement Inspector Whiting's reflections. There Mr. Grimm's law-abiding neighbors—clerks, seamstresses and small tradesmen—knew Laurence Grimm as the most respectable of men and the most thoroughly commonplace. These neighbors liked him. He was one of them; he was no more mysterious than he was ornate; he was just like everybody else. He lived in one of a long row of small houses, each of which precisely resembled its fellows. He had a son who had gone to Canada some years ago and was said to be doing well there. He had a fat, rosy-cheeked, motherly wife, from Lincolnshire. He went to the Dissenting Chapel twice on Sunday and never missed a week-day prayer meeting. He kept a dry little jewelry shop at the corner. His income might be six hundred pounds a year. The neighbors left their watches with him for repair, and he always returned the watches.

Yet Scotland Yard had another view of Grimm—provokingly fragmentary, but essentially different. It more than suspected him of being behind most of the really worth-while jewel robberies of recent years—so well behind them that all the brains of all the detectives, and all the wiles and rigors of the law, could not drag him forth. He was the head, they had become increasingly certain, and the absolute tyrant over an organization of thieves unparalleled in crime. He planned, and the organization performed. To the subordinates he left all the dangerous work, and to them he paid a munificent share of the profits; he was content to hold them by his generosity and bank the fair percentage due his brains. He came and went serenely secure of their loyalty in any circumstances; he knew that none of his servitors would tell and none of his enemies could discover.

It was doubtful that he ever so much as saw a stolen article. Again and again crimes had been brought almost to his very door; but again and again, although criminals were arrested, convicted and imprisoned for doing this man's bidding, Grimm himself was always provided with such excellent alibis, or was so hedged about with silence, that it would have been folly even to detain him on suspicion. London, Paris, Berlin, Petrograd and Vienna—the police of a dozen cities suspected him but were unable to produce one tangible piece of evidence against him.

Was Inspector Whiting to bring him to justice at last?

VII

GRAHAM, of Lloyd's, leaned back in his swivel chair and clasped his thin hands behind his head. His eyes regarded Kirby narrowly.

"Ye've done naething," he said.

Kirby took out his handkerchief and, pretending to blow his nose, swore into it.

"I've done what I could," he grumbled.

"Ye've talked to stool pigeons an' believed them when they said they knew naething. Ye've trailed men wi' bad records an' let them throw you off the track. Ye've sent telegrams to our Continental agents an' rested on their ineffeeciency. But ye havena got the pearls; ye havena seen the pearls; ye havena come near to seein' onnyone that's come near to seein' the pearls."

Kirby rose in his wrath.

"Mr. Graham," he began, "I have done a great deal more than you give me credit for, and you know it. I have done all that mortal man can do. I——"

Graham interrupted him with a derisive whistle.

"Then what about mortal woman?" he inquired. "Kirby, my boy, there is a little lass waitin' outside to see me now who's done all the things I said ye'd not done, except the first."

"What?" demanded Kirby. "You've set somebody else on this case without letting me know about it? And that somebody"—oh, there was the insult to the profession—"that somebody is a woman? You've hired a woman detective?"

"She's a woman," said the unruffled Graham, "an' I've hired her. I'm certain she's a woman, an' I ken weel I've hired her—at a very pretty price too; but whether she's a detective or a thief I've not made up my mind. Kirby, go into the anteroom an' stay there; but send in to me the lass ye'll find, I'll warrant, on the chair that's nearest my door."

He was obeyed reluctantly. Kirby left the office and found Cicily seated, as if ready to spring, on the edge of the first chair in the anteroom. He glared down at her.

"Miss Mott!" he cried.

She put up her hand.

"Please don't tell them!" she begged. "At least, not yet. Oh, you needn't be afraid, Mr. Kirby! Mr. Graham knows everything about me but my name, and he's having me followed. I'm sure now he's having me followed. It's only that I don't want my father to guess. He thinks I'm in Devon, and I'm trying to save Mr. Wray."

Kirby sniffed. He took the chair she so eagerly vacated.

"I'll wait here till you come out," he said, "and then I'll see about these things."

Cicily went alone into Graham's office. She had real news for the Scotchman at last. She had seen the key pearl; more than that, she had, after leaving the tea room, finally induced Small to arrange a plan whereby it would be possible to show Graham himself four of the lesser pearls. Only Graham's confidence was necessary.

The department manager, as Cicily closed the door, resumed the attitude in which he had been addressing his detective.

"Well, Miss Baily," he said, "what have ye to report?"

Cicily advanced to the other side of his flat-topped desk.

"I've seen the key pearl," she said. "And there isn't any chance to doubt it, it's the key pearl of the Mott Necklace."

"For a body that's never seen it before," said Graham, "ye're bonny sure, it seems."

"I know pearls; you know I know them. And anybody that knows pearls knows the Mott Necklace."

"An' what arrangements have ye made wi' the thief?"

"He showed me the pearl this afternoon; another man passed it to him in a match box—we were in a tea room. When the other man had been given back the pearl and we had left the tea room, he said—the man I have been dealing through said—they were convinced I was playing fair with them. They have been following me, Mr. Graham. You see, I told them just what I told you—that I represented an American collector; and they've been following me, and so I have been going every day to the Carlton, where my own employer, the American collector, is stopping. That seemed to convince them." She paused for breath. "I have taken the utmost precautions in coming here," she added.

Graham had been gazing at her stolidly.

"Go on," he said.

She had reached the difficult moment. Her voice trembled as she proceeded:

"Anyhow, the man I've been dealing through said they were satisfied; and he told me that if I'd bring half of their price to-night to an address in Camden Town they would give me four of the smaller pearls as security, which I could show my principal. Then, he said, at two-thirty to-morrow afternoon I could bring the rest of the money to the Crown Inn, near Covent Garden Market, and there I should have handed to me the rest of the entire string."

Graham had listened without the twitch of a facial muscle.

"An' what is their price?" he asked.

Cicily faltered.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds," she said.

Still, Graham seemed unaffected.

"Little enough," said he; "it's five thousand less than the insurance."

"I know that. I think they're growing worried; and of course they understand that their market is small. Twenty-five thousand for the lot is far, far less than the necklace is worth; but it is also far more than they could get if they sold the pearls separately."

"Humph!" said Graham. "So what do ye propose, Miss Baily?"

She took the plunge:

"I propose that you let me have the balance of the first twelve thousand five hundred pounds in French scrip and English gold; I propose that you let me give them

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

SOUTHERN STATES—Continued

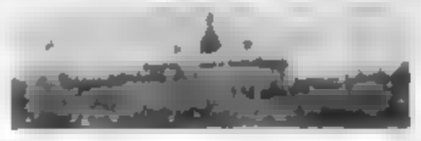
STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

375 boys from 45 States last session. Largest private academy in the East. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring water. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic park. Daily drills and exercises in open air. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our tutorial system. Academy fifty-six years old. $200,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges $380.00. Catalog free. Address

Col. WM. G. KABLE, Ph. D., Principal, Staunton, Va



The Tome School

An Endowed Preparatory School

Offers the best possible preparation for college or technical school, the most generous provision for the physical fitness and welfare of students.

The most beautiful and complete school buildings and grounds in America. 20 buildings. Single room for each boy. Exceptional manual training facilities. 175 acres, 9-hole golf course, 5 athletic fields, gymnasium, batting cage, quarter-mile track, tennis courts.

Lower School for Little Boys

THOMAS S. BAKER, Ph. D., Port Deposit, Md.

CENTRAL UNIVERSITY—Louisville College of Dentistry

Offers exceptional advantages [illegible] cal and scientific courses [illegible] building equipment and [illegible] clinical opportunities. Take advantage [illegible] A[illegible] W. E. GRANT, M. D., D. D. S., Dean, Louisville, Ky.

WESTERN STATES

"Preparedness" for your boy

will make him physically, mentally and morally able to overcome the difficulties of life. Found in the training at

WENTWORTH Military Academy Lexington, Missouri

Oldest Military School in Middle [illegible]

THE SECRETARY, 1812 Washington Ave., Lexington, Mo.

Study Dentistry at the INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE

An [illegible]

7 W. North St. Indianapolis, Ind.

The HUDSON SCHOOL

Three Courses: Classical, Technical, Commercial. [illegible]

Address The Headmaster, Box A, Grand Circus Park, Detroit, Mich.

Continued on Page 30

DIRECTORY OF
SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

WESTERN STATES—Continued

DETROIT COLLEGE OF LAW

Prepares for the Bar. Two distinct schools—Day and Evening. Three years' course leads to degree of LL.B. Students may witness court work daily. Thorough instruction in theory and practice. Faculty comprises 28 members of the Detroit Bar. 26th year begins Sept. 25, 1916. Self-supporting students assisted in finding employment. For catalog and full particulars address

SECRETARY DETROIT COLLEGE OF LAW, 34 Witherell St., Detroit, Mich.

School of Domestic Arts and Science

Tower Bldg., 6 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Classes in cooking, marketing, table setting, dinner planning, catering, dressmaking, costume design (Direction Mme. Caubert of Paris), millinery, institutional management. Special and private lessons. Day or Evening classes in all branches at reasonable prices. Start any time. Write for catalog today.

INDIANA, Angola, 10 S. Chemical St.

Tri-State College of Engineering

Make you a Civil, Mechanical, Electrical or Chemical Engineer in two years. $165 covers tuition, board and furnished room for 48 weeks. Preparatory courses at same rate. No entrance examination.

MISSOURI, Columbia, . . College Place

Christian College and Conservatory of Music. A junior college for girls and young women. Historic old stand and 66th year. Located in a city where quietness and refinement abound. 20-acre campus. Large buildings. Outdoor sports. Home care. For year book write

MRS. L. W. ST. CLAIR-MOSS, President.

Detroit Technical Institute

Practical One Year Course in Electrical, Mechanical or Chemical Engineering Courses. Well equipped laboratories. Instructors specialists in their line. Write for descriptive bulletin of the course in which you are interested. Address The Director, 34 Witherell St., Detroit, Mich.

Wayland Academy Box C. B., Beaver Dam, Wis.

English, grade to first year college, all courses. 6 buildings, 20-acre campus; athletic field, lake. Endowed. Expenses $300. Music. Stenography. Catalogue. Edwin P. Brown.

CANADA

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE Canada's leading residential school for girls and young women. 40 acres, 1 mile from the shores of Lake Ontario, and in the city of Whitby. In healthful, bracing climate. Courses for Matriculation, Diploma and Degree. Affiliated with Toronto University. Pupils admitted to Conservatory, Toronto. For illustrated calendar, address Whitby, Ontario, Canada. REV. J. J. HARE, B.A., Principal.

At the Opening of School

Five weeks from now, parents and teachers will again be confronted by the problem how to carry boys further and faster through the grades. For it is still true that about half of our boys leave before completing the elementary grades. Their schooling is over before it is fairly begun.

What becomes of them? Why do they go?

They leave for the shop, the store—they drift out on the streets. The best that many of them attain is a succession of blind-alley jobs.

Schooling for What?

The fault lies in a system that seeks to prepare *all* the children for positions which only a few can fill, and fails to recognize public instruction as an industrial factor.

We all look forward to the day *that must come* when the schools shall train boys *for* business instead of *away* from it.

Even now there is an extensive correlation between school and business.

Thomas Jefferson Morgan, P-J-G

is the title of a three-reel "movie" that tells delightfully the dramatic story of the plan.

For full particulars of the idea, the film, and how it may be shown *free* before any gathering of 50 or more friends of boys, write to

The Curtis Publishing Company
Box 505, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

that to-night and get the four small pearls in return; I propose that, if I give you these and they satisfy you, you let me go to-morrow to the Crown Inn as if to complete the purchase; and that you then have your men and Scotland Yard's men come in and make the recovery and the arrest."

Again Graham whistled—this time long and reflectively.

"Miss Baily," he said, "what is your interest in this case?"

She thought of Kirby.

"The reward," she answered; but her tone weakened.

Graham snapped forward in his chair. He banged the desktop with his open palm.

"I don't believe ye!" he shouted.

The blood rushed to her cheeks. She stood up.

"You've had me followed," she said. "I know you've had me followed as carefully as they have. Haven't your detectives told you that my every action proved me to be what I said I was?"

He paid no attention to that.

"The reward?" he cried. "We should deduct the expenses of the chase from the total of the reward. If we pay them twelve thousand five hundred to-night, an' ye don't fetch the pearls, and they don't have the money in their wallets when we arrest them to-morrow, how much d'ye think will be left from the reward for you? Twelve thousand five hundred from one thousand doesn't leave much, Miss Baily."

He had her fairly.

"Mr. Graham ——" she stammered.

"Miss Baily, ye've not shown yersel' a fool in ither things; why should ye act the fool in this? Did ye count on takkin' the twelve thousand five hundred pounds and biddin' us good-by?"

There was only one thing left for her to do, and she did it promptly.

"I am Cicily Mott," she said. "I am Morris Mott's daughter. Call in your detective—the one out there in the anteroom—and ask him."

VIII

CICILY'S instructions from Small had been concise. She was to leave her taxicab three streets from the Camden Town address, walk to the house and ask for a Mrs. Grimm; she was to say nothing about the business in hand to anybody until somebody raised the point with her. These instructions she followed a few hours after leaving behind her, at Lloyd's, a thoroughly persuaded Graham and a thoroughly subdued Kirby, with whom, as far as she knew it, she had gone over the case to the utmost detail.

Now, keeping fast the black velvet hand bag that held the money from Lloyd's, Cicily found herself before a respectably shabby two-story house in a long row of duplicates. Lloyd's men were not trailing her, even for her own safety; it had been agreed that now the slightest suspicion of her having associates or being under surveillance of any kind would snap the possibility of completing negotiations. She was well aware that her present exploit bore more than one element of danger; yet everything depended on its successful issue. She rang the bell almost tremblingly and stood waiting while the echoes jangled from the rear of the house. A frowzy London slavey answered the ring.

"Is Mrs. Grimm at home?" asked Cicily.

The slavey tugged uncertainly at a stray lock of hair. "What nime, please?"

"I am Miss Baily."

That made an instantaneous difference. The Missus was expectin' of Miss Byly. Would she come straightaway in?

She would; she did; she was shown into a parlor that suited the exterior of the house. There was a great deal of heavy mid-Victorian furniture in the room, and a vast congress of mid-Victorian bric-à-brac, among which it behooved a visitor to move with caution. A wicker workbasket was the only modern note. Cicily heard a heavy step on the stairs in the hall, looked up, and was greeted by her hostess.

Mrs. Grimm was ample and matronly. She had a great, round face, which was all smiles and dimples, and as pink as the sunny side of an apple. Her eyes were blue and merry. Cicily could see her, in imagination, brooding over a kitchen stove or calling a welcome from a farmhouse door. Hers was the first figure in the case that thoroughly startled Cicily—the woman was so patently inapropos.

"I'm right glad to see you, Miss Baily," said Mrs. Grimm. She took both of Cicily's hands and gave her a smacking kiss on the cheek. "Any friend o' Eddie Small's is a good friend o' me an' my man." Cicily let this go with a blush. "Take off your hat an' coat, my dear, an' make yourself homy."

"Really," said Cicily, "I don't know that it's worth while. You see ——"

"But you don't eat in hat an' coat, my dear," Mrs. Grimm protested. "Come; take them off now. Supper will be ready in no time."

"Supper?" gasped Cicily.

"Aye! Didn't that careless Eddie say you was expected to supper? And did you think we asked you out here just to look at you? . . . There! Give me your coat. . . . Not that you're not pretty enough to look at; that Eddie always was a lucky lad! . . . Thank you; that's it. Now your hat. . . . But, of course, we expected you to supper. . . . What pretty hair you have, my dear! . . . Your hand bag now."

Cicily's fingers clutched the tighter the black velvet pouch.

"Thanks, no," she said. "I'll keep that. . . . But I didn't expect to stay to supper. Perhaps, if I might brush my hair ——"

This was as unlooked for on the part of the guest as the supper preparations were on the part of the hostess; but Mrs. Grimm led the way to her own modest bedroom and hustled about with flurried hospitality.

Then they turned to leave the room. Just as Mrs. Grimm's hand reached out to extinguish the gas, Cicily saw a framed photograph on the wall beside the gas jet. She leaned forward to examine it; she caught her breath, but she controlled her voice.

"What a handsome young man!" she said.

"What?" said Mrs. Grimm. "Oh, that? That is my son, Artie. He is in Canada. He has been in Canada for ten years."

"You are to be congratulated on him, Mrs. Grimm."

"Yes, my dear. And he's all I have; no other chick or child, Miss Baily."

Downstairs, Mrs. Grimm looked about for her husband.

"Laurie!" she called.

At a door leading to what was apparently the household's office, as the dim light indicated, a short, stocky man, clean shaven, appeared; he was dressed in black, with a low collar and a black string tie. He returned, before greeting Cicily, economically to turn off the gas.

"Here I am," he then announced.

"An' here's Eddie Small's Miss Baily," supplemented Mrs. Grimm. "An' what do you think, Grimm? That boy forgot to tell her she was to have supper with us!"

Grimm gravely shook Cicily's hand.

"I am glad to see you," he said. "This is pleasant weather we're having, Miss Baily."

They sat down and talked about the weather to an amazing extent. Cicily had never known that this staple of conversation could be stretched so far. Mr. Grimm had just finished comparing the present season with the corresponding season of 1882—and had just finished convincing his wife that it was not 1883, because that was the year Artie was born—when the slavey entered and, having coughed behind a grimy hand, announced that supper was "a-waitin'."

They must know Cicily carried twelve thousand five hundred pounds in the hand bag she held—or was it possible that Mrs. Grimm was actually so innocent as she appeared? Was it possible that her husband had kept her in ignorance of the transaction except in so far as she was known as a friend of Eddie Small's? But was not something else possible too? Twelve thousand five hundred pounds is no insignificant sum; might they not think it worth while ——

There was a very good supper—of the English sort: if she was to go on playing the game Cicily had no choice but to eat and drink of it. There was some excellent Cheshire cheese and fresh cabbage; there was bread—"of mother's own baking and cut as thin as only mother can cut it," explained Mr. Grimm—and cold shoulder of lamb, cold ham and cold pigeon pie. Putting aside her fears, Cicily fell to with a gusto almost equal to that of her hostess and with a genuine appetite quite the equal of that soberly displayed by her host. She did not feel faint—indeed, she felt better; obviously she was not being poisoned.

"I hope you likes your tea," said Mrs. Grimm. "We've coffee if you'll wait, but nothing stronger; we're tea-totalers here."

But Cicily was waiting for only one thing—she was waiting for the mention of pearls or of the money in her bag. Two or three times she tried to turn the talk from cookery to necklaces; but each time, as if they did not comprehend her, her table companions went on with their discussion of servant problems and their exposition of recipes. The pigeon pie was followed by rhubarb tarts and raspberry tarts and more tea, interlarded by Mrs. Grimm's recollections of her early life on a farm, where she hoped, in the distant future, to spend a peaceful old age, and by Mr. Grimm's excessively merry insinuations about the place in the affections of Eddie Small occupied by a young lady who should be nameless.

At last the host washed down the final raspberry tart with the final cup of tea.

"Mother," he said, "I rather expect Miss Baily knows a young man she doesn't want to keep waiting; and if you are going to see how Mrs. Thompson's sick baby is—she can't rest nights, Miss Baily, without knowing—you had better be getting your bonnet on to run over there."

Mrs. Grimm rose with a score of apologies. She left the room, and as soon as her heavy step was heard overhead Grimm sprang up, went to the door communicating with the kitchen, opened it, saw that nobody was behind it, closed and locked it, and walked over to Cicily.

"Now then," he said, "have you got the money?"

It was the abrupt change for which she had been waiting. It seemed to indicate either that Mrs. Grimm knew nothing, or that her husband was consistently determined to pretend that she knew nothing.

"I have the money," she said.

Was there to be a fight for it?

"French notes only?" Grimm pursued.

"And a little gold."

"Let's have it, then."

Cicily looked at him. To all appearances he was what he had been a few moments before; only his voice and manner were changed. There was but one course possible now. Without comment she took her velvet hand bag from her lap and poured on the table the money Graham had given her.

"And the four pearls—you will give them to me now?" she said.

Grimm gathered up the money.

"I shall go into the next room," said he, "and look this over." He spoke as if he were transacting the most ordinary piece of business. "Then, if it is right, you shall have what you want."

"The amount is quite right," said Cicily.

Her host permitted himself the flash of a smile.

"I dare say," he dryly remarked. "But what I now hold in my two hands is all I shall receive as my own share in this little matter; the rest goes to my associates. I want to be sure that none of this is marked."

Grimm passed again into the office whence he had emerged before supper. He left the door open and relit the gas. Cicily saw him take a magnifying glass, such as jewelers use, screw it to his eye and begin to examine the notes. He picked them up from the desk, one by one, and studied first one side and then the other. He gave plenty of time to each note. Cicily thought he would never finish.

Would he keep the money and refuse to give her those four pearls as security? She hardly thought so, since he had gone so far—and if he did there would be no chance of his gang getting the second half of the payment. Yet, if he wished, she knew he could at this moment turn her empty-handed into the street. She watched him with an anxiety that she barely concealed. She had promised eventually to return to Lloyd's, out of her own inheritance, the money Graham had that afternoon advanced, if she failed to bring back the pearls. That had been her only means of procuring the advance from the careful chief; for to-morrow she was to have no money, but to go to the meeting place merely to hold the thieves until the arrival of the detectives. But there would be no to-morrow's mission unless to-night's proved successful.

Separated from the lot, any four of the pearls were by no means worth twelve thousand five hundred pounds; they were merely the token of faith and the promise of more—and the only receipt she should have for the notes and gold that Mr. Grimm was even now scrutinizing. To be sure, they would be the almost conclusive proof of Billy Wray's innocence; but would Grimm give them up? Did Grimm even have them?

He came to the doorway clinking some gold in his hand. He walked to his wife's wicker workbasket and took from among

the spools and buttons a small newspaper-wrapped package. He went back to his office.

"Come here a moment, please, Miss Baily," he said. He spread on the desk five sovereigns, with the package from the basket. "Here you are!"

She nervously started to unwrap the packet; but he restrained her.

"Not here," said Grimm. "Take it to your principal and look at the contents there. Oh, you will find all four as promised! I live up to my bargains, Miss Baily. But they must not be displayed in this house."

Cicily regarded him in astonishment.

"I have not seen them," Grimm explained. "I should prefer never to have seen them."

She stood fingering the packet, trying to feel through the newspaper whether the pearls could be within.

"You are forgetting these," Grimm said, pushing the five gold pieces nearer the edge of the table.

"I don't understand," she faltered.

"Your luck piece. I thought you had experience in these affairs. It's always done."

"But I don't want your money," said Cicily, recoiling.

It was then that Grimm's face for the first time really changed. He looked at her sharply, terribly.

"They call it the seller's luck piece," he said; "but it is the buyer's. It insures him a safe bargain. Take them."

Dimly she understood. In this strong rogue there was one weak strain—he was superstitious.

"I tell you to take them!" he was saying.

She took the gold pieces. She put them into the bag. The packet she more cautiously pushed into the aperture of her left glove, next the palm.

"There you are!" said Grimm. He was the genial host again. "Now we are all as right as rain. But I must hurry you; for if I'm Eddie Small's friend," he chuckled, "I must guard Eddie's young lady." He led the way and gallantly helped her with her wraps. "If you will pardon me, I shan't call my wife. But we have been glad to see you—very glad. Good night, Miss Baily."

He bowed her out and pointed the way. He closed the door after her. Cicily was in the darkened street. More than anything else, she felt that tight wad of paper against her palm, which might mean so much—or nothing; but she seemed still to see before her the photograph that had attracted her attention in Mrs. Grimm's bedroom. That photograph was a portrait of Austin Bryce!

IX

EVEN now, with Cicily nearing what it seemed must be the end of her adventure, all was far from well with the two forces that had been started in motion by the theft of Morris Mott's pearls. They were still at cross-purposes and still uncommunicative.

Whiting was back from Paris, sure that Grimm was guilty, but certain that he would not have the pearls about him, and wholly at sea as to any means whereby to prove the master criminal's connection with the crime. Kirby was free, with a night and a morning in which to work, sure himself, now that Camden Town had been mentioned, of Grimm's responsibility, for Grimm was as well known to Lloyd's as he was to Scotland Yard, but altogether at a loss as to any means of proof and altogether dependent for the recovery of the necklace upon Cicily.

"This is another Grimm Case."

It was thus that Kirby had broken the silence which followed Cicily's departure from Graham's office on her way to Camden Town. Graham nodded.

"We know that now," he said, "nae thanks to you."

"You are right, sir," Kirby admitted. "But I think you will have something to thank me for to-morrow."

"I hope so," said Graham. "And to-morrow be sure you telephone Sir Henry to have some of his men at the Crown Inn."

Kirby went out. He subjected his methods to a long cross-examination and his legs to a long walk. That woman was going to-night to Grimm's house. At whatever hour she returned, she would be met at the door of her hotel by a Lloyd's agent, whom she would recognize and to whom, if successful, she would slip the four pearls. Also, if successful, she would keep her Covent Garden appointment at two-thirty the next day; she had told Graham the details of that appointment. Well, however he had suffered, Kirby admitted that she was a plucky little person. He wished her luck; he hoped that no catastrophe would befall her at the final meeting; but his reputation had been injured. Was there nothing he could do?

There was a great deal. He saw that now. Cicily had told of her newspaper search in the British Museum. By that she had given him a clew whereby it was just possible he might demonstrate the mysterious method of the theft.

The pearls had been posted in Paris; the sugar was French—it was wrapped in pieces of a French newspaper. The obvious assumption was, therefore, that the robbery had been committed in France. That was outstanding—let the records of the French post office show however clearly that the package was never out of the sight of a dozen clerks at a time for so long as the minutes required for the substitution. But it was outstanding only on the theory that the bits of newspaper were employed at haphazard. Suppose they were employed with a purpose—and that French sugar was chosen consciously?

If the actual thief, the man who stole the pearls for Grimm—for whom they were most certainly stolen—was a French post-office clerk, he must have been in a tremendous hurry; it was necessary for him to act at a speed so great that Scotland Yard, so Miss Baily said, had pronounced it impossible, reasoned Kirby. Now a man in a hurry, when looking for paper in which to wrap something, does not go to a closet or a file and choose one of yesterday's journals; he takes the first paper at hand, and that is to-day's. Why was this copy of the Figaro a day old?

Kirby saw but one conclusion: the French newspaper was used and that sugar was used to make it clear to the police that the theft had occurred in France. Both had been procured before the moment of the theft and held in readiness. The paper was a day old because the Paris morning papers never reach London before night.

That would substantiate the French post-office records. But, if the records of the careless French post office were correct, how was he to find a flaw in those of the impeccable English? To say that the theft did not happen in France was—unless that flaw could be found on the British side of the Channel—to bring the theft one step nearer to Wray; to point to Wray, indeed, as the employee of Grimm. Then how was Miss Mott to prove Wray innocent? Kirby was inclined now to agree with Cicily; but what was the answer? The only thing that at all helped Wray so far was the fact that he did not possess the pearls. If there was only some other way of their disappearing save through the window at the rear of Mott's office ——

Mile after mile Kirby walked, going over and over the puzzle. It took twenty-five minutes to open, close, rewrap and reseal the box. Except when it was in a locked bag, to which the attendant had no key, or in a locked safe, of which he could not know the combination, it had never been for more than those twenty minutes out of the sight of a dozen clerks.

The sole exception was the Old Barlow Street postman; and he, on the morning of the disappearance of the pearls, was not late in returning from his route. No locks had been tampered with; no duplicate keys existed; an entire dozen of postal clerks, working together in as many-windowed a room, could not reasonably be supposed to have combined in a time-record mail robbery; the Old Barlow Street postman could not be imagined rifling and resealing the box while he made his rounds along the open thoroughfare. Kirby knew so well that thoroughfare

At that instant he had his inspiration. He had his theory; he had his chain of facts, from which but three links were missing. The work of one night and one morning ought either to supply those three links or else make the mystery more of a mystery than ever.

X

CICILY, too, had walked, but because she could not for half an hour find a taxicab. She, also, was trying, with her new facts, to reason the puzzle out; her palm throbbed with the pressure of the packet that she dared not open on the street; her heart pounded with the question: How could Austin Bryce be connected with the robbery? and with the answer: That the connection must be the same as Grimm's. She walked on and on, followed by one

(Continued on Page 34)

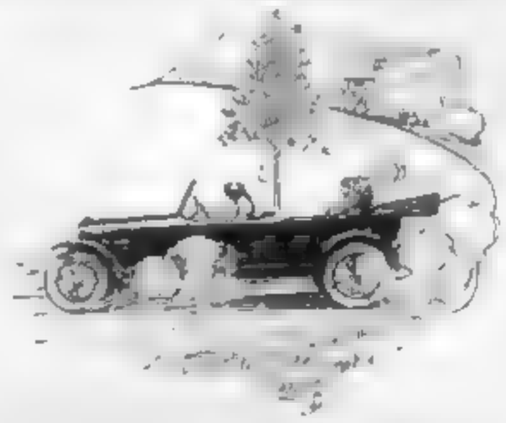
CASHMERE BOUQUET

A new size of this luxuriously perfumed soap at 10¢

FOR over three generations Cashmere Bouquet Soap has been the standard for soap excellence. No other exquisitely perfumed soap has had such a wide popularity in this and other countries.

Luxurious — Lasting — Refined

Colgate & Co. New York
Established 1806



The Hidden Things

THE G & J 'G' Tread Tire is good to look at. It is also a thoroughly efficient anti-skid Tire.

These qualities are apparent. But the hidden things, the union of fabric and rubber tread, and the quality of interior construction, may be judged only by service rendered.

The fact that more G & J 'G' Treads are giving better service than most is an indisputable proof that these are quality tires.

The fact that they cost but little more than ordinary tread casings makes their value remarkably high.

Therefore, we recommend that your next tire be a G & J.

G & J TIRE COMPANY
1790 Broadway New York

G & J

Trademark
Reg. U S Pat. Off.

The Car of the Golden Chassis

NO less important than the excess power and easy riding qualities of this Studebaker Series 17 Six at $1085, is its endurance. Never in the history of the motor car industry was there offered such motor flexibility and stamina in a car, as Studebaker gives in this Six, at a price $250 to $400 lower than that asked for other cars having equal value. The ease and smoothness with which it carries you over the steepest hills and gets you to those out-of-the-way places can only be compared with similar characteristics found in cars commanding a higher price—and don't forget that *this* is the car that Detroit, the city that knows how cars are built, and California, the State that knows how cars perform, PREFER to any car costing over $500.

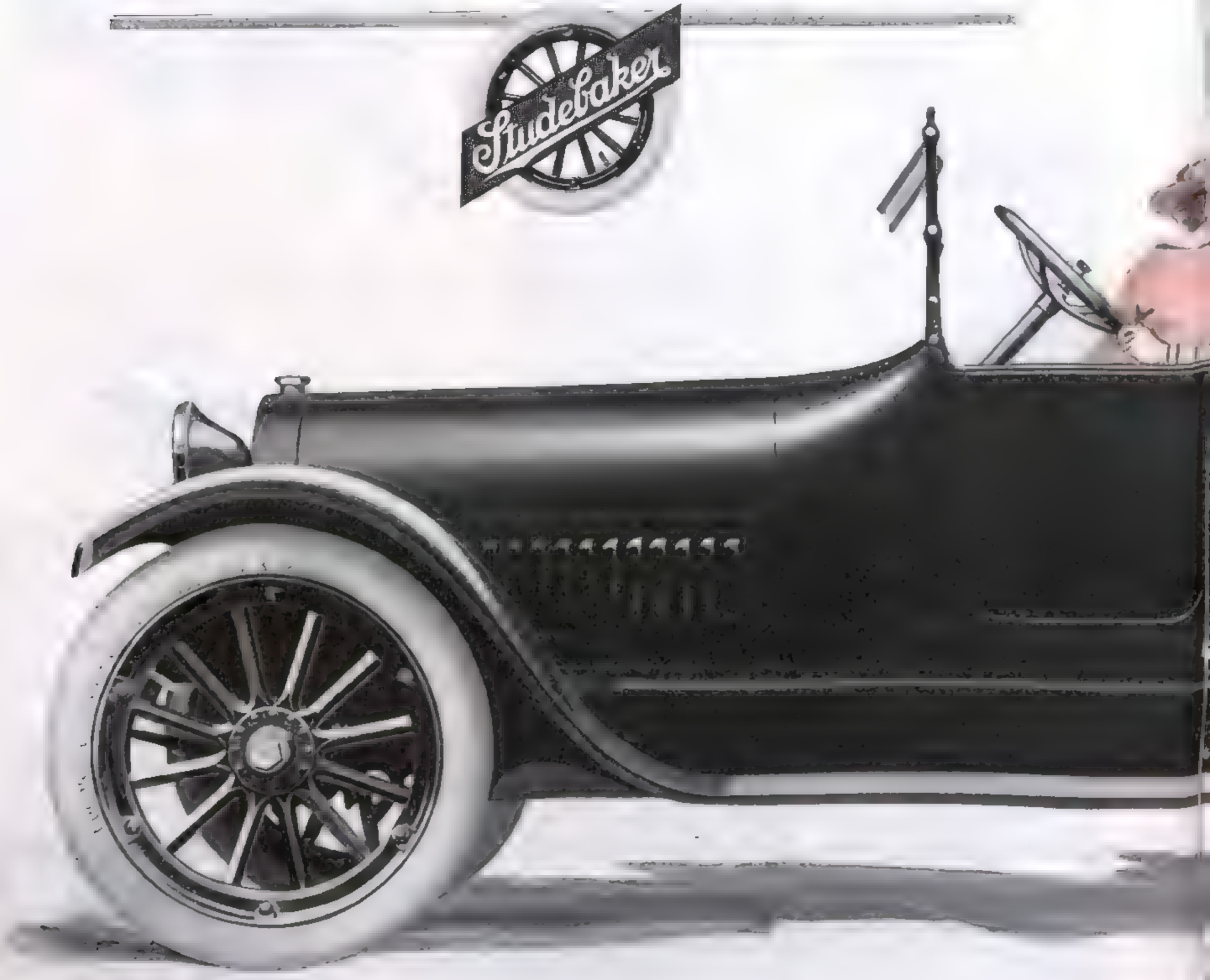
STUDEBAKER

South Bend, Ind. **Detroit, Mich.** **Walkerville, Ont.**

Address all correspondence to Detroit

More than 249,000 Studebaker Cars produced and sold

50 H. P. 7-passenger SIX $1085



Motion Picture Reels

without charge

Women's clubs, chambers of commerce, parent-teacher associations, boards of trade, playground organizations, Chautauqua assemblies, all gatherings of men or women interested in any way in boys, may now obtain for local exhibitions the Curtis vocational film,

THOMAS JEFFERSON MORGAN P-J-G

The three reels will be sent on request, free, to any gathering of fifty or more friends of boys, in any city above 3000 in the United States or Canada. The only stipulation is that admissions be free.

We suggest that you send for these motion-picture reels, produced by the Paramount Pictures Corporation under direction of E. H. Griffith, because we know that it will

1. **Provide inspiration and suggestion for all persons interested in education and boy-welfare; and**

2. **Interest exceedingly any group of intelligent spectators.**

Address The Curtis Publishing Company, Box 501, Philadelphia, stating the time, place and nature of the gathering before which you would like to arrange a showing of "Thomas Jefferson Morgan —P-J-G." Your communication will have immediate attention.

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 31)

stealthy figure only—the emissary, as she knew, of Mr. Grimm's associates. . . . To think that her father had wanted her to marry Austin Bryce!

At a turning she came at last upon a taxi. She hailed it and, before entering, engaged the driver in conversation long enough to enable her shadower to climb up behind; she did not want to scare away the thieves from to-morrow's meeting by avoiding their messenger to-night.

Arrived at her hotel, she brushed by the man from Lloyd's with a whispered bidding that he should wait until she sent for him. She went to her room and switched on the light. Suppose Grimm had tricked her? She had not dared to protest to him for fear she might spoil to-morrow's coup. She unfastened the tighter glove. Her heart beat so violently that she could scarcely see. Her fingers shook as they unfolded the bit of newspaper.

There, unharmed and beautiful, glowed four of the Pearls of Paradise. Grimm had kept his word. She sent for the man from Lloyd's.

"Here," she said when he came to her; "these are what Mr. Graham told you to expect."

He took the packet.

"Have you any other message, miss?"

She hesitated.

"No," she said; "nothing except that I shall keep my appointment to-morrow. Be sure to tell him that."

Thus she sent the agent away; but, although she went at once to bed, it was long before she fell asleep. It may seem odd that this was almost the first time since she undertook her present labors that she permitted herself to think of her love for Billy, yet the first it was. Heretofore she had, of course, given her mind to the necessity of accomplishment and to the necessity of speed for his sake; but, precisely in order the more certainly to save time and succeed, she had refused to let her thoughts dwell on her personal relations with the man for whose honor and liberty she was working.

Now the end was at hand; the capture was to be made and, though the mystery might not be completely solved by her, with the capture of the real criminals Wray's name would be forever cleared. Now she could, at least in some measure, let herself go; and if, that night, the hard-headed investigator gave place for a few hours to the soft-hearted woman—if, in a word, there were tears upon her pillow—it was because, and only because, her work was so nearly done.

Austin—there, however, she had committed herself. She could not change now; but she longed for the Crown Inn and two-thirty o'clock of the afternoon following.

While Cicily slept, Scotland Yard was waiting until it could connect Grimm with the pearls, in order to convict him; Lloyd's had been waiting until they could catch anybody who had the pearls on his person—solely for the sake of the insurance money. Now, through the night and the morning, the last chance was drawing near without the Yard's knowledge; for Lloyd's it was drawing near with Kirby obsessed by the necessity of redeeming his reputation: he never thought of bed; he worked without thought of food.

He based his labors on one rule of the London General Post Office: Office tenants in most buildings allow the janitor, on the ground floor, to receipt for registered packages addressed to them; but, if they insist, the postman must go to their offices, in whatever part of the building they may be, and deliver the package directly to the person for whom it is intended. Kirby found, from the records of the Old Barlow Street branch post office, that on the day in question there had been two registered packages for the street in which Morris Mott had his business quarters. One was that supposed to contain the Pearls of Paradise; the other, also personally receipted for, had been addressed to a Mr L. M. Garwood, with an office on the top floor of a building in Old Barlow Street situated on the same side as Mott's office, but between Mott's and the branch post office, and separated from Mott's by Frobisher Court. Kirby instituted inquiries about Mr. Garwood; he had given up his lease. What did he look like? He was a mere mite of a man; he might have been a jockey.

Back at the branch post office, Kirby inquired about the complaints made of registered packages delivered late. These complaints had ceased; they had been made only by Mott, and the authorities suggested that he might be mistaken, because their records showed that the packages reached the branch post office on time—and nothing was actually stolen except the necklace.

"Now," said the detective, "I want to find a diecutter."

He found one in Frobisher Court and remained with him in a public house, buying him drinks all that morning.

Kirby was ready for the last move. He returned to the junction of the court with the street, walked up the court slowly, crossed and returned down the other side. He consulted his watch; the operation had consumed twenty-seven minutes—the solution of the mystery was clear!

But that glance at his watch showed him something else: It was already two-thirty o'clock in the afternoon; Cicily must even now be at the Crown Inn—Kirby was far from Covent Garden and he had forgotten to notify Scotland Yard.

He ran to a telephone. He shouted along a wire to Sir Henry Herron. He hailed a taxicab and bade the driver set the speed laws at defiance. Would he be in time?

XI

CICILY had slept well and woke refreshed. All morning long she remained in her hotel. At two o'clock she set out to keep her appointment.

The place, as Small had described it, was a miniature inn standing in an ancient alley north of the great market. Cicily, as she passed the church at the head of the old Square, looked up at the clock in the tower; its hands now pointed to two-twenty-five. Furtively she sought some glimpse of Lloyd's or Scotland Yard's men; she saw nothing that looked like them.

She crossed the market place, passed into the dark passage and stopped at the door of the inn. The low building, squeezed between encroaching butcher shops and bakeries of the poorer sort, was black with age; its roof canted at a threatening angle; its entire frontage permitted space for only a narrow taproom and a little door that gave entrance to a steep and darkened flight of stairs.

Small's injunction had been that she should ascend the stairs and knock, first once and then, quickly, twice, at the first door on her right. She was to do this at exactly the moment designated for the interview.

She groped her way up the creaking stairs. There was something unexpectedly ominous about the entire place. She paused, blinded, in the utter blackness of the upper hall. She put out her hand to the wall on her right. She felt cautiously along it until her fingers encountered the knob of an unseen door. She knew that her cheeks were flushed with excitement, but she need not now so painstakingly guard the black velvet bag; she almost laughed to herself as she thought of going with something like a shilling in her purse instead of twelve thousand five hundred pounds. There was a sudden booming of bells that made her start, she drew back, but immediately realized that this was only the church clock chiming the half hour.

She knocked once. There was no answer.

She knocked twice in rapid succession, and the door flew open.

The room was well-enough lighted by a pair of casement windows. Eddie Small, of the crooked nose, stood before her in his shirtsleeves, a cigarette between his thin lips. The man who looked like a mechanic he who had tossed them the key pearl in the tea shop—was seated at a beer-stained center table, with a pewter mug of ale before him. Peering stealthily into the street from one of the windows was the man who resembled a jockey.

None of these spoke at first. Cicily, stepping into the room, heard Small close and lock the door behind her. She attempted a cheerful entrance. She greeted them pleasantly; her hosts remained silent. The jockey edged closer to the wall and wedged his nose to the side of the nearest windowpane. The mechanic looked into the pewter mug. Small walked quickly round her and indicated a chair at the table.

"Sit down," he said.

This was the last day; his tone had lost whatever suavity it might once have possessed. The full sense of her danger appalled her: Here she was, with no money; there was nothing funny about the situation now. Graham himself had made it plain to her that he would not risk the second twelve thousand five hundred pounds in this den of thieves; and, while warning her of the risk she took, had advised her that her safety lay in postponing the final details of the expected purchase until the detectives should arrive; she was to have haggled for a minute only. But outside she had caught no sign of anything that looked like aid, and she had now been in the room for more than a full minute.

"Where is Mr. Grimm?" she asked.

The men looked at her. No one answered immediately. Then Small ventured;

"That's what we want to know. 'E was due 'ere at two, an' I never knew 'im lite before."

There was a low murmur from the other men. The three faces swam before her eyes, all ugly with threat. She started toward the window to see if help might not somehow be in sight, but Small caught her arm and wrenched her back.

"Sit down!" he repeated.

Cicily obeyed.

"One at that window's enough. 'E'll tell us when Grimm comes."

Grimm! What did she care now for Grimm? What her heart was wildly crying for was the promised help—the help promised, but unaccountably, perhaps fatally, delayed. She heard herself inanely asking, as if merely to gain time:

"You expected him?"

"Didn't you?"

Small was standing over her, and, unpleasant as his leer had always been, she now read danger in its absence. Of course she had expected Grimm.

"Yes; of course I did," she answered.

"We're not so sure of that," said Small. "Are we, Jock?"

The man with the pewter mug grunted over its edge. The jockeylike man never turned from the window.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Small," the girl parried.

"Oh, yes, you do!" said Small; and, now that he did grin, with the wagging cigarette tight to his lower lip, she saw again the twin rows of his black fangs. With an enormous effort she intensified the innocence of her expression:

"I really don't know what you are trying to imply."

Would the detectives never come!

"I mean"—he shook a dirty finger at her—"that we think you might know somethink abart Grimm's delay; and if we thought you 'adn't been plying fair ——"

She felt that the leap her heart gave must have been visible. She strained her ears in vain for any sound outside the room. She attempted indignation:

"You ought to know; you've been having me followed."

"Only till this morning. Then, like fools, we called our man off."

He jerked his head toward the preoccupied jockey.

"How dared you have me followed?"

Small's hand fell on her shoulder.

"Never you mind abart that. What we want ——"

"I do mind. I won't defend myself to you. I shan't deal with underlings. I came here to get the pearls. My principal has kept his word; I expect Mr. Grimm to keep his word and deliver what we have bargained for."

She shook off Small's hand and, watching the effect, saw that, for the moment at least, she had convinced them. The mechanic was looking at her with a dull belief in his eyes; even the jockey's gaze had wandered momentarily from the window. Small glanced first at one of his companions, then at the other, and finally at Cicily. She had delivered to his pride just the wound her need required.

"Perhaps you think Grimm's everythink," he was saying. "But I'd 'ave you remember you dealt with nobody but me till last night, Miss 'Igh an' Mighty. Don't you let a little kindness in Camden Town go to your 'ead. It may be we 'ave the pearls; it may be Grimm 'as 'em; but what we want Grimm for is so's 'e can keep 'is word to deliver to us, 'ere an' now, our share o' what you gave 'im last night—an' what we want of you, before you pay your balance, is the assurance you 'aven't 'ad Grimm took up by the police."

Cicily understood him now. She felt the blood leave her cheeks.

"How can you think that?" she stammered.

"Because 'e's not 'ere," said Small. "An'," he added, "if 'e ain't 'ere in two minutes we're goin' to proceed on the assumption that you 'ave 'ad 'im took up."

She saw it all now; and, as in the same lightning flash, saw the one way of escape. She sprang to her feet.

"Then we've all been tricked!" she said. "He told me last night that that twelve thousand five hundred pounds was his share—he never meant to give you a bit of it. It's true, I tell you—it's true; he never meant to come here at all!"

Small fell back; the mechanic half rose; the jockey darted to the center of the room.

"She's right!" cried Small. "I believe she's right."

"Not she," growled Jock. "We know Grimm better."

"No," snapped the jockey; "we don't." He waved his arms frantically. "'E's been waitin' long for a last clean-up, Grimm 'as; an' this is it. 'E's baked the crowd!"

It was Small who quieted him.

"Back to your window!" he ordered the jockey. "Now then," he said, when he saw himself obeyed, "if she's right—if Grimm 'as baked us—'ere's our chance to get what's left. Come out with the other twelve thousand five hundred quid, Miss Baily. Give us the rest of the money!"

The issue was joined and help was not at hand. She was penniless, and she could postpone scarcely a moment longer.

"Money?'" she gasped.

"Yes, money!'" said Small. Suddenly his voice rose to shrill anger. "'Aven't yer never 'eard the word before? Money—money! Where is it, I say? Now!"

Cicily put her hands out as if to ward off an attack.

"Eddie! Jock! There's Whiting!"

It was the voice of the man at the window—the voice now of a frightened animal. He turned upon them. His fists were clenched. His face was white. His lips twitched frightfully.

"Out there!" he said. "I saw 'im; Whiting, of Scotland Yard!"

The hulking mechanic sprang up, dropping the ale mug to the floor. Small was petrified in his attitude of offense. Cicily had become a statue, her hands still extended.

For the flickering of an eyelid they all stood thus. Then the men made a rush. The jockey and the mechanic plunged for the door; Small made straight at Cicily. She heard the jockey screaming for the key. She heard the mechanic wrenching at the knob. She heard Small cry out something about "the goods"; felt her purse snapped from her hand—felt his bony fingers grip her throat.

There was a banging of feet. There was the smashing of panels. Somebody fired a harmless shot. The room was full of acrid smoke—full, too, of men she had never seen before.

They were handcuffing the three jewel thieves; Small was shouting:

"We didn't do it! She did—that Baily woman. She was trying to sell the stuff!"

But in the background two officers wailed still more loudly.

"Grimm's not here!" groaned Inspector Whiting, of Scotland Yard.

"Where are the pearls?" cried Mr. Kirby, of Lloyd's.

XII

INSPECTOR WHITING'S immediate visit to the respectable house in Camden Town was unproductive; and unproductive, too, was the directly subsequent call that, having induced Cicily to tell what she knew of Austin, he paid at the fashionable jewelry shop in New Bond Street. The head of the latter had departed, taking most of his stock—for which he was still heavily indebted—with him. The house of Mrs. Grimm was intact; but both its former occupants—the commonplace man with the black string tie and his rosy-cheeked, motherly wife from Lincolnshire—were gone, in spite of all the watchers at dock and station, no man knew whither.

No man to this day knows whither; and all that is so much as guessed of the gallant Austin is that, wherever his parents went, he went with them. It is enough that he has not yet been found again impersonating a Buenos Aires millionaire, and that his father has not appeared a second time in the rôle of such a millionaire's man of business. Doubtless the elder, being wise in his generation, had early in life set himself a definite goal, and, having reached it, had stopped all further running by running away to a spot in some distant quarter of the globe long previously prepared to receive his and him.

On the morning preceding the arrest of those three of his associates he had drawn in gold, it was later discovered, his balances deposited in three banks under three different names, no one of which was that whereby his neighbors knew him. He had Lloyd's additional twelve thousand five hundred pounds, less the five sovereigns he had given to Cicily and which Cicily gave to grumbling Mr. Graham—and a discreet man knows when he has enough. His son, of course, will inherit.

It seems certain—and this always brings a blush of shame to the face of Cicily as an ex-detective—that Grimm, quite willing to sacrifice his confederates at the designed close of his career, either had guessed Cicily's identity for some time past, or else guessed it when his wife, by chance or intent, sometime that night mentioned their visitor's interest in Austin's photograph. It has been suggested by the envious Inspector Whiting—and this brings another sort of blush to the lady's cheek—that, as no woman wholly hates a more or less honest admirer, Cicily purposely refrained from telling Scotland Yard or Lloyd's about Bryce until after the raid. But of these suppositions the first is past weeping over and the second is invidious.

How had the theft been accomplished? Kirby explained that to Cicily, and, from his cell in Reading Gaol, Small subsequently confirmed the explanation and forever cleared Wray. It was Cicily who repeated it, in her father's house, to old Mott and young Billy. She was seated on the floor beside the open fire in the drawing room, Morris in the chair that was on one hand, and Wray in the chair that was on the other.

"Can't you see?" she asked—but the question was purely oratorical: she knew there would be no reply. "The thieves deceived the postman and hired a diecutter. They sent themselves registered packages to their rented office in Old Barlow Street. They made the postman bring those packages upstairs, and very likely convinced him that they, as competitors, merely wanted to see what new stock you were acquiring. Then, when he had a package for you, daddy, he would leave it with them, and they would practice on its seals. Once they had the duplicate seal made, they were ready. The Grimms started things in Paris, and then they watched for the return of the necklace, and Garwood secured sugar and newspaper tearings to make us all think the whole thing happened in France.

"Remember the postman's route. He always left the branch post office at the head of Old Barlow Street so as to come down on the right-hand side. This took him first past the building Garwood had an office in. Then the postman went into Frobisher Court, which takes him twenty-seven minutes, returned to Old Barlow Street, and so passed your place, daddy.

"Well, Garwood—of course that is not his real name—knowing the pearls were due on the thirteenth of May, had sent himself a registered package. The postman took it upstairs as usual, and Garwood signed for it. But they got the postman to leave the pearl box too. He went out and on into Frobisher Court. During the twenty-seven minutes he was there, Garwood opened the box, took the pearls, substituted the sugar and bits of newspaper, rewrapped the box in its original wrapping and resealed it with wax like yours and with the counterfeit seal. Then he sauntered down Old Barlow Street and passed the postman coming back, along his regular route, into the street from the Court, in his regular way. Garwood did not so much as have to speak to the postman; he just slipped him the rifled package as he passed. The postman did not have to lose one step. He had the box as quickly as you could wink, but he probably did not then know that the pearls were missing. That was the box he handed in to you and you receipted for."

Cicily ended her story with a flushed face and gleaming eyes.

"You're rather proud of yourself," said the old man, "aren't you, Cicily?"

She nodded gleefully.

"But," said Mott, "not half so proud of yourself as I am proud of you!"

She reached up and kissed him.

"And now," said her father, "I think you had better kiss Billy."

"I hope you will," said Wray.

She was wearing, by special permission, the Pearls of Paradise that evening. They had been restrung when, hours after the arrest, she found the remainder of them in her own black hand bag. There, in the last struggle, Small had stuffed them. It was his final bid for freedom: He had hoped to turn king's evidence; to pose as having been merely a prospective buyer; to foist suspicion upon the woman whom he believed to be Miss Baily, the unscrupulous agent of an unscrupulous collector.

Pathé

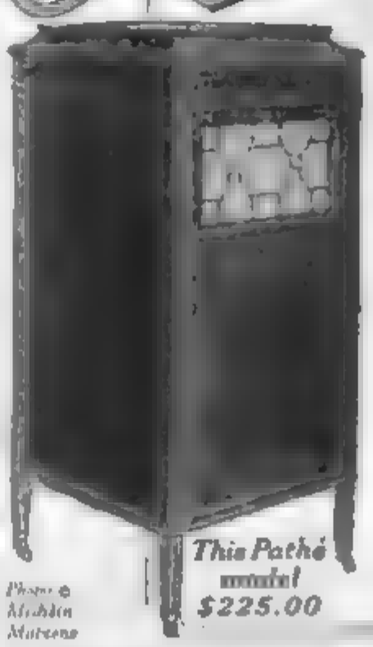
Open—
A Great New World
of Golden Voices

MURATORE, pronounced by many the greatest living tenor. *Fitziu*, young American soprano—sensation of the recent Metropolitan season. *Ober*, queen among all contraltos. Many, many others—*Didur*, baritone; *Giorgini*, tenor; *Cavalieri*, soprano; *Slezak*, *Sammarco*, *Cisneros*, *Ruffo*, etc., etc. Many artists who have never sung in America. Famous orchestras, bands, choruses, etc.

All are at your bidding in the Pathé discs, from the world's great centers of music—Paris, London, Berlin, Moscow, Vienna, Brussels, Milan, New York.

All this wonderful music comes from the Pathé discs with freshness and *trueness* that belong to the *exclusive Pathé method*. The average Pathé disc is of large size. Because of this, the *sound waves are longer*—one secret of true reproduction.

Pathephones, equipped to play all standard disc records, $25 to $225. Pathé discs—*music on both sides*—65c to $4. Dealers are equipping other phonographs to play Pathé discs. Hear them at the store of the dealer near you or write for catalog.



This Pathé mantel
$225.00

Photograph of Modern Mantels

PATHE FRERES PHONOGRAPH CO., 29 West 30th St., New York

This illustrates the new Ridgeweave elastic of which several

PARIS GARTERS

numbers are now made. This improved elastic has been specially woven so that it will give the greatest comfort and service. It has a 200%-stretch. Will fit the largest leg comfortably; stays on the thinnest leg securely.

25 and 50 cents

It is wise to look on the back of the shield for the name PARIS when you buy

A. Stein & Co.

Makers

Children's Hickory Garters

Chicago New York

PARIS
GARTERS
No metal can touch you

Goodyear Cord Tires are standard equipment on the Franklin, the Packard Twin Six, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White, the Haynes Twelve and the Stutz.

Made in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, with the famous Goodyear All-Weather and Ribbed Treads; for gasoline and electric cars.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and Tire Saver Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Flexible Tires,
Saving and Strong

Goodyear No-Hook Cord Tires are made *strong, safe* and *sturdy* by these unique advantages:

Jars and jolts are combated by great oversize and the suppleness of Goodyear Cord construction.

They are easy to put on and take off because they do not rust fast to the rim.

Blowouts are lessened by our No-Rim-Cut feature.

Punctures and skidding are reduced by our double-thick All-Weather and Ribbed Treads.

Loose Treads are diminished by our On-Air-Cure.

Blowing off the rim is prevented by our Braided Piano Wire Base.

WE are satisfied that Goodyear Cord Tires are stronger than any others.

We are convinced that their cost-per-mile is lower

We know that they consume less power than ordinary tires and reduce fuel consumption.

These results are not altogether due to the use of superior materials

They are not to be credited alone to finer manufacturing practice.

They are the logical outcome of certain definite differences in design and construction.

And back of every special-design-feature is a scientific reason that produces a positive result

Goodyear Cord construction has for its basis several layers of light, strong, flexible cords.

A long, long time ago The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company weighed and tested and demonstrated this style of cord construction against every other.

We proved to our satisfaction that it was best calculated to secure the results we sought.

These were, increased cushioning qualities, through increased flexibility and resilience; increased aid to the motor, through increased liveliness, speed, and light-running in the tire; with a corresponding reduction of power-loss and gasoline consumption.

To get these results we had first to secure the highest degree of flexibility without sacrifice of strength.

We got both by superimposing several layers of stout, strong but pliable cords, one upon another.

This extreme flexibility absorbs road obstructions and inequalities, giving more comfort to the passengers

It lightens the load on the engine—in the get-away, in hill-climbing, and in ordinary running.

It permits higher speed with comfort.

It prolongs the life of the tires by guarding against stone-bruise and blow-out

These advantages are practical. They are positive.

And motorists everywhere—owning cars of almost every class—are rapidly learning that such benefits more than make up for the higher price they pay for Goodyear Cord Tires.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

Why be discouraged

with long hours and small pay?—

Or with the tick of the time clock if you want to be your own boss?—

Or with an office desk if you need the fresh air of an out-door life?

CARL WARNOCK clerked in a small-town drug store. He was on his feet most of the day, dead tired every evening—tired all the time. The long hours had begun to tell upon him.

Mr. Warnock answered one of our advertisements—

after he had read a number of them—and secured appointment as a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Within a short time he was earning both salary and liberal commissions.

If you want spare-time employment that can be developed into a five-thousand-dollar-a-year position, write for our booklet, "*The Way to an Independent Income.*" A postal card will bring it to you.

Agency Division, Box 507

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square

Philadelphia Pennsylvania

SUDDEN JIM

(Concluded from Page 21)

Zaanan chuckled. "Wa-al, you're a-goin' to hear news then. Peleg he slipped up some on his calc'lations."

Interest gleamed in Jim's eyes at last.

"What's that?" he said.

"Folks sort of, after a manner, made up their minds they couldn't git along without me."

"You beat them?"

"To be sure. And I hadn't no more chance 'n you've got. I was as beat as you be, if not beater, wasn't I? Which p'ints out the fact you never can tell who's licked till the constable stops the fight—and sometimes not then. Goin' to git on your hat, Jim?"

"Judge Frame," said Jim, "you're a great man! If you say to keep up the struggle, why"—he put on his hat and stood up—"why, let's get to that meeting."

"Hain't no time to lose. Got to git there swift, so I fetched Tiffany. You're goin' to ride behind a hoss now, young feller."

Jim did not smile.

Zaanan was not joking, but speaking with firm faith in his ancient steed. What Tiffany had been in his youth Tiffany still was to the old judge. The horse had not changed in his eyes. They had grown old together, but Zaanan's love for the creature, his admiration for qualities long vanished, were steadfast as ever.

"Lemme tell you some facts," said Zaanan. "There's times when facts is better ammunition 'n bullets. Moran's consid'able spraddled out financially. He's made every dollar that belongs to him git to work and do more 'n any dollar ought to do. He's a reacher. Been a-reachin' out and a-reachin' out till it looks like his arm must 'a' got stretched. Owns stock in the railroad—not a majority, but consid'able. Gits control by proxies. Then along come this Diversity Hardwood Company, and he must git his hands onto it. He's got some money, but 'tain't enough. So he puts up his railroad stock for collateral and buys a block of Diversity Company. Then he talks the stockholders into thinkin' he's consid'able big punkin. Two fellers in Grand Rapids that owns control up and makes him president and general manager of the outfit—and takes over his notes and collateral for him. They're a-carryin' him, 'cause they figgered he was a man could make money for 'em. Got that all down, eh?"

"Yes."

"Know what to do with it?"

"No."

"Then p'int your ears and listen."

While Tiffany jogged along at the break-neck pace Zaanan attributed to him the old justice instructed Jim.

Eleven stockholders in the Diversity Hardwood Company were present at the meeting, including Zaanan and Jim. Moran was in the chair. He had raised objection when Jim entered, but was referred to the company's stockbook. The meeting was called to order and routine business completed. The election of directors was imminent.

Jim stood up.

"Mister Chairman," he said, "before we start on this election there is a matter I want to lay before the stockholders."

"We have more important business than to listen to you now," snapped Moran.

"The most important business this meeting can attend to is what I have to lay before them."

"Go ahead, go ahead," said a burly, grizzly haired man who lounged back in his chair smoking a huge and powerful cigar. "What's on your mind?"

"As a stockholder in this company I charge the president with more than one act prejudicial to the interests of the company and with more than one act reflecting on the honor and business integrity of the concern."

Moran leaped to his feet.

"This is the man who hired a gang of toughs to raid our camps and steal our railroad. He's stolen our timber; he's on the verge of bankruptcy, owing us money—and last night he went on to our property and set fire to Crab Creek Trestle. He'll see the inside of jail for that."

"Now, now, Moran, one at a time," said the big man. "You'll get your chance. Go ahead, young fellow. You've made your statements; now back them up—or git."

"First," said Jim, "this company needs the Le Bar tract. Is that not so?"

"You bet we do," said the big man.

"Moran has had a chance to buy—at a reasonable figure—and has refused even to deal. I have an option on that timber. Because I have it, because he is after my scalp, he won't deal. You've tried to buy of Le Bar for half a dozen years. That's charge number one."

"His price was exorbitant. It was a hold up," Moran shouted.

"You have never asked a price. I have never put a price on the land—to you or to anybody else. Next, he has done all in his power to cripple the Ashe Clothespin Company, which is your most valuable single asset. He's been bought up by the Clothespin Club. First he hired a man to cripple our machinery; another of his men filled our logs with spikes for us to saw into. His railroad has withheld cars for our shipments. These acts he has done as president of this concern. Is it pleasant to you gentlemen that your president, in your own woods, should spike your own logs and ship them to a valuable customer? These things I am in position to prove. He refused to carry out the terms of this company's contract, would not give us logs, so I had to avail myself of the permission of the contract to seize and operate your logging machinery. And, finally, last night, by his orders, property of this company was destroyed by fire. Michael Moran burned Crab Creek Trestle. This I can prove."

"It's an infernal lie!" Moran shouted.

"There, there," said the big man. "If Mr. Ashe is lying we'll see you have satisfaction. Just prove the burning of the trestle; we'll let the other matters go for another day."

Zaanan went to the door and called. Steve Gilders came in, rifle under his arm, pushing another individual before him.

"Here's your proof," said Zaanan dryly. "Go ahead, Steve."

"This here feller," said Steve, "burned the trestle last night. Soaked her with oil and touched her off. Then he took a shot at Mr. Ashe there—and thought he'd got him. Calc'late he thought so till this minnit, for he hain't heard nothin' to the contrary. Now, Kowterski, I seen you. Who told you to burn that there trestle?"

"He did," said Kowterski, pointing to Moran.

Moran sprang toward Kowterski, but Gilders shifted his rifle. "Don't go prancin' round. I guess you know I wouldn't grieve none if I was forced to hurt you, Moran."

"Moran," said the big man, "this isn't altogether unexpected. My good friend, Judge Frame, has been in touch with me, and we've done a bit of investigating ourselves. Now I'll tell you what we're going to do, Wilkins and I. We've held you up; you had us on the blind side. Personally I don't like to be fooled. It riles me, and I'm good and plenty riled. We shan't press the incendiarism charge. Putting you in prison wouldn't make me any happier; but busting you would. This locality won't be broken-hearted to see you removed from it. Your notes are due; we shall not renew. Our attorneys have been notified to take the usual steps to realize on your collateral. Now if I were you I'd clear out. We haven't any more use for you here."

Moran protested, threatened, raved. When he was done and the room was rid of him, the big man turned to Jim:

"I hear you've earned a name, young man. Sudden Jim, is it? A good name, and your father'll be glad to hear of it. Maybe I can give you a piece of news. Saw Weniver and Jenkins yesterday. They're through. The Clothespin Club will be good if you'll cry quits. Meeting next week in Grand Rapids, and you'd better go."

"About that option of yours, son," said the stockholder named Wilkins, "we know what it cost you. You're entitled to your profit. Will two dollars an acre satisfy you? If it will the board, when it is elected, will instruct the treasurer to give you his check for the amount."

The movement of affairs had been too swift even for Sudden Jim. The revolution in his condition had been too rapid. He could scarcely grasp it. Moran done for, himself offered a profit on his option which would pay the note presented that day and leave a pleasant margin of cash! His acceptance was prompt.

He drove back to Diversity with Zaanan after the meeting. For most of the way he was silent, dazed at the outcome of affairs. At last he spoke.

"Judge," said he, "I said you were a great man this afternoon——"

"That's all right, Jim."

"If it hadn't been for you——"

"To be sure! To be sure! It's my business to meddle. And, besides, Clothespin Jimmy and I was raised side by side. He licked me four times 'fore I was twelve year old. He told me to sorter look after you a mite, figgerin' you might need it. And say, son, if I was you I'd go hell-for-leather out to Steve's place. You've been messin' up things with that girl out there. I dunno but you ought to git thrashed for actin' so; but you're young and sudden." Zaanan smiled dryly. "'Twan't Marie told Moran you was goin' to swoop down on his camp; it was that young Newell up to your office. Call to mind, it was him warned you the trestle was goin' to burn. Moran's had him bought up quite a spell."

"Judge ——" said Jim. "Judge——"

"Yes, son, you're as big a dum fool as you figger you are, and maybe more. The young is inclined to value themselves high."

"Will you drive me out to her? Now? She'll never forget—never forgive—what I said to her and believed; but I've got to tell her. I've got to beg her forgiveness."

"While you're doin' your beggin'," said Zaanan shrewdly, "you might throw in a few words about how much you think of her, eh? That kind of talk is sort of flavorin' in a girl's ear."

"There is a good deal of it for me to say," said Jim.

He did not speak again until the miles to Steve Gilders' shanty were traversed, until they stood at the low door of the house. Jim rushed ahead of Zaanan, opened the door.

"Is she—where is she? Can I—I must see her now!" he said to the astonished woman who had sat with Marie through the night.

"She's perked up a mite," said the woman, "but she don't act like she was happy. Go right in. She's able to talk to folks now."

Jim opened the door and entered the bedroom softly. He found Marie's eyes on his face as he turned toward the bed, dark wells of misery.

"Marie," he whispered, and knelt by her side, his hand fumbling for her hand. "Marie, it was cruel. I—I have no excuse to offer you. Where I should have trusted I failed to trust. I loved you—but I was not worthy to love you. Even when I believed you had done that thing, I loved you. I could not tear it out of my heart. There is nothing I can do but tell you how my love failed, and beg you to forgive me if you can. What is gone is gone. I have lost you, and I know the bitterness of loss."

She turned her face toward him; her eyes were beautiful—softly, tenderly beautiful.

"I—am not lost," she whispered, "so—so badly that you can't find me—if you look."

"Marie!"

"Jim, last night I learned something about love. I know what it is. I knew you would learn the truth. All that—I put aside. While I was trying to reach you I put it aside. I knew love would abide, through griefs, through whatever had gone before, whatever was to come. I loved you—would always love you. Do you know, Jim, I had made up my mind to fight for my love? Yes, if others had not proved I did not do that thing, I should have proved it to you myself. Because I—wanted you, Jim. Because I had to have you."

He clung to her hand, speechless. A ray of glory had fallen upon him, and he was blinded with it.

"Jim," she said, "you have never kissed me. You aren't acting like—the Sudden Jim I want for my own."

(THE END)

A New Legal Light

A LADY in Maryland wrote to the librarian of the public library, in the town near which she lives, saying she wanted The Common Law, by Chambers.

The next day she received a note from the librarian reading as follows:

"*Madam:* Under our rules works of legal reference cannot be taken out of the building. However, you may call during hours and consult the volume mentioned."

1917 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers Touring Sedan—Price $1780 Detroit

Ready for Rain, Wind, Intense Heat, Snow; Rare in Beauty—and Able

It's a good-sense car. A real utility car. A car that stands you in good stead every day in the year. No matter whether the thermometer says 90 above or 9 below, she's ready, answers your purpose 100 per cent, and looks the part.

We present her in July because she shields you from a torrid midsummer sun, but she's equally good in January.

She's the car we drive at the Chalmers works. We like her the best of all 1917 Chalmers.

It's all one compartment inside. Some, of course, will have their chauffeurs at the wheel. But she's not intended to be driven that way. Because she's a family car. Most persons will leave George at home with his Duke's Mixture.

Regulars preferred at the wheel. The mastodons of the business world.

Mother and the boys in the tonneau, and Observing Artie up in front with you.

Nothing takes your mind off business so completely as driving a car like this. Golf is a poor substitute, especially when you're slicing 'em badly.

You get your mind all filtered with fresh thoughts; you get on intimate terms again with your family.

Side window pillars and sashes come out completely in the Summertime to let you have all the air without restriction. In the Fall they are put back again, and she's then a regular closed car.

There's room between the front seats for passing to and fro. One auxiliary seat, which folds snugly into the back of the driver's seat—no crowding in the aisles.

Good curled hair, covered with Bedford of extreme weight and weave, provides rare comfort in upholstery.

Black and white or a rare buff, with silk hangings to match, supply a delightful touch in interior colors.

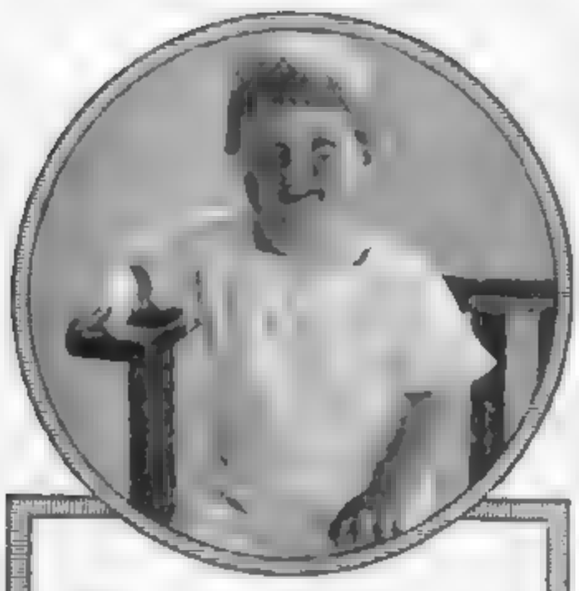
As you behold her from the curb you'll obtain a very refreshing shock in car lines and then when you consider that you can have her in either one of these three colors—Chalmers Meteor blue, Chalmers natural gray with black band and Coupé green with hairline stripe—you are bound to say: "She's mine."

Particularly so when the thought leaps again to your mind that she's a 3400 r. p. m'er, with enough spunk in her to make you want to keep your foot near the brake.

The war and the restricted market for materials limit the number of these cars. Decision and prompt action now will save you disappointment.

Six-Passenger Sedan,	$1780 Detroit; $2475 in Canada
Seven-Passenger Touring Car,	$1280 Detroit; $1775 in Canada
Five-Passenger Touring Car,	$1090 Detroit; $1475 in Canada
Two-Passenger Roadster,	$1070 Detroit; $1475 in Canada
Three-Passenger Cabriolet,	$1440 Detroit; $1900 in Canada

Chalmers Motor Company - - - Detroit



For a Lifetime of Good Teeth

CHOOSE a dentifrice that cleanses so completely that it is sure to ward off the attacks of decay—make its use a part of your daily life and leave the rest to your dentist.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

cleanses thoroughly. Their three times a day use and the twice a year visit to your dentist assure a lifetime of good teeth. Send 2c stamp today for a generous free package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream

I. W. Lyon & Sons *Inc.*
522 W. 27th St.
New York City

More Bran

Nine folks in ten who consult a doctor need, among other things, more bran.

Bran is Nature's laxative. It's a very great aid in right living.

Folks who eat Pettijohn's—a morning luxury—get all the bran they need. It hides 25 per cent bran, and the bran is in flake form, making it doubly efficient.

Try it one week. Mark the good cheer that it brings you. Judge if you want it the year around.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With Bran Flakes

At grocers—15c per package.

Also Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. 25c per package.

The Quaker Oats Company

Chicago 1170

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

1916 Model. ... and it *weights prepaid* on the new 1916 'RANGER' ... Write at once for our ... Improved Model ... Ride Rider Agent and ... 'RANGER' TIRES, ... and everything ... half usual prices. A few ... to $8 to ...

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S-55, CHICAGO

THIS IS THE LIFE

(Continued from Page 14)

included those with hot bacon, those with minced chicken and those with salad. The evening meal of the household always required hours of preparation, and after that he was often called upon to get up some refreshments for the evening. Altogether, it was no wonder that Giles could never count upon a good grass-grown, corn-fed evening of his own.

All the marketing, with the exception of the fruit and wine, was done by this functionary; and, as he got a commission on everything, he never saw any particular reason for economy. As a result, I found Mrs. Cuttle, when I first went to her, racked by that universal problem: "How shall I get down my bills?"

"I want you to look after each item, Mrs. Pemberton," said she, setting her eyebrows in the direction of the kitchen. "It's perfectly ridiculous—our meat bill for the past month."

I immediately took up the matter with the autocrat of the kitchen.

"See here, Giles," said I. "How do you explain this butcher's bill of seven hundred dollars? It seems to me entirely too large for one month. We haven't had much company and this doesn't take in all the fowls we've had from the estate."

Giles moved his eyebrows but not his next month's butcher's bill. This was as large as ever, and finally I was obliged to discharge him.

The chef vied with Mrs. Cuttle in shaking our whole household like a terrier. Everybody was afraid of him; and his assistant, the pastry cook, trembled at his slightest word. When it came to a conflict between Giles and the mistress of the establishment we all felt something empire-shaking about the scene.

Mrs. Cuttle's objections to his handiwork were taken from many points. One day, for example, when she had a house-party luncheon, she said to the butler:

"Send that salad down to the chef and tell him it hasn't enough mustard."

Parrins put the unsatisfactory item on the dumb-waiter and sent the message down. Quick as a flash came back:

"Tell ze madam she has!"

Nor would it have made the slightest difference to Giles if Mrs. Cuttle had been tapping the wires.

Somebody once asked me why it was that Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle was such a great leader.

"She's rude," commented this questioner; "she snubs people right and left. She's not beautiful and she's not particularly wealthy. Why, then, does everybody cringe to her so?"

To this I replied:

"She has exactly what most of her set do not have. She has force and she has honesty; but, above all, she believes in herself. Mohammed, founding a religion, was never more sure of himself than Mrs. Cuttle when giving a big Newport entertainment. Napoleon himself never willed victory into a tired army more successfully than she can make an Italian garden grow out of weeds. She believes always that she can do a thing—the most impossible thing—and she always does it."

The Lilies That Lived

This complete conquest of what psychologists call the "fear thought" was very apparent in the way she directed her house. One wilting hot day, for example, she said to the gardener:

"Take up those shrubs by the marble bench on the walk. I'm tired of them and I want you to plant some lilies there."

The gardener protested that they would not live if planted on such a day.

"Nonsense!" retorted she, imperious as Zenobia directing her galleys. "I say they will live." And they did.

One of her famous contests with Giles illustrated the same trait in her character. For a long time she had been complaining about the mayonnaise, and these complaints, registered through me, provoked always the same peppery retorts from the kitchen. At last Mrs. Cuttle resolved to give an object lesson in food preparation.

"Bring the things to me," she ordered one morning from the rose-colored glens of her bedroom at The Torrents; "I'm going to show that chef how to make mayonnaise."

A few moments later Hawkins brought her the ingredients. Together with Parrins and myself, he stood by then and watched her defy every tradition concerning the construction of mayonnaise. First, she slammed down her foundation; and then, instead of those laborious and stuttering drops of oil with which we generally coax into being the reluctant dressing, she poured in a cupful at a time.

Parrins almost made a gesture of entreaty. I gasped aloud. Even Popocatepetl gave a neurasthenic little bark.

"It's all right," said Mrs. Cuttle, boldly stirring in those potations of oil. "You'll see."

With anybody else that dish would have been a failure; but sometime later there emerged from Mrs. Cuttle's hands a bowl of mayonnaise as stiff as a schoolgirl. Mrs. Cuttle had fairly believed that mayonnaise into being.

"There!" said she with a magnificent gesture. "Take that to Giles and tell him if he wants to know anything more about cooking he should come in and let me show him."

Mrs. Cuttle was a good hundred-centimeter housekeeper. Though the servants in a great household are so well trained that they go automatically, Mrs. Cuttle went round to inspect the house about every two weeks. Of her approach I would always give due warning.

"Put on your clean apron and cap, Giles," I would command. "Mrs. Cuttle is looking in on you to-day."

Too Homely for Mrs. Cuttle

Nor was this inspection by any means a perfunctory one. From her ancestors Mrs. Cuttle had inherited an indomitable cleanliness. Everything about her had to be spick-and-span, and she could have detected a cobweb from an aëroplane. More than this, she wanted everybody in her house to be good to look at.

Once, for instance, in making her dreaded round of the house, she caught sight of one of the laundresses.

"Heavens, she's homely!" she said to me fiercely. "Discharge her at once."

I tried to present to her the fact that a strong arm is worth more to a linen shirt than a sculptured nose; but all in vain. Her standards of beauty never drooped before any foe of reason.

Laundresses, however, were not by any means maintained for their profiles. Consider the problems that had to be met by this branch of the domestic service. From the hundred tablecloths of our great linen closets we took a change of napery for each meal. For the servants' dining room we required a change every other day. And every sun brought clean sheets for all the beds. Add to these hundreds of napkins and those dozens of sheets and tablecloths the personal laundry of family and of servants, and you will understand why two laundresses worked every day of the week and why each of our establishments incorporated great rooms for washing, drying and ironing the clothes.

There were two washdays a week in the household—Monday and Saturday. Then, while the first laundress dedicated herself to the family clothes, the second laundress took in hand the cleanliness of the servants. Upon this second laundress falls, indeed, much of the heavy work done in this department; for it is she who comes to the laundries every morning before breakfast and starts the fires. She, the useful man and the useful maid were the most poorly paid members of the household. They seldom came in for any of the gratuities lavished upon the other servants, and the women received only twenty-five dollars a month each for their services.

It is a proverb, of course, that the servants of the great must be waited upon by other servants. Trace back the stream of Cuttle pomp, with its eddies of liveried footmen, to its source in the ground, and you found the chef's assistant, the useful maid and the useful man. The chef's assistant did all the cooking for the servants. The useful maid waited on them at table, made their beds and cleaned all their rooms. The useful man made himself generally useful to the butler and his lordly footmen.

If ever, indeed, a man lived up to his title this forty-five-dollar useful man of the Cuttle establishment lived up to his. Before the dew had dried on that rosebud born to blush seen on Tommy Ogle's breakfast tray, this humble servitor had vaulted from his bed and was cleaning the front premises. Every morning he scrubbed the verandas and every piece of furniture thereon. When this work was over he did a little valeting for the servants. Then he cleaned the dining room. Afterward he and the third footman washed that huge flotilla of dishes put out by each meal—except, of course, at one of Mrs. Cuttle's big luncheons or dinners, when the caterer brought a squad of dishwashers. In addition, he handled all the baggage of the guests and family. For this last service he was seldom, if ever, tipped; and once I heard him voice proper indignation at the uneven distribution of the world's gratuities.

"These people seem to think a trunk is a kind of natural talent of mine—like a helephant," said he, steaming under the weight of Mr. Skiley Lark's voluble wardrobe. "Wonder how often I've carried this yere little box round with me, and not a cent for it!"

The servants' meals were served in the following order: Breakfast at seven, luncheon at twelve and dinner at six. Between these meals interposed tea. At ten o'clock in the morning and at three in the afternoon every Harriet and James swoons for tea, like a member of Parliament; and at such stated hours you saw every servant in the Cuttle house trooping down to the below-stairs dining room to exchange the latest news of high society over a cup of this dynamic beverage.

Need it be said that the etiquette below stairs is shaded as carefully as that of Mrs. Cuttle's own circle? Fancy, for instance, the blight upon the lady's maid's whole career if she were ever asked to sit down at a table with the laundresses or the grooms or the useful man! And could Mrs. Archibald Humwasp, seated at the table by the pantry door for one of Mrs. Cuttle's big dinners, possibly experience a more racking pang than that which would have shot through one of the two head footmen if he had ever been called upon to sit beside his inferior brother, the third footman? The hierarchy of rank is here well defined. No Mede or Persian can ever disturb the tremendous tradition that at the first table of the dining room below stairs there must go none other than the butler, the two head footmen, the lady's maid, the parlor maid, the chauffeurs and the valet.

The Pangs of Corned Beef

The scene of this submarine snobbery was only a little more elaborate than that in which the King of Greece and some of the simpler European monarchs take their daily repasts.

Every day the table was set with the flowers bequeathed from the master's table of the day before; its dishes were dainty ones of blue china, and every other day saw a change of napery.

Henry and Hawkins and Parrins and Elise did not come in for the high-strung Gallic dishes served upstairs. Nevertheless, their food was extremely good and well cooked. Each morning brought, as regularly as even a British sun can deliver them, ham, bacon and eggs, marmalade and tea. Every Sunday the English rite of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding was administered. The only scar upon the feelings of everybody was the corned beef and cabbage which Mrs. Cuttle insisted upon serving once a week both upstairs and downstairs, and which represented to her one of the few vacations from the feverish sauces of the French chef.

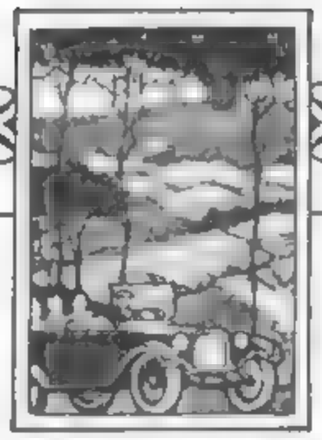
Observe the difference in attitude; while upstairs Mrs. Cuttle was smacking her lips over the luxury of cabbage, downstairs Mrs. Cuttle's servants were all grumbling over its hardships!

"Well," said Hawkins moodily as one day he sat down before the base, lowborn dish, "I see we're up against it again."

"Yes," said Henry, his brother footman, jabbing a contemptuous fork into the portion allotted him. "If it wasn't that I was hungry as a goat I wouldn't touch the bloomin' stuff; and I don't know which is worse—the pangs of hunger or the pangs of corn beef and cabbage—eh, Parrins?"

At this moment the French maid, rather belated, entered the room and, at sight of

(Concluded on Page 42



A Circle That Never Stops Growing

It is astonishing how quickly people get to know about a car, and especially about the men who build it.

People are not buying Dodge Brothers Motor Car simply because they want a car of some sort, or any sort.

They are buying it because they want the precise and particular kind of a car which Dodge Brothers build.

All over the country they seem to have a shrewd and accurate idea of exactly the kind of manufacturers Dodge Brothers are.

They seem to know that Dodge Brothers idea, from the very first, was that if they built the car right—nothing else mattered much.

People generally know all about the car—or nearly all—before they call on a Dodge Brothers dealer.

They know it either from their own experience, or from what they have seen or been told of other people's experience.

They pick out the very points for which it is noted everywhere—points which have not been emphasized especially in advertising.

They know *why* they want the car—and they are more eager for it today all over the country than they have been at any other period in its history.

The production has always been too small to come anywhere near satisfying the demand.

It is at this moment, and it probably will be for years to come, no matter how much it may be increased.

The explanation is ridiculously simple.

The car has never bred anything but good will.

Every time one of these cars goes into a home it becomes an intimate part of the family life of that home.

It gets nothing but good words and good will.

The result is that that particular home becomes a little circle of good will revolving around Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

The circle spreads out finally, and takes in a near-by neighbor.

That neighbor's home, in turn, begins to radiate good will toward Dodge Brothers and their car, and the circle keeps on growing.

In that way it has grown wider and wider, till it takes in the entire country.

There is always a desire for the car waiting to be satisfied, as fast as the dealer gets in a supply.

That's why sales of more than sixty-three million dollars in a year and a half have fallen far short of satisfying the demand.

The car has qualities peculiar to itself.

People have found this out in their own way.

It has made good with them, and they have given it their good will.

That is why the good will circle goes on growing greater and greater.

Dodge Brothers know this.

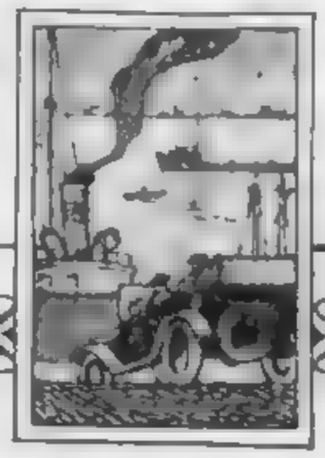
They know it is the biggest and best asset in their business.

And, knowing it, they will of course keep on making the car better and better.

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

The gasoline consumption is unusually low.

The tire mileage is unusually high.



The price of the Touring Car or Roadster, complete, is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

Have you come down to

MIDDLE AGE OR BEYOND

without discovering the one thing you are best fitted to do?

Or have you found out too late?

Most of us have at least one talent.

A few learn early what that talent is and how to apply it. The few achieve success.

The rest fall short.

Not far short, many of us, but still below our highest possibility of achievement.

And all because we didn't get started right at the right time.

* * *

You have a boy.

You want *him* to start right.

Six months of our vocational training, under your supervision, should show you wherein his ability lies. No interference with other duties.

Write us today.

He'll be a day older tomorrow.

Vocational Department
Box 504
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

(Concluded from Page 40)

the general affliction, tossed her head like a dainty lap dog.

"I take ze bread and booter!" said she firmly.

The second table of the below-stairs dining room was occupied by the third footman, the chambermaids, the grooms, the laundresses, the useful maid and the useful man. As for the chef, he and his assistant, the pastry cook, had their meals at a table in the kitchen. Their time for this localized enjoyment was, however, very limited; and Parrins used to remark that Giles always sat on a griddle for fear he would overstay his time.

The range of pleasures of the Subway set is by no means limited. Their sitting room below stairs, where they used to gather in the evenings after their work, was gay with red carpet, with chintz curtains and with magazines. Here they played cards and talked over the affairs of the day, and here they indulged in more literature than most of the people whom they served ever took time for. Every servant was permitted to borrow one volume a week from the upstairs library; and I, as librarian, had a chance to observe the amazing range of their interest.

"I think I'll take a Victor 'Ugo this evening," remarked to me one evening the moralist, Hawkins. "'E's a great old boy, 'e is. Kind of tikes you out of yourself, madam." And he went off with The Man Who Laughs.

Particularly vivid was their interest in any book that visualized Mrs. Cuttle's own set. One very famous novel of American life, which was said to have had some of its chapters set in the gorgeous living room of The Torrents, was thumbed almost to extinction by the eager fingers downstairs. And Mrs. Armington Squibbs and Mrs. Norman Digly and Tommy Ogle themselves were not more successful in identifying the characters of this novel than were Parrins and Hawkins.

The members of the below-stairs set were very sensitive to any sally upon their peculiarities. A book of essays written by one of Mrs. Cuttle's friends well illustrates this point. The book in question contained a little description of the departure of a guest from a fashionable household, which read somewhat as follows: "When it comes time for you to take your leave from that little house party of Mrs. Dives, the servants somehow manage to get to the front hall before you. Those liveried cakes of ice, who stand before the bleak and whistling winds of the front door, are waiting for you. The butler is waiting for you. And no ring of the bell, no bronchial affection of the telephone, near by, could possibly budge one of them away from the expectation of that warm Gulf Stream of currency that is expected to flow from your pocket to theirs."

Hot Cakes of Ice

We tried to keep this bit of literature away from the servants, but it was impossible. They read it and they resented it; and the next time the author of the unfortunate paragraph came to The Torrents he was made to feel in a dozen different ways the mistake he had made in his choice of a subject.

"Cakes of hice, are we?" whispered Hawkins, who knew his Harriet Beecher Stowe as well as he knew his Victor Hugo, to the brother footman guarding the door at the time of the author's next visit. "Well Eliza won't get across on 'em this time. If 'is neckties and suits get more than the wink of an iron from me, my nime's not 'Awkins."

Much has been said about the tips given to the servants in a great establishment, but not nearly so much has been said as has been given. The meteoric young gentleman who flashed through a visit with that one brilliant dollar is, in fact, a very rare instance. Most of our other guests were neither so lucky nor so daring; and it's safe to say that both the butler and the chef collected forty or fifty dollars every time one of those gloomy house parties assembled under our roof. The amount generally given by a man guest was five dollars to the butler, five to the chef and one dollar to each footman. Some people there were, however, who far outreached these limits. When, for instance, Mr. and Mrs. George Silver crossed our threshold, it cost them almost as much as to cross the continent, for they invariably paid twenty dollars to the butler, twenty to the chef, twenty to the chambermaid, and five dollars to each footman.

As I have already indicated by quotations from the butler's pantry, the Silvers were always awaited in a spirit of deep appreciation. So, too, was a gentleman without a valet, for in this case Parrins assigned one of the footmen to valet the bereft gentleman. As a rule, the recompense for this service was anything from one dollar to five, but sometimes the market took an upward swing. Monteith Robbins, for example, once paid the record sum of twenty dollars to the footman who had nursed his twenty new London suits through a severe attack of house party.

It must not be thought that the Subway set draws exclusively upon the upper set for interest and amusement. Breaking away from the spectral domain where the gowns of Mrs. Norman Digly and the actions of Mrs. Cuttle supplied the only conversational banquet, the servants often broke out into a party of their own. One year, for instance, the Cuttle servants gave a fancy-dress ball in the coach house of The Torrents, to which were invited the servants of the neighboring country houses. The costumes were all rented in town and each represented a handsome gratuity.

Opening and Closing Ceremonies

I have not yet mentioned the detail of opening and closing the various houses; yet this required the employment of a vast domestic mechanism, and we never either entered or departed from the New York mansion without a cost of two hundred and fifty dollars. When May took Mrs. Cuttle away from New York to the country, an upholsterer came in and took away all the carpets and rugs. The fur rugs were placed with a furrier and the draperies throughout the house were cleaned and put away on poles in closets on the top floor. Every ornament in the house was cleaned by the maids and relegated to these same closets. Furniture was brushed, sown with bags of camphor, and covered with linen. And until such time as Newport demanded its presence the bulk of the silver was deposited in chests with the most famous jeweler of the city. All except the lower part of the house was then boarded up and left in the care of a cook and laundress.

When we returned to town in December the servants went before us and attended to the opening up of the house. As for The Torrents, it was kept open all the year in the hands of a butler and cook who, when the household again took possession, were reduced respectively to the positions of footman and maid.

Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle usually spent about twenty thousand dollars a year on her clothes, a sum that did not come out of the ten thousand dollars a month which she devoted to her household expenses. Now, as the flowering dogwood stretched about her on every side and the leaves of the fine old trees trembled in the sunlight, Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle was making her own response to the spring. She was assembling the clothes for her Newport campaign. These included from twelve to fourteen new evening gowns, eight or ten afternoon ones, about six tailored suits, several dozen new hats, and numbers of matching shoes, stockings and parasols.

Such a wardrobe as this needed careful nursing, and Elise, Mrs. Cuttle's maid, spent little time away from her charge. At night when Mrs. Cuttle came back from ball or rout, Elise was waiting in her own little bedroom for the bell that should summon her to the fray. After assisting her mistress to undress, she gathered up frock, wrap and slippers, and took them to a cleaning room especially designed for this repair work.

In the morning, just a little before half past seven, she came to Mrs. Cuttle's room and opened it up. Then she received the breakfast tray from the hands of the butler.

While Mrs. Cuttle was eating her breakfast Elise laid out her clothes for the day. Then she took the discarded tray to the hall. Then, while Mrs. Cuttle was divided between my hands and those of the masseuse and the hairdresser, the maid flew back to the repair room. When she returned she assisted Mrs. Cuttle to make her morning toilet and laid out the suit for the day. This suit was never by any chance introduced until the last moment a speck of dust might have settled, perhaps, on its immaculate folds. Never, indeed did any hospital have a more aseptic atmosphere than the dressing room of Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle. The moment she took off any garment there was an ambulance call for its removal. The very idea that there were people so sunk in nature as to wear a suit twice without being cleaned and pressed never once occurred to her.

All this spring, while we waited for the chrysalis of Newport, Mrs. Cuttle never renounced her claim on the house party. We had them all through May and June; and, though the general exodus to Europe rendered the pursuit of game even more fatiguing than usual, in the end our hardy pioneer constitutions won, and we rounded up a few guests. During these parties I made the discovery that the people in Mrs. Cuttle's set are the most hard up in the world.

One evening, when I had been thrown into the jaws of a house party, Tommy Ogle strolled over to where Mrs. Cuttle and I were talking together. His evening suit had a pensive air and his fat face steamed in gloom.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" asked Mrs. Cuttle. "You're getting to be an awful bore. You haven't put a funny word in the slot since you've been here."

Tommy sat down in a dejected heap.

"Oh, bills, bills, bills!" he moaned. "Nothing but bills! And I've been having such a row with Tillie. She wouldn't give me one cent over my allowance. And there's nothing I don't owe."

Mrs. Cuttle looked at him sternly.

"Why don't you get to work, anyway?" asked she.

Tommy looked dazed.

"Work!" he echoed weakly. "What work can I do? I never was brought up to do anything. What shall I get at?" Then suddenly something happened to him. Looking over to the corner where his wife sat, he cried out, with a quick, sharp catch in his voice: "Tillie, get up this minute! You're just ruining those sequins by sitting on them."

To see a dress used roughly was a great emotional crisis in Tommy's life. His tender nature blazed out fiercely at the thought.

The next day it was raining and everybody sat round looking like children who have the mumps on Christmas Day.

"I believe the devils think I got it to rain!" said Mrs. Cuttle. "What shall I do with them?"

Then, looking through the window, she caught sight of three figures standing in the dripping downpour. They were her husband, Miss Veronica Grey and Mr. Stephen Faircope.

The Pursuit of Miss Veronica

"Well, would you look at that!" she gasped. "He's showing those trees off again, telling those people all their pet names and Latin names and fool names—as though anybody cared what a tree was called!"

I was moving away, but she called me back.

"By the way, Pemberton," said she, "we won't dare to have that young Faircope down here again."

"Why?" asked I despairingly.

There was little altruistic sentiment about me, I admit. I merely felt keenly the removal of any one alternate in my list of bachelor victims for house parties.

"Well, Mamie Grey is in an awful stew about things. She says he's been trailing round after Veronica ever since you made that mistake in inviting him to that dinner. She says he's simply crazy about her, and she's afraid Veronica is about him."

"But what of it?"

"What of it?" cried Mrs. Cuttle. "Ten thousand a year, and no family!"

The leave-taking of that house party is stamped on my mind because it illustrates so well a widely divergent sense of values. As I went from my sitting room to the reception hall that morning I came suddenly upon the figures of Miss Veronica Grey and Mr. Stephen Faircope. The man was looking into those gray eyes as though bidding them an eternal farewell. And, taking advantage of this absorption, Mr. Eustace Staringarter, one of the notoriously poor young bachelors of society, was stocking his pockets with cigars and cigarettes from the silver boxes that stood under the dogwood blossoms on the marble table.

Mr. Eustace Staringarter, like so many of his set, saw no sense in farewells to other people's tobacco.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles giving the story of a Social Secretary. The fourth will appear in an early number.

PERFECTION SPRINGS

ON January 22d, 1916, in *The Saturday Evening Post*, we advertised the fact that Perfection Springs were the best and highest-priced springs made.

We beg to announce that in spite of a stiff advance in price, due to higher cost of material and labor, since the date mentioned above, the following concerns have either entered into new contracts or renewed their old contracts, thereby indicating their loyalty to quality rather than price.

Loyal to Quality

The Ahrens-Fox Fire Engine Co.
Apperson Bros. Automobile Co.
The Baker R. & L. Co.
Cadillac Motor Car Company
Chase Motor Truck Co.
The Gramm Motor Truck Co.
The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co.
The H. A. Lozier Co.
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company
Premier Motor Corporation
Selden Motor Vehicle Co.
The White Company
The Willys-Overland Company

The Perfection Spring Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Better Coffee from the Same Can

Take any kind of coffee and prepare it the best way you know how.

Then, with coffee from the same can, turn the job over to a Westinghouse Percolator.

You don't need to be an expert judge to decide which is the better method.

With a Westinghouse Percolator there's no boiling of the coffee, no possibility of a muddy mixture of water and grounds. The water alone boils, extracting the full flavor of the coffee by freely circulating through it.

It's quick coffee, too, and economical, for in a Westinghouse Percolator the heat is applied inside, not on the bottom.

Put the percolator beside your plate, turn on the current and insert the plug. In a few seconds you'll hear the water bubbling, and in a few minutes the coffee will be ready to serve

No bending over a stove or fussing with an alcohol lamp. No flame, no odor, no danger.

The Westinghouse way is clean, cool and convenient, and a Westinghouse Percolator is an ornament to any table. There are a number of styles and sizes

Westinghouse Cooking Appliances are sold by lighting companies, electrical dealers, department and hardware stores.

More Summer Pleasure,
Less Summer Toil with Electricity

Millions of people are making their work lighter and their homes cooler with Westinghouse Fans, Irons, Ranges, Toaster Stoves, Percolators and other electric appliances, while Westinghouse Small Motors provide a better, quicker and easier way to operate sewing machines, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, ice cream freezers etc. Write for literature 4312-A and learn how to make electricity your servant.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

THE LATE LAMENTED

(Continued from Page 7)

the Paul who planted, and that whatever Apollos-watering were given to it in the interregnum could not have been of any avail if the seed had not been in the ground.

La Follette and some other Insurgents, who had been hoeing their own row for years and harvesting good crops of progress and garnering them into the barns of the Revised Statutes, have always insisted that Insurgency, now coming to be called Progressivism, flourished during The Colonel's absence because he was gone, and could no longer smear the issues by his carefully polarized speeches and writings, each with a Progressive North Pole and a standpat South Pole, between which the needle vibrated confusingly.

The historian will probably say—and we are in this article historians *pro hac vice*—that one William Howard Taft was, more than anyone else, responsible for the fever of insurgency which was burning in the nation's veins when Colonel Roosevelt returned from Africa. Gifford Pinchot, who is to be credited with bestowing on Roosevelt the opportunity of adopting that conservation policy which more than any one thing, I believe, will give The Colonel his place as a great American statesman, had been kicked out of the Forest Service by Taft—which was a splendid thing for Pinchot. By his broad and intelligent conservation policy, Roosevelt had grappled Pinchot to him with hooks of steel. Pinchot and his group, since Roosevelt's departure, had become closely identified with the Insurgent group in Congress.

There had been fine fighting all along the line during the clumsy Administration of Taft: The Ballinger business; Taft's patronage fight on the Insurgents; the entente between Taft and Cannon, to whom during the campaign he had referred as the Old Man of the Sea of the Republican Party, but whose reëlection to the Speakership was accomplished with Taft's active assistance; the Aldrich-Payne Tariff Bill, and the controversy as to whether "revision" meant "downward revision" or not; and generally the painful list of Taftian measures, by which he carefully headed his craft for the rocks and finally beached her—all these had furnished splendid training for the Insurgent rookies, who had already been whipped into shape as grim and seasoned fighters.

In the Senate, Dolliver, Bristow, Cummins and La Follette appear to me to have been the men who bore the brunt of the fighting; while in the House the Wisconsin group, in which Lenroot was most prominent, with Elbert H. Hubbard, of Iowa, and a rather brief list of others constituted the whole-cloth yard-wide Insurgents, with whom there worked and voted a goodly number of short-sport reformers, who went in when it rained, but in fair weather gave a good deal of aid and comfort to the troops of Insurgency, and were themselves learning and developing.

The Woods Full of Progressives

Back in the states the woods were full of Progressives. It was to some a portent of evil, to others a herald of hope; but most thinking men believed that this nation was entering upon an era of reform that would not fully work itself out in less than a quarter of a century. The Insurgents felt the strands of history in their fingers; they felt that they were writing on the imperishable tablets of time. Altogether, it was a very happy time for the disturbers. They were a united group. They walked the halls of the Capitol, without patronage, blacklisted, outcast, so far as the Administration of their own party was concerned, but scenting victory in the air.

Pinchot wrote a letter to The Colonel, to reach him as he emerged from the African wilds. So far as I know this letter has not been published; but it is pretty certain that it was a fairly complete exposure of the derelictions of the Taft Administration, and an appeal to Roosevelt to take his stand with the Progressive group when he got home. Not satisfied with sending the letter, Pinchot went to meet The Colonel as he came out. So did a lot of others—many newspaper men. Progressivism was the big thing in American politics, and Roosevelt's attitude was then felt to be a crucial thing in our political history.

Compassed about by this cloud of witnesses, The Colonel very wisely refused to testify. He had been off the North American map for considerably more than a year; and he needed a closer view of the changed conditions before saying much. He told the Egyptian Government some very interesting things about itself; but having visited the Sphinx he liked its policy and adopted it. Any good politician would have done the same; for things had moved with dizzying rapidity toward the making and marring of the Progressive Party in those fifteen months.

For one fateful thing, Robert M. La Follette had become the recognized leader of the Insurgent forces within the Republican Party. He had never hit it off very well with Roosevelt and Roosevelt had never cared much for him. It was, therefore, rather disturbing for The Colonel to find that during his absence the really significant leadership of the fighting forces in his party had passed to the pompadoured radical from Wisconsin. If the Progressive group had consisted of La Follette's old crowd only, the matter would have been simpler; but he found La Follette reënforced by such men as Clapp, Dolliver, Bourne, Norris, Cummins, Kent, Bristow, Rudolph Spreckels, Charles R. Crane, Gifford and Amos Pinchot, James R. Garfield, and many others. A goodly sprinkling of these had been of the inner group of the Roosevelt circle.

Roosevelt's Return

Undoubtedly, being a statesman as well as a politician, when Roosevelt, at the age of forty-eight, retired from the presidency, he did so with what the lawyers call the *animus revertendi*—that is, while in the White House he had developed the homing instinct. It is a nice house in which to live. The Colonel liked it. He could serve the country there, he felt, better than anywhere else. It is entirely creditable to him to say that he wanted to go back; and one may make the guess that this year, 1916, then appeared to him as the psychological moment for the homing instinct to effectuate itself. It could not have been other than disquieting to The Colonel, therefore, to find on his return from Africa that the Taft Administration was in a state of collapse which was nothing less than astounding; that La Follette was welding about himself a solid ring of support as the man to carry the ball in the 1912 scrimmage against the Old Guard; and to foresee that, as a result of that scrimmage, if Taft was nominated, as he seemed sure to be, and defeated at the polls, the same La Follette would be a powerful bidder for the nomination in 1916, which would be the logical date for the Republican Party's return to power.

Anyone could see how things were in danger of falling out—and trust The Colonel always to see into the political grindstone as far as anyone else does, be the seer who he may!

La Follette saw, too. While Roosevelt was in Egypt, with half the big writers of newspaper politics racing to get his first interview, La Follette told members of his group that, in his opinion, the best thing that could happen to the Progressive movement would be for Roosevelt to stay where he then was—in Africa. Roosevelt, he said, was not really a Progressive, and never had been. He liked to play with Progressive ideas, La Follette said, and especially he liked to talk about them; but he always compromised, and never offended very deeply the interests, which La Follette conceived it to be the mission of the Progressive movement to fight.

"The day Roosevelt lands in America," said La Follette, "the first great crisis in our movement will be upon us. He may at once thrust himself forward as the leader of a movement that for seven years, as President of the United States, by the power of his office he tried to destroy. He will bring disunion into our now united ranks. He will obscure the issues. Just to the extent to which he becomes prominent in our movement it will become hazy as to principles and noisy as to persons. He has never liked the men of our group. For some reason he has always tried to stamp out any fire of insurgency he did not himself kindle, and to balk any movement in the party against the Old Guard except such as, for his own purposes, he himself made or caused to be made.

BUFFALO 450 Rooms 450 Baths
DETROIT 1000 Rooms 1000 Baths
CLEVELAND 1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

The Notables—and You

People of national importance are pretty sure to get good hotel service anywhere. They are recognized as important, and everybody is alert to serve them and minister to their comfort.

What Hotels Statler specialize in is providing that same alert, interested, gracious service to *every* guest—however much or little he spends.

That doesn't mean a lower standard of service for the notable; it means a higher standard (which we call *Hotels Statler Service*) for the unrecognized man. For we know that his good-will is just as important to us; there are so many of him.

Every—*every*—Hotel Statler room has private bath; outside light and air; circulating ice-water; writing desk with plenty of stationery, etc.; local and long-distance telephones; pin-cushion, with needles, thread, buttons, etc.; candle for a low night-light, and numerous other unusual conveniences. Morning paper delivered free to every guest-room.

HOTELS STATLER
BUFFALO—CLEVELAND—DETROIT

Hotel Statler, St. Louis, 650 rooms, 650 baths, now building; to be opened in Fall, 1917.

Rates from $1.50 Per Day

HERZ SPARK PLUG
The famous Bougie Mercedes of Europe
HERZ & CO 245 W 55th St. New York City

Winston Exposure Finder
"assures better photos"
A WINSTON will eliminate all exposure failures. For any subject, inside or out [illegible]
WINSTON MFG. CO., CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Was there anything left over last month after you had paid all household and current bills?

Was there, for example, anything left for a summer trip?

If not, and if you desire that this month it shall be different, sell us some of your spare time. We'll buy it.

Box 509, Agency Division THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Philadelphia, Penna.

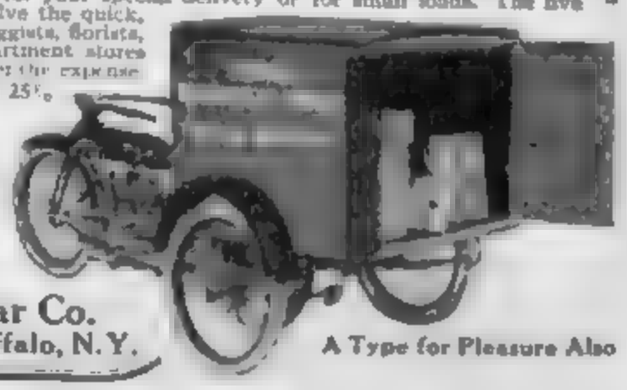
Deliver Up To 500 lbs.—Low Cost—Quick

You cannot afford to use horses, bicycles or autos for your special delivery or for small loads. The five standard types of CYGNET DELIVERY VANS solve the quick, fast delivery problem. Grocers, butchers, bakers, druggists, florists, clothiers, milliners, tobacconists and dry goods department stores operate them in regular and special service for one-quarter the expense. One motorcycle—with the CYGNET will save from 25% to 50% on your delivery costs.

Write Us For Full Particulars

CYGNET REAR CAR

Cygnet Rear Car Co.
Dept. S, Buffalo, N.Y.



A Type for Pleasure Also

H.A.L. TWELVE

The H.A.L. Twelve

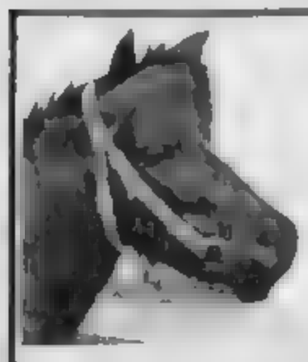
THE long wheelbase of the "H. A. L. TWELVE", 135 inches, not only makes possible the beauty of the body-design, but has achieved that spacious roominess and comfort for each of the seven passengers.

Scientific design, accurate weight distribution and infinite care in workmanship have succeeded in making the "H. A. L. TWELVE" a light car as well as a long, roomy car. That same soundness of design and building has given the car its vast structural strength and stability on the roughest of roads.

This great power of the valve-in-head, twelve-cylinder motor, combined with the car's light weight, has made the "H. A. L. TWELVE" remarkable not only for its liveliness, but also for its economy in fuel and tire costs.

Twelve Cylinders, Seven Passenger Touring Car
Price $2100 f. o. b. Cleveland
Roadster $2100 f. o. b. Cleveland
Wheelbase 135 inches

The H. A. Lozier Company
Cleveland, Ohio



Your Shetland Pony

is waiting at the farm, Monmouth, Illinois.

Wouldn't you like to bring him in from the country, put him in your own yard, feed him and water him yourself and watch him go after the grass around the house?

You'd give him a rub-down with the currycomb and brush.

You'd hitch him up, drive downtown and make the other boys' eyes bulge out. Everyone would be looking at you and talking about your new pony.

With his cart and harness, your pony is valued at $250.00. The complete outfit will not cost you a penny. Twelve of them will be given to boys that sell *The Country Gentleman*.

Let us tell you more about it. Send us your name and address—write it plainly—just as you want it tagged on your pony when he comes.

Box 506, Sales Division, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

"Why does he wish to control every bit of rebellion against party bossism? Has he any sinister motive? I do not know; but I do know that such a policy is seldom pursued from any but selfish motives. The best thing we can expect is for him to stay with the Old Guard and fight us. If he joins our forces he will rule the Progressive movement or ruin it—and if he rules it he will ruin it."

With such mortar as this were the foundations laid for the edifice that has just fallen. Already, even in the astonishment with which Roosevelt's friends in the La Follette following heard these predictions, there existed the first stirrings of the catastrophe.

It seemed, though, for a long time that that adhesion to their movement, which Fighting Bob had termed its greatest danger, was to pass it by, owing to the apparent determination of Roosevelt to stick by the Old Guard. In a signed editorial in his magazine, written three months after his return from Africa, he asserted his belief that the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law was a better one than the last—"and considerably better than the one before the last." These were practically the same sentiments that drew down on President Taft the wrath of the Progressives when he uttered them in his celebrated Winona speech. It seemed to close the door to The Colonel's entry into the ranks of insurgency—very definitely.

This was not all, however, which was taken to indicate that the Roosevelt fulminate was not to be mixed with the picric acid of the Insurgents; for The Colonel plunged boldly into the politics of the state of New York; was absolutely in control of the state convention that met in Saratoga in the autumn of 1910; agreed to a platform in which the Taft Administration was lauded to the skies, and in which the Payne-Aldrich Law was declared to be a revision downward and, therefore, to be approved; nominated his personal and political friend, Henry L. Stimson, for governor—and was licked to a frazzle at the polls.

All these things seemed to mark the lowest declination of the Roosevelt star since he had come home from the Spanish War trailing clouds of glory, and appeared definitely to sever all relations with the men who were preparing to put up a candidate to challenge Taft's right to a renomination.

And yet the Roosevelt group in the Insurgent camp at Washington all the time insisted on two things: First, that T. R. would not be a candidate himself against Taft; and, second, that sooner or later he would be found lined up for the Insurgents' man against Taft. Who that man would be seemed now perfectly clear. La Follette, coming to the Senate as a rank outsider, had become the accepted leader of a block of votes. Reënforcements had come to him by the election of such men as Cummins, of Iowa, Bristow, of Kansas, Bourne, Junior, of Oregon, and other newcomers of a more or less Insurgent type, and the changing views and policies of men like Dolliver, of Iowa, and Clapp, of Minnesota. He left behind him in Wisconsin a great body of constructive laws, which were coming to be understood to be sane and sound.

Pressure on La Follette

As the time drew nearer and nearer when the selection of a candidate for the Progressives must be made, pressure was brought on La Follette by all the group, and by Progressives all through the country, to make the fight. Roosevelt was out of it. In his opinion, which he communicated through his friends to the La Follette circle, there were two reasons why he could not be a candidate: First, in his opinion it was an absurdity to believe that anyone could defeat Taft for the nomination. Taft and the Old Guard were impregnably intrenched. They had the whole power of the Federal Administration with which to sway the convention. It is apparent that, having used this power himself once or twice, T. R. was convinced that it was an unconquerable power.

Second, in his opinion 1912 was to be a Democratic year. He, T. R., could not afford to run and be defeated, either in the convention or at the polls, as it would spoil his place in history.

It would be better to have Taft renominated and allowed to take his beating at the polls—then, hey for nineteen-sixteen! Thus spake the Oyster Bay Zarathushtra in 1910 and during the best part of 1911. At least that is the way he spoke out of the Insurgent corner of his mouth, via grapevine telephone, to the fellows at Washington. Out of the editorial and platform corner he spoke even as did Taft himself allowances being made for differences in temperament. The Colonel was keeping regular, as any sensible politician would have done who wished to land the 1916 prize after Taft got his beating in November, 1912.

The Progressive Party was preceded as an organization by a league formed in Washington in January, 1911, called the Progressive Republican League. This, I believe, was the first official use of the word Progressive in this movement. Jonathan Bourne was its president, Frederic C. Howe its secretary, and Charles R. Crane its treasurer.

Its proclaimed object was to "promote popular government and progressive legislation"; and thereunder it fulminated at the control of the political machinery of parties and the Government by special interests; demanded the revision of the tariff in the interest of the producer and consumer; asked for statutes, "based on sound economic principles," dealing with trusts and combinations; wise, comprehensive and impartial reconstruction of banking and monetary laws; the conservation of coal, oil, gas, timber, water powers, and other natural resources; the election of United States senators by vote of the people; direct primaries; presidential primaries; direct legislation and the recall; and "a thoroughgoing corrupt-practices act."

The Swing Round the Circle

The fact that Roosevelt shyly declined to join this league, and thus identify himself publicly with the anti-Taft movement, did not prevent his friends who did join from believing that he would be with them at the finish. Whether he was or not depends on the definition of the finish.

When did T. R. begin to think that Taft might be beaten for the Republican nomination? Nobody can say, of course; but in the spring of 1911 he did something which had much to do with the life and death of the Progressive Party: he took a swing round the circle, making addresses, and found out two things—that the Taft cause was in a dreadful state of collapse, a much worse state than he had been able to realize from his coign of disadvantage in New York; and that his own popularity was still unimpaired.

Upon the heels of his return to Oyster Bay came the message from him to La Follette that in his opinion, as affected by his Western trip, there should be a fight made against Taft for the nomination, and that La Follette was the man to make it. He had been to Madison on his trip and had spoken publicly for the first time in his life, I believe, in praise of La Follette's work in Wisconsin. He could not openly oppose Taft, because he had made him; nor could he openly support La Follette; but he could, perhaps, help by speaking and writing kind things about him as a statesman. Even if Taft could not be beaten, said he, the campaign would not weaken La Follette.

Now there were two men of whom La Follette was afraid Roosevelt and Cummins—both of whom he felt sure were greatly desirous of the presidency. He feared that, if he went out and made a fight for the Republican nomination against Taft, Cummins might come out as a candidate and divide his strength; or that T. R., with his great popularity, might at the last moment, having allowed the chestnuts to be roasted in the fire of Insurgency, use Fighting Bob's hands wherewith to rake them out of the grate for himself. Cummins, however, stated that such a thing as his own candidacy was out of the question, and urged La Follette to run. Roosevelt also encouraged him.

It looked unanimous. But Bob held off.

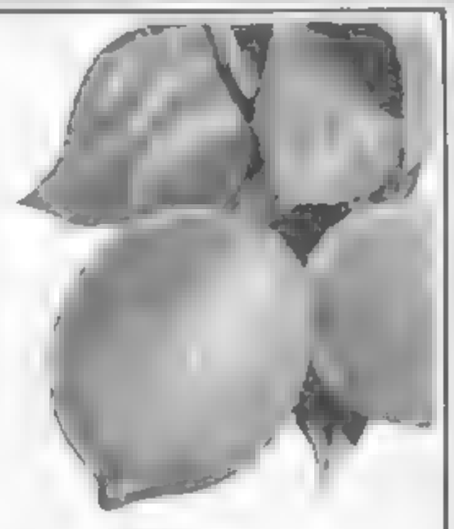
He wanted the presidency, I doubt not, as badly as anyone; but he was too old a bird to be caught with chaff. He had no money. Campaigns, no matter how honestly and economically conducted, cost money. If the fellows wanted him to do this thing they must find some way to finance it. And, moreover, La Follette took pains to impress upon every Rooseveltian in the group that, if he ran, he ran until the nomination was actually made at Chicago. He would not get into the field, try out his opponent's strength, make the pace for a heat or two, and then fall back into the ruck and let someone else win the race—if it could be won.

(Continued on Page 49)

Presenting Jiffy-Jell

An Extra-Grade Quick Gelatine Dessert
True Fruit-Juice Flavors—*in Vials*
We Shall Buy from Grocers and Give to Homes

A Million Packages Free



To Grocers—Prepare

A Million Coupons Are Coming

The owners of Jiffy-Jell have, for many years, produced a rare-grade gelatine. But they sold it to others to market in desserts.

They produce more of this fine grade than all others together. So our interests are wrapped up in it.

Now we want to insure that this premier gelatine be sold unmixed with others. We want true fruit-juice flavors in it instead of artificial. We want those flavors kept fresh until used.

We know this quick, fruity dessert will be ten times as popular when we once accomplish that. And our interests compel us to do it.

A Sanitary, Up-to-Date Factory

So we are building in Waukesha one of the finest food plants in America. Equipped with latest automatic machinery. We have brought with us as general manager Mr. Otis E. Glidden—for 17 years the leading expert in gelatine desserts.

We are packing our dessert-grade gelatine—and that alone—under the brand Jiffy-Jell. For every flavor we make an essence of the pure fruit juice.

These flavors are not mixed with the powder. Each comes in a separate vial, to keep fresh and true until used.

Jiffy-Jell, because of its quality, will dominate the gelatine desserts. Women are bound to demand it. One comparison will forever banish lower grades. We have the men and the money, the product and skill to bring this about very quickly.

3,150,000 Coupons

Lord & Thomas will advertise Jiffy-Jell. Claude C. Hopkins of that advertising agency will write the advertisements. They are one of the largest and most successful advertisers of food products in the world.

To get immediate, nation-wide introduction we are printing 3,150,000 coupons in page ads. in Women's Magazines. See details in next column.

Each coupon is good at your store for a full-size package of Jiffy-Jell. We will pay you for redeemed coupons 12½ cents each—your full retail price.

These coupons begin coming early in August. A million of them will probably be presented. We urge you to prepare at once. Order one assorted case of Jiffy-Jell from your jobber. He has stock.

Jiffy-Jell

Your choice of
These Six Flavors

Raspberry
Strawberry
Cherry
Orange
Lemon
Lime

EACH A TRUE FRUIT ESSENCE IN VIALS

12½c Per Package

To Housewives

Watch Your Next Magazines

In Jiffy-Jell you are going to find the last word in gelatine desserts. And the superlative grade which you find in the first package will be found in every package—forever. It will never be mixed with low grades.

Now you can banish artificial flavors. Each Jiffy-Jell flavor will be a true fruit-juice essence. Each will come in a vial, enclosed in the package. Its strength, freshness and delicacy will be kept intact.

The flavor is added, fresh from the vial, when dessert has partly cooled. So there is no boiling water to kill it.

Your First Dessert Free

We are not going to ask you to buy Jiffy-Jell. We shall buy one package for you. Serve it at a dinner as our treat. Let your folks compare it with former gelatine desserts, and we'll accept their verdict.

Jiffy-Jell comes sweetened, ready for instant use. You can choose from six flavors, each a true fruit-juice essence. The flavor will come in a vial.

Present the Coupon

In the September issues of the Delineator, Designer and the Woman's Magazine appears a full-page advertisement with a coupon. It will also appear in the October Ladies' Home Journal.

With Real Fruit-Juice Flavor

Cut out one of those coupons, present it to your grocer, and he will give you a full-size package of Jiffy-Jell. It will serve at least eight dishes. The price will be charged to us.

For the sake of yourself, and the folks at your table, accept this delightful gift.

WAUKESHA PURE FOOD CO.
WAUKESHA, WIS.

Your friends can buy
anything you can give
them—
except your photograph.

There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 46)

Therefore, he made it clear to all the managers who were trying to manage him into the race that if they were for him when he started they must be for him to the end, bitter or sweet.

As a politician La Follette realized, as a matter of course, that if he went through as the sole candidate of the Progressives in 1912 no power—not even that of T. R.—could in all probability prevent him from becoming the nominee of a triumphant progressivism within the Republican Party in 1916, with every prospect of being elected.

He was playing his cards as cannily as The Colonel was playing his. They were both out after big game—the biggest the hunting of which has ever been vouchsafed to any man in a republic.

It may possibly be of interest to the average man to obtain this glimpse of the way the hunt was conducted. Reduced to its simplest terms, it differs very little from the hunt for the office of sheriff in almost any of the three thousand counties in these United States; but the object of the hunt was enormous—nothing less than the rulership of a hundred million people and the management of the destinies, to some degree, of the whole world.

When La Follette's terms had been met he consented to run, and not before. He had the assurance of Roosevelt's benevolent neutrality, but not of his active support. He had the pledges of all the other Progressives worth listing in his pact that they would stay with him to the end. He had money, either actually in the treasury of the organization or pledged, sufficient to make a campaign—and he went to it as very few campaigners in this country can do. He set the prairies afire in Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas.

He brought the fight to New York in astounding meetings in Carnegie Hall. By the end of 1911 there seemed to be an even chance that he would beat Taft out of the nomination, so completely had the President lost his hold on the people.

And now we come to a crisis. As La Follette's campaign went on, his friends, who were also Roosevelt's friends, began to exhibit signs of embarrassment. The La Follette viewpoint is that The Colonel crept nearer and nearer to a consent that his name should be used just as the evidence accumulated that Taft had no real strength west of the Mississippi River; and, as good judges of political situations were announcing it as their deliberate conviction that La Follette had a fair chance of getting the Republican nomination. It seemed certain that at least three hundred and fifty delegates from the West would come to the convention of 1912 opposed to Taft's nomination, and The Colonel told those who asserted this fact to him that in the face of such a condition Taft could not be nominated.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

(Continued from Page 5)

from field notes in a pocketbook a sketch map of the country he had traversed. At noon he ate a light meal of bread, plain rice with sugar, and a *balauri* of tea. Then for an hour he slept beneath the mosquito bar in his tent.

At this hour of fiercest sun the whole world slept with him. From the baked earth rose heat waves almost as tangible as gauze veils. Objects at a greater distance than a hundred yards took on strange distortions. The thorn trees shot up to a great height; animals stood on stilts; the tops of the hills were flattened, and from their summits often reached out into space long streamers. Sometimes these latter joined across wide intervals, creating an illusion of natural bridges or lofty, flat-topped cliffs with holes clear through them to the open sky beyond. All these things shimmered and flickered and wavered in the mirage of noon. Only the sun itself stared clear and unchanging.

At about two o'clock Kingozi awoke and raised his voice. Mali-ya-bwana, next in command after Cazi Moto and Simba, answered.

"Get the big gun," he was told, "and the water bottles."

Mali-ya-bwana was not a professed gun bearer, but he could load, and Kingozi believed him staunch.

Therefore, often, in the absence of Simba, the big Baganda had been pressed into this service.

The blasting heat was fiercest at this hour. The air was saturated with it just as water may hold a chemical in solution. Every little while a wave would beat against the cheek as though a furnace door had been opened. Nevertheless, Kingozi knew that this was also the hour when the sun's power begins to decline, when the vertical rays begin to give place. For it is not heat that kills, but the actinic power of rays unfiltered by a long slant through the earth's atmosphere.

The men tramped methodically along, paying little attention to their surroundings. Game dozed everywhere beneath the scanty shade, sometimes singly, sometimes in twos or threes, sometimes in herds. Motionless they stood; and often, were it not for the switch of a tail, they would have been passed unobserved. Even the sentinel hartebeestes, posted atop high ant hills on the outskirts of the herds, seemed half asleep. Nevertheless, they were awake enough for the job, as was evidenced when the two human figures came too near. Then a snort brought every creature to its feet, staring.

The objective of the men seemed to be a rise of land which the lessening mirage now permitted to appear as a small kopje, a solitary hill with rocky outcrops. Toward this they plodded methodically—Kingozi slouching ahead, Mali-ya-bwana close at his heels, very proud of his temporary promotion from the ranks. Suddenly he snapped his fingers. At the signal Kingozi stopped and looked back inquiringly over his shoulder.

Mali-ya-bwana was pointing cautiously to a low, red-clay ant hill immediately in their path and about thirty yards ahead. To the casual glance it looked no different from any of the hundreds of others of like size and color everywhere to be seen. Kingozi's glance, however, now narrowed to a smaller circle than the casual. It did not need Mali-ya-bwana's whispered "*faru*"—rhinoceros—to identify the mound.

Cautiously the two men began to back away. When they had receded some twenty yards, however, the huge beast leaped to its feet. The rapidity of its movements was extraordinary.

There intervened none of the slow and clumsy upheaval one would naturally expect from an animal of so massive a body and such short, thick legs. One moment it slumbered, the next it was afoot, warned by some slight sound or jar of the earth or—as some maintain—by a telepathic sense of danger.

Certainly, as far as they knew, neither Kingozi nor Mali-ya-bwana had disturbed a pebble or broken a twig.

The rhinoceros faced them, snorting loudly. The sound was exactly that of steam roaring from a locomotive's safety valve. Strangely enough, in spite of the massive structure and the loose, thick skin of the beast, it conveyed an impression of taut, nervous muscles. Though it faced directly toward them, the men knew that they were as yet unseen. The rhinoceros' eyesight is very short, or very circumscribed, or both; and only objects in motion and comparatively close enter its range of vision. Kingozi and his man held themselves rigidly immovable, waiting for what would happen.

The rhinoceros, too, held himself rigidly immovable, his nostrils dilating between snorts, his ears turning—for his senses of smell and hearing made up in their keenness for the defects of his eyes.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, he stuck his tail stiffly perpendicular and plunged forward at a clumsy-looking but exceedingly swift gallop. An inexperienced man would have considered himself the object of a deliberate "charge"; but an old African traveler, such as Kingozi, knew this for a blind rush in the direction toward which the animal happened to be headed. The rhinoceros, alarmed by the first intimation of danger, unable to get further news from its keener senses, had been seized by a panic. Were nothing to deflect him from the straight line he would continue ahead on it until the panic had run out.

But the two men were exactly in that line! Kingozi hitched his light rifle forward

What Does BLUEBIRD Signify?

It signifies *the best plays we can buy, produced by the players best fitted to portray the characters.* The best way to *hold* the public is to *please* the public. If we keep on pleasing the public, it will get into the habit of coming where our plays are shown. And the only way to please the public is to produce *good plays.* The question of the cast must be decided after we read the play and find out what kind of actors we need. The best way *not* to please the public is to buy the actor and make the *play* fit him.

If we produce nothing but *good* BLUEBIRD photo plays we are building a foundation that Time cannot destroy. On the contrary, Time will strengthen it. If every time you see a BLUEBIRD you find a *good* play *faithfully enacted*, you will follow the BLUEBIRD wherever it is. If your favorite theatre doesn't show it, *you'll find one that does.* In other words, the quality will make itself felt and the names of the actors won't matter. *So that stars may come and stars may go, but BLUEBIRD goes on forever.* If we were to consider the actor first and the play last, we wouldn't be meeting the public half way, because the primary requisite is *the good play.* The good play will always entertain; but if we tried to build plays around the star, we would be bound to have some poor plays and our reputation would suffer.

Therefore we are taking the *right road to success.* We are taking the *sure* road. We can't pin our faith to the actor, because the actor is migratory and uncertain. He can't play every part written and play it well. He is too human. Therefore if we follow rigidly the rule of buying the good play and casting it with people who fit the rôles best, we are giving the public the very thing it goes to the theatre to see and *we are making money permanently.* That is the real meaning of BLUEBIRD. It means to the photo play what the high class Standard Brand means in *any* commodity. It means sure and permanent quality. What more can the play-goer ask?

You can see these artistic BLUEBIRD Productions by simply asking the Manager of your favorite Theatre to show them. The Manager is keen to learn what his patrons want most; thus you confer a favor on him and gratify your own wishes at the same time. Ask for BLUEBIRD Photo Plays *TODAY.*

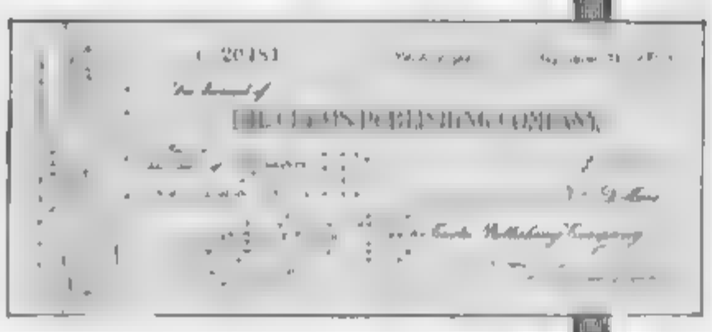
Current Bluebird Releases
"The Silent Battle"
"The Secret of the Swamp"

BLUEBIRD Photo Plays
"The Play's The Thing"
1600 Broadway, New York

"If it's a BLUEBIRD, it's got to be good"

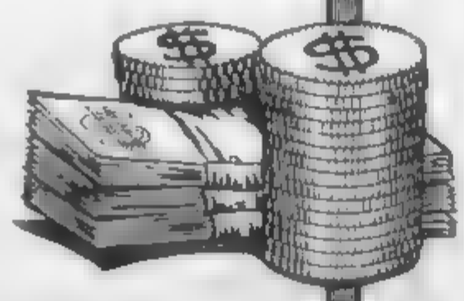
What It Means to Be a P-J-G Boy

John Mayhew, of Virginia, is one of our P-J-G boys—boys who sell *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

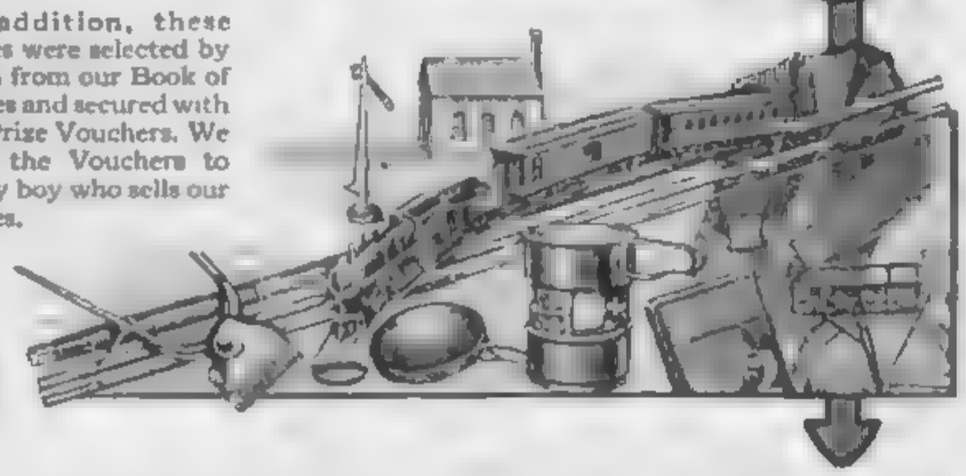


Here is a photograph of the Check for $100.00 we sent John Mayhew as his share in a Prize Contest for our boys.

In getting the $100.00 Prize, John also earned more than $125.00 as his cash profit from selling our three publications.



In addition, these prizes were selected by John from our Book of Prizes and secured with his Prize Vouchers. We give the Vouchers to every boy who sells our copies.



YOU

can do just as well as John Mayhew

Wouldn't you like to have what John and thousands of other boys are getting all the time?

Send us your name and address today. We'll tell you how *you* can earn money and valuable prizes, just as John Mayhew and lots of others do.

Box 510, Sales Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia

imperceptibly. Although this was at present only a blind rush, should the rhinoceros catch sight of them he would fight; and within twenty-five yards or so his eyesight would be quite good enough. As the beast did not slow up in the first ten yards, but rather settled into its stride, Kingozi took rapid aim and fired.

His intention was neither to kill nor to cripple his antagonist. If so he would have used the heavy double rifle that Mali-ya-bwana held ready near his elbow. The bullet inflicted a slight flesh wound in the outer surface of the beast's left shoulder. Kingozi instantly passed the light rifle back with his right hand, at the same motion seizing the double rifle with his left.

But at the spat of the bullet the rhino veered toward the direction from which it seemed to his stupid brain the hurt had come. Tail rigid, he thundered away down the slope. For a hundred yards he careered full speed; then slowed to a trot; finally stopped, whirled and faced to a new direction. The sound of his blowing came clearly across the intervening distance.

A low bush grew near. The rhino attacked this savagely, horning it, trampling it down. The dust arose in clouds. Then the huge brute trotted slowly away, still snorting angrily, pausing to butt violently the larger trees or to tear into shreds some bush or ant hill that loomed dangerously in the primeval fogs of his brain.

"Sorry, old chap," commented Kingozi in his own language, "but you're none the worse. Only I'm afraid your naturally sweet temper is spoiled for to-day, at least."

He turned to exchange guns with Mali-ya-bwana.

"*N'dio, bwana,*" assented the latter to a speech of which he understood not one word. Mali-ya-bwana was secretly a little proud of himself for having stuck, like a gun bearer, instead of shinning up a thorn tree, like a porter.

Kingozi slipped a cartridge into the rifle, and the two resumed their walk toward the kopje.

IV

BY THE time the two men had gained the top of the hill the worst heat of the day had passed. Kingozi seated himself on a flat rock and at once began to take sights through a prismatic compass, entering the observations in a pocket book. Mali-ya-bwana, bolt upright, stared out over the thinly wooded plain below. He reported the result of his observations in a low voice, to which the white man paid no attention whatever.

"*Twiga*—giraffe—*bwana,*" he said, and then, as his eye caught the flash of many sing-sing horns: "*Kuru, mingi.*" Thus he named over the different animals—the topi, the red hartebeeste, the eland, zebra, some warthogs, and many others. The beasts were anticipating the cool of the afternoon, and were grazing slowly out from beneath the trees, scattering abroad over the landscape.

From even this slight elevation the outlook extended. Isolated mountain ranges showed loftier; the tops of unguessed hills peeped above the curve of the earth; the clear line of the horizon had receded to the outer confines of terrestrial space, but even then not far enough to touch the cup of the sky. Elsewhere the heavens meet the horizon. In Africa they lie beyond it, so that when the round, fleecy clouds of the Little Rains sail down the wind there is always a fleet of them beyond the earth disappearing into the immensities of the infinite. There is space in African skies beyond the experience of those who have dwelt only in other lands. They dwarf the earth; and the plains and mountains, lying in weeks-journeys spread before the eye, dwarf all living things, so that at the last the man of imagination here becomes a humble creature.

For an hour the two remained on top the kopje. The details of the unknown country ahead, toward which Kingozi gave his attention, were simple. From the green line of the watercourse, near which the camp appeared white and tiny, the veldt swept away for miles almost unbroken. Here and there showed tiny parklike openings of clear grass; here and there more kopjes standing isolated and alone, like fortresses. Far down over the edge of the world rose dim and blue the tops of a short range of mountains. Vainly did Kingozi sweep his glasses over the landscape in hope of another line of green. No watercourse was visible. On the other hand, the scattered growth of thorn trees showed no signs of thickening to that dense, spiky jungle that is one of the terrors of African travel. There might be a watercourse hidden in the folds of the earth; there might be a rainwater "tank" or a spring on any of the kopjes. Simba and Cazi Moto were both experienced and capable of a long round trip. The problem of days-journeys was not pressing at this moment. Kingozi noted the compass bearings of all the kopjes; took back sights in the direction from which he had come; closed his compass, and began idly to sweep the country with his glasses. In an unwonted mood of expansion he turned to Mali-ya-bwana.

"We go there," he told the porter, indicating the blue mountain tops.

"It is far," Mali-ya-bwana replied.

Kingozi continued to look through his glasses. Suddenly he stopped them on an open plain three or four miles back in the direction from which he had come the day before. Mali-ya-bwana followed his gaze.

"A safari, bwana," he observed, unmoved. "A very large safari," he amended, after a moment.

Through his prismatic glasses Kingozi could see every detail plainly. After his fashion of talking aloud, he reported what he saw, partly to the black man at his side, but mostly to himself.

"*Askaris*" (native troops, armed with Snider muskets), he said; "six of them. The man rides in a *machele* (a hammock slung on a long pole and carried by four men at each end); he is either a German or a Portuguese—only those people use *machetes*—unless he is sick! Many porters—four tin boxes—only one *machele.* I can see them all now; there are no more white men. More *askaris!*" He smiled a little contemptuously under his beard. "This is a great safari, Mali-ya-bwana. Four tin boxes and twelve *askaris* to guard them; and eighty or more porters; and sixteen men just to carry the *machele!* This must be a *Bwana M'Kubwa.*"

"That is what Kavirondos might think," replied Mali-ya-bwana calmly.

Kingozi looked up at him with a new curiosity.

"But not yourself?"

"A man who is a *Bwana M'Kubwa* does not have to be carried. He does not need *askaris* to guard him in this country. And where can he get *potio* for so many?"

"Hello!" cried Kingozi surprised. "This is not porter's talk; this is headman's talk!"

"In my own country I am headman of many people," replied Mali-ya-bwana with a flash of pride.

"Yet you carry my tent load?"

But Mali-ya-bwana made no reply, fixing his fierce eyes on the distant crawling safari.

"It must be a sportsman's safari," said Kingozi, this time to himself, "though what a sportsman wants in this back-of-beyond is a fair conundrum. Probably one of these chappies with more money than sense. Wants to go somewhere nobody else has been, and can't go there without his caviare and his changes of clothes and about eight guns—not to speak of a Complete Sportsman's Outfit as advertised exclusively by some Cockney Tom Fool in Haymarket." He contemplated a problem frowningly. "Whoever it is will be a nuisance—a damn nuisance!" he concluded.

"*N'dio, bwana,*" came Mali-ya-bwana's cheerful response to this speech in a language strange to him.

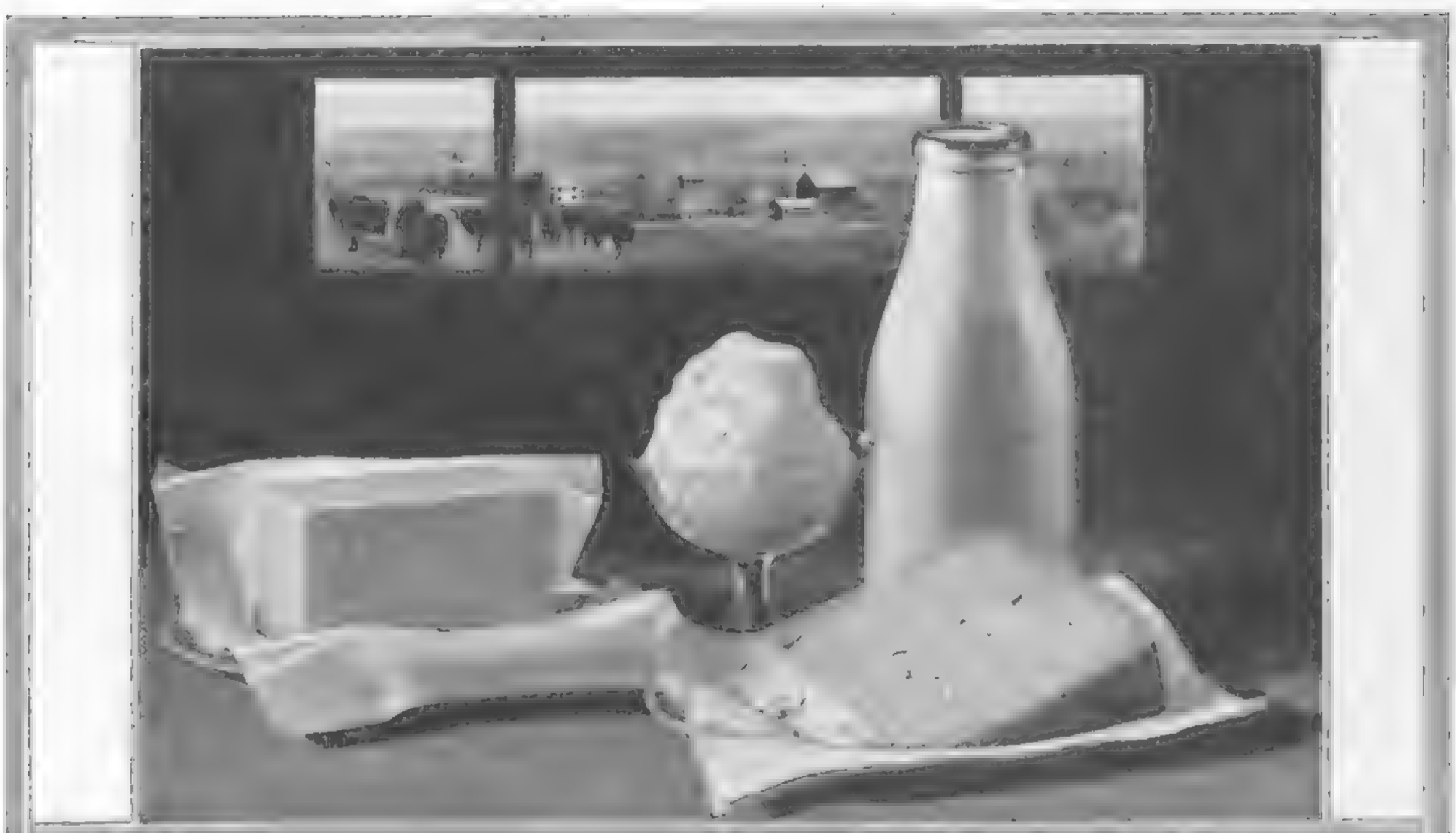
"You have asked a true question," Kingozi shifted to Swahili. "Where is *potio* to be had for so large a safari? Trouble—much trouble!" He arose from the flat stone. "We will go and talk with this safari."

At an angle calculated to intercept the caravan, Kingozi set off down the hill. After twenty minutes' brisk walk it became evident that they were approaching the route of march. Animals fled past them in increasing numbers, some headlong, others at a dignified and leisurely gait, as though performing a duty. The confused noise of many people became audible, and the tapping of safari sticks against the loads.

At the edge of a tiny opening Kingozi, concealed behind a bush, reviewed the new arrivals at close range, estimating each element on which a judgment could be based. As usual he thought aloud, muttering his speculations sometimes in his own language, sometimes in the equally familiar Swahili.

"*Askaris* not *pukka* (genuine—regular) *askaris* of the government. Those are not Sniders they carry—don't know that breed of musket. Those boxes are not the usual type—wonder where they were bought!

(Continued on Page 53)



Eat More of These—Live Better—Spend Less

Today is for the strong. Nowadays men realize that their earning power depends upon sound bodies and sound brains. And women who seek health and happiness—not only for themselves, but for their husbands and children—have a keener appreciation of the value of proper food, its quality and its quantity.

Overeating Is Dangerous

Most people eat too much. Overloading the stomach handicaps success. Gorging clogs the body, and robs you of snap and vim.

Concentrated foods are best. They permit you to do better work, and more of it—you can earn more—if you relieve yourself of bodily overtax.

Back to Simple Life

In studying what you eat and what you feed your family, it is wise to include such body-builders and repairers as milk, butter, cheese and ice cream.

Since time began these gifts of Nature have been considered necessary for complete health. Your body craves their nourishing qualities because they furnish all the needed elements in a highly digestible form. They are pleasing and appetizing. They nourish, but do not distress.

Then Use More Dairy Products

MILK is not merely a delicious beverage; it's a real food. A quart a day is not too much for active workers. But drink it slowly—eat it. Sleeplessness often is only hunger which you can quickly satisfy with a glass of milk.

BUTTER is a 98 per cent food, practically without waste. It gives the body energy. Let the children have all the bread and butter they ask for. And cook and bake with good butter—like mother used to do.

CHEESE is a splendid food, too little understood. Sturdy, fighting men, enduring in the trenches, come from nations subsisting largely on cheese. Eat plenty of cheese. You will find many appetizing cheese dishes in your cook book.

ICE CREAM is not a luxury, nor merely a holiday tid-bit. It is a delicious, refreshing, stimulating, nourishing food. Eat less of the heavy, slowly digestible dishes at the beginning of the meal. Instead, eat a heaping dish of ice cream as a dessert. Buy it at your drug store.

STARTLING FACTS

Professor Rosenau of Harvard University says that the actual food value of one quart of milk is equal to three-quarters of a pound of beef, two pounds of chicken, eight eggs, two pounds of codfish, etc.

And we say that since butter, ice cream and cheese are concentrated products of milk, each therefore contains these food values, in a relatively greater degree.

Quit paying the heavy toll of over-eating and improper feeding—quit today.

Practice real economy at the same time by obtaining more concentrated nourishment at a lesser cost.

Sparkling eyes—clear skins—good teeth—ruddy cheeks—snap—"pep"—the joy of life belong to all who drink plenty of good, fresh milk and use all dairy foods liberally. You can buy them everywhere.

Send for the Dairy Menu Book. There's one for every home in America.

NATIONAL DAIRY COUNCIL

General Offices: Chicago, Ill.

This Council is composed of 280,000 dairymen, dairy cattle-breeders and representatives of all allied dairy interests. Its purposes are to build a greater and better American dairy agriculture—resulting in improved soil-fertility and better farm life—to encourage every American consumer to have a keener appreciation (like European nations) of the high food value of dairy products. The Council believes its mission is patriotic.

A wider use of dairy products on the tables and in the kitchens of our American home will mean a healthier and cheaper fed nation. Our slogans are: "Drink and use more milk." "Eat and cook with more butter." "Ice cream is not alone an excellent desert, but a real food." "Cheese is the staff of life of many nations; why not in U. S. A.?" "Dairy Products—palatable, nourishing, economical—are Nature's best food."

Adjustment Guarantee
5,000 Miles
You Can Always Make a "Home Run"
Any player can start around the bases, but it is the exceptional player who makes a home run. And so it is with tires. Any tire will run some distance. Quakers will take you wherever you want to go—then, make the "home run" without trouble or delay.
TEMPERED
QUAKER
RUBBER

WHEN a lot of tires show average mileage equal to the distance from New York to San Francisco and return *plus* over 50% more, you'll admit the right of these tires to the term "home run".

This record of a 10,629-mile average was made in 14 States, with 15 makes of cars equipped with two, three or four Quaker Tires.

Details of a few of the cases considered follow:

Respective mileage, 3 tires, 14,000, 12,085, 13,000; 4 tires, 10,183, 10,281, 10,213, 11,000; 4 tires, 11,000 each (still in use); 4 tires, 9,000 each (still in use); 2 tires, 12,500 (still in use), 12,500; 2 tires, 8,200 (still in use), 7,387 (still in use); 2 tires, 7,000 each (still in use); 2 tires, 11,227 each (still in use); 2 tires, 14,000 each (still in use).

Records of that sort explain why Quaker Tires are demanded by those who have owned cars for five years or more, and have definite ideas of the usual "life expectancy" of tires.

With big dealers reporting but one or two adjustments on sales for a whole year, you will understand why we back every Quaker (non-skid or plain) with an adjustment guarantee of 5,000 miles. You will grant that this is a liberal guarantee. Yet, by no means, do the 5,000 miles represent the potential mileage in every Quaker—excess mileage that will be delivered with just ordinary knowledge of driving and common-sense care.

Argument may induce you to try one Quaker Tire. Experience will convince you and make you a steady user.

The Quaker Dealer near you will tell you about records made in your vicinity. Find this dealer, today, or write direct to the Factory Sales Dept. for his name and address.

Mail this Coupon Today

Quaker City Rubber Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

I want a copy of **"5,000 Plus"** and fac-simile letters from users of Quaker Tires.

Name_____

Address_____

☐ Car Owner ☐ Dealer
(Please check)

QUAKER CITY RUBBER CO.

Factory—Philadelphia, Pa.

CHICAGO	PITTSBURGH	NEW YORK
182 West Lake Street	211 Wood Street	207 Fulton Street

More than 30 years in the Mechanical Rubber Goods business.

(Continued from Page 50)

The hammock came into view, swinging on the long pole. It was borne by four men at each end, experienced *machele* carriers who could keep step with a gentle gliding. Eight more walked alongside as relay. They would change places so skillfully that the occupant of the hammock could not have told when the shift took place. Alongside walked a tall, bare-headed, very black man. Kingozi's experienced eye was caught by differences.

"Of what tribe is that man?" he asked.

But Mali-ya-bwana was also puzzled.

"I do not know, *bwana*. He is a *shenzi*."

The unknown was very tall, very straight, most well formed. But his face was extraordinarily ugly. His flat, wide nose, thick lips and small yellow eyes were set off by an upstanding mop of hair. His expression was of extraordinary fierceness. He walked with a free and independent stride, and carried a rifle.

"He is not of this country. He is from the west coast, or perhaps Nubia or the Sudan," was Kingozi's conclusion.

"Many of these people are *shenzis*." Mali-ya-bwana pursued his own thought.

"That is true," Kingozi acknowledged. "If this is a sportsman, from what part did he hail to have got together this lot? We will see."

As the swinging hammock came opposite his concealment Kingozi stepped forward. Everyone in sight looked in his direction, but none showed any astonishment at this apparition out of the wilderness. The sophisticated African has ceased to be astonished at anything a white man may do. If he can make fire by rubbing a tiny stick once, why should he not do anything under heaven he wants to? A locomotive, an automobile, a flying machine are miracles, but no less—and no greater—than ordinary matches. Once admit the ability to transcend natural laws, once admit the possibility of miracles, why be surprised at anything? If a white man chose to appear thus in an unknown country, why not? If he chose again to vanish into thin air, again why not? Only the fierce-looking savage carrying the rifle rolled his eyes uneasily.

But at this precise moment a diversion on the opposite side of the line attracted attention enough. A galvanic shiver ran down the string of porters, succeeded at once by a crashing of loads cast hastily to the ground. With unanimity the bearers swarmed across the little open space toward and to each side of Kingozi and his attendant. Reaching the fringe of flat-topped trees they sprang into the low branches, heedless of the long thorns, and scrambled aloft until at least partially concealed. A few of the bolder members lurked behind the trunks, but held themselves ready for an instant ascent. From a hundred throats arose a confused cry of:

"*Faru! Faru!*"

Not joining this first flight remained only the *askaris*, the eight men bearing the hammock, and the tall Nubian. Of these the *askaris* were far ahead and to the rear; the hammock bearers were decidedly panicky; only the Nubian seemed cool and self-possessed.

The occupant of the hammock thrust out a foot to descend.

But before this could be accomplished a rhinoceros burst fully into view across the open space. His tail was up, he was snorting loudly, and he headed straight for the hammock. That was large, moving and directly in his line of vision. The sight was too much for the bearers. With a howl they dropped the pole and streaked it to join their brothers in the thorn trees. The pole and the canopy of the hammock tangled it extricately its occupant.

A ragged volley from the muskets of the *askaris* merely seemed to add to the confusion. With great coolness the Nubian discharged first one barrel, then the other, of the heavy rifle he carried. The recoil, catching him in a bad posture, knocked him backward. The bullets kicked up a tremendous dust part way between himself and the charging beast. He was now without defense. Nevertheless, he stepped in front of the entangled, struggling figure on the ground.

Before the appearance of the rhinoceros into the open Kingozi had exchanged rifles and stood at the ready. He was a good hundred yards from the hammock. Even in the rush of events he, characteristically, found time for comments, although they did not in the least interfere with his rapid movements.

"Hope they don't wing one another," he remarked of the *askaris'* volley. "Rotten shooting! Rotten!" as the Nubian stood his ground. At the same time he pushed forward the safety catch and threw the heavy rifle to his shoulder.

A charging rhinoceros—or one rushing near enough a man's direction to be dangerous—is not a difficult problem. Given nerve enough, and barring accidents—which might happen in a London flat—a man is in no danger. If he opens fire too soon, indeed, he is likely to empty his weapon without inflicting a stopping wound; but if he will wait until the beast is within twenty yards or so, the affair is certain. For this reason: Just before a rhinoceros closes, he drops his head low in order to bring his long horn into action. If the hunter fires then, over the horn, he will strike the beast's backbone. The shot can hardly be missed, for the range is very close and the outstanding flanges of the vertebræ make a large mark. The formidable animal goes down like a stone. In country open enough to preclude the deadly close-at-hand surprise rush, where one has no chance to use his weapon at all, the rhinoceros is not dangerous to one who knows his business.

But in this case Kingozi was nearer a hundred and twenty than twenty yards from the animal. The mark to be hit was now very small and it was moving. In addition the heavy double rifle, though accurate enough at that range, was not, owing to its weight and terrific recoil, as certain as a lighter rifle. These things Kingozi knew perfectly. The muscles under his beard tightened; his gray eyes widened into a glare like that of Simba in sight of game.

Just before the rhinoceros dropped his head for the toss, the Nubian stepped directly into the line of fire.

"*Lala!*—lie down!" Kingozi shouted.

Somehow the whip-snap of authority in his voice reached the Nubian's consciousness. He dropped flat, and almost instantly the white man fired.

At the roar of the great gun the rhinoceros collapsed in mid career—going down, as an animal always does under a successful spine shot, completely, without a struggle or even a quiver.

"That was well shot, master," said Mali-ya-bwana.

Kingozi reloaded the rifle and started forward. At the same time the occupant of the hammock finally emerged from the tangle and came erect.

▼

KINGOZI saw a tall figure without a coat, dressed in brown shirt, riding breeches and puttees. The Nubian had retrieved a spilled sun helmet even before the stranger had scrambled erect, so the head and face were invisible. Kingozi's countenance did not change, but a faint contempt appeared in his eyes. The first impression conveyed by the numbers of the tin boxes and their bearers and escort had been deepened. Why? Because the riding breeches were of that exaggerated cut sometimes actually to be seen outside tailors' advertisements. They were gathered trimly round an effeminately slender waist; and then ballooned out to an absurd width, only to contract again skin-tight round the knees.

"*M'buzi!*" grunted Kingozi, applying to the stranger the superlative of Swahili contempt. He did not know he spoke aloud; for it is not well for one white man to criticize another to a native. But Mali-ya-bwana replied.

"*Bibi*," he corrected.

Kingozi stared.

"By Jove, you're right!" he exclaimed in English. "It is a woman!" He burst into an unexpected laugh. "It isn't balloon breeches; it's *hips!*" he cried.

This correction seemed to him singularly humorous. He approached her laughing.

It was evidently an angry woman, to judge by her gestures and the deprecating attitude of the Nubian. Kingozi surmised that she probably did not fancy being dumped down incontinently before an angry rhinoceros. After a moment, however, her attitude lost its rigidity, she gestured toward the dead monster, evidently commending the savage. He shook his head and motioned in Kingozi's direction. The woman turned, showing an astonished face.

Kingozi was now close up. He saw before him a personality. Physically she was beautiful or not according as one accepted conventional standards. The dress she wore revealed fully the fact that she had a tall, well-knit figure of long, full curves; a thoroughly feminine figure in conformation, and yet one that looked competent to

"The Best American Make"

FOR MORE THAN A GENERATION

Arrow Collars

HAVE OFFERED TO THE CONSUMER THE HIGHEST VALUE PROCURABLE AS WELL AS THE BEST IN STYLE—THEY ARE UNRESERVEDLY THE FIRST CHOICE OF MEN WHO CAN BUY ANY COLLAR THEY DESIRE IRRESPECTIVE OF THE PRICE.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., *Makers*
TROY, N. Y.

ARROW COLLARS
15 cents each
6 for 90 cents
12 for $1.75

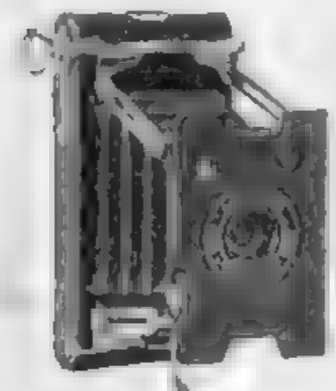
ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

The Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 1 toes the mark for efficiency. It is the smallest and lightest camera made to take 2¼ x 3¼ pictures. It opens easily with a slight pull on the front and, since it requires no focusing, gets the picture quickly and accurately no matter what the distance may be.

See the Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 1 at the nearest Ansco dealer's. Note how easily it fits into your coat or vest pocket. You will want this handy little camera, even if you have a larger one. For vacation pictures, it is ideal. The pictures it takes are so clear and sharp they can be enlarged successfully.

The Sign of the Ansco Dealer

Get a 1916 catalog from the Ansco dealer, or write to us for one and a specimen picture on Cyko Paper made by this camera.


Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 1. Size of picture, 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Equipped with single achromatic lens, $7.50, with rapid rectilinear lens, $9.

ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

BUY "RIGHT"!

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

stands ready—prepared!—to iron the wrinkles out of your present buying record methods without disrupting routine.

for a Baker Vawter Salesman. Let's get to . We can help you to "BUY RIGHT!"

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators and Manufacturers

Loose-Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment

Benton Harbor Mich. Holyoke, Mass.

Buy Your Tires at Factory Prices

You can buy Buckskin Tires and Tubes direct from our factory at prices which are "the lowest in America."

BUCKSKIN PLAIN & NON SKID Guaranteed TIRES

Buckskins are thoroughly [illegible] tread tires. And they are guaranteed for [illegible] miles. If you don't get all of this, a credit slip will be [illegible] on the next tire you buy, and we'll pay express both ways. Last year [illegible] Buckskins again this year.

Write today for details of our special low-price offer direct to car owners.

The L. and M. Rubber Co.

Dept 7 Carrollton, O.

transcend the usual feminine incompetencies. So far she measured to a high but customary standard. But her face was as exotic as an orchid. It was long, narrow and pale, with three accents to redeem it from what that ordinarily implies—lips of a brilliant carmine; eyes of a deep sea-green; and eyebrows high, arched, clean-cut, narrow, as though drawn by a camel's-hair brush. Indeed, in civilization no one would have believed them to have been otherwise produced. In spite of the awkward sun helmet she carried her head imperiously.

"If you will ride in a hammock you ought to teach your men to shoot," was Kingozi's greeting. "It's absurd to go barging through a rhino country like this. You look strong and healthy. Why don't you walk?"

Her crest reared and her nostrils expanded haughtily. For a half minute she stared at him, her sea-green eyes darkening to greater depths. This did not disturb Kingozi in the least; indeed, he did not see it. His eyes were taking in the surroundings.

The dead rhinoceros lay a scant fifteen paces distant; loads were scattered everywhere; the *askaris*, their ancient muskets reloaded, had drawn near in curiosity. From the thorn trees across the tiny grass opening porters were descending very gingerly and with lamentations. It is comparatively easy to ascend a thorn tree with the fear of death snapping at your heels; to descend in cold blood is another matter.

"Why don't you do your work!" he ended. "Do you want to catch *kiboko?*"

The startled *askaris* scuttled away about their business, which was, at this moment, to herd and hustle the reluctant porters back to their job. Kingozi, his head and jaw thrust forward, stared after them, his eyes—indeed, his whole personality—projecting aggressive force. The men hurried to their positions, their loud laughter stilled, glancing fearfully and furtively over their shoulders, whipped by the baleful glare with which Kingozi silently battered them.

Only when the last man had picked up his load did Kingozi turn again to the woman. Although her bosom still heaved with emotion, it was a suppressed emotion. He met a face slightly and inscrutably smiling.

"You take it upon yourself to manage my safari?" she said. "You think I cannot manage my men? It is kind of you."

Her English was faultless, but some slight, unusual spacing of the words, some ultra-clarity of pronunciation rather than a recognizable accent, made evident that the language was not her own.

"Your *askaris* are slack," said Kingozi briefly.

"And how of these?" she demanded imperiously, sweeping with an almost theatrical gesture the miserable-looking group of hammock bearers.

"They are at fault," replied Kingozi indifferently, "but after all they are common porters. You can't expect gun-bearer service or *askari* service from common porters, now can you?"

He looked at her directly, his clear, steady eyes conveying nothing but a mild interest in the obvious. In contrast to his detached, almost indifferent, calm the woman was an embodiment of emotions. Head erect, red lips compressed, breast heaving, she surveyed him through narrowed lids.

"So?" she contented herself with saying.

"It's the nature of the beast to run crazy," pursued Kingozi tranquilly. "You really can't blame them."

"Then am I to be thrown down like a sack when it pleases them to run?" she demanded tensely. "Really you are incredible!"

"I should expect it. The real point is that you have no business to ride in a hammock through a rhino country."

The woman's control slipped a very little.

"Who are you, to teach me my business?"

For the first time Kingozi's careless, candid stare narrowed to a focus.

"You have not told me what your business is," he replied with an edge of intention in his tones. Their glances crossed like rapiers for the flash of an instant.

She turned to the hammock bearers.

"Lie down!" she commanded. Then to the impassive Nubian: "The *kiboko!* I suppose," she observed politely to Kingozi, "that you will admit these men should be punished, and that you will permit me to do so?"

"Surely they should be punished; that goes without saying."

"Give them thirty apiece," she ordered the Nubian.

"That is too many," interposed Kingozi. "Six is a great plenty for such people. It is their nature to run away."

"Thirty," she repeated to the Nubian, without a glance in the white man's direction.

The huge negro produced the rhinoceros-hide whip and went to his task. To lay thirty lashes on sixteen backs and to do justice to the occasion is a great task. The Nubian's face streamed sweat when he had finished. The bearers, who had taken the punishment in silence, arose, saluted, and began to skylark among themselves, which was their way of working off emotion.

"*Askaris!*" summoned the woman.

They came trotting.

"Lay down your guns! Lie down!"

A mild wonder appeared in Kingozi's gray eyes.

"Do you *kiboko* your *askaris?*" he asked.

She jerked her head in his direction.

"Do you presume to question my actions?"

"By no means. I am interested in methods."

She paid him no more attention. Kingozi waited patiently until this second bout of punishment was over. The *askaris* lay quietly, face down, until their mistress gave the word; then leaped to their feet, saluted smartly, seized their guns and marched jauntily to their appointed positions. The woman watched them for a moment, and turned back to Kingozi.

Her mood had completely changed. The orgy of punishment had cleared away the nervous effects of the fright she had undergone.

"So, that is done," she said. "I have traveled much in Africa. I what-you-call know my way about. See how my men fall into line. It will be so at camp. *Presto!* Quick! The tents will be up, the fires made."

Her lips smiled at him, but her sea-green eyes remained steady and inscrutable.

"They seem smart enough," acknowledged Kingozi without interest. "Have you ever tried them out?"

"Tried them out?" she repeated. "I do not understand."

"You never know what hold you really have until you get in a tight place."

"And if I get in a tight place," she rejoined haughtily, "I shall get out again, without help from negroes—or anybody."

"Quite so," conceded Kingozi equably. His attitude and the tone of his voice were indifferent; but the merest flicker of the tail of his eye touched the dead rhino. His expression remained quite bland. She saw this. The pallor of her cheek did not warm; but her strangely expressive eyes changed.

"*Bandika!*" she cried sharply. The men began to take up their loads.

"I will wish you a good afternoon," observed Kingozi, as though taking his leave from an afternoon tea. "By the way, do you happen to care for information about the next water? Or do you know all that?"

"Thank you, I know all that," she replied curtly.

The *askaris* began to shout the order for the advance: "*Nenda! nenda!*" the men to swing forward. Kingozi stared after them, watching with a professional eye the way they walked, the make-up of their loads, the nature of their equipment, marking the lame ones, or the weak ones, or the ones recently sick. His eye fell on the figure of the strange woman. She was striding along easily, the hammock deserted, with a free swing of the hips, an easy slouch of the relaxed knees, that indicated the accustomed walker.

Kingozi smiled.

"'I know all that,'" he repeated. "Now I wonder if you do, or if some idea of silly pride makes you say so." He was talking aloud, in English. Mali-ya-bwana stood attentive, waiting for something he could understand. Kingozi's eye fell on the dead rhinoceros.

"There is good meat; tell the men they can come out to get what they wish of it. There will be lions here to-night."

"Yes, *bwana*."

"If she 'knew all that,'" observed Kingozi, "she knew more than I did. Small chance. Still, if she has information or guides she may know the next water. But how? Why?"

He shifted his rifle to the crook of his arm.

"That *bibi* is a great *memsahib*," he told Mali-ya-bwana. "And this evening we will go to see her. Be you ready to go also."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

California Citrus Cream keeps the skin attractively clean-

California Citrus Cream is made entirely of lemons—nothing added—nothing taken away. Even though my time is limited I will endeavor to explain how the Cream is made—follow me.

As fast as the lemons arrive from the grove the woody stem-joint is cut off. Each lemon is thoroughly washed to insure the keeping qualities of the Cream. This elevator then gives the fruit a "joy-ride" from the bath to the grinder. After the lemons are washed, they are not touched by hands until you put the Cream on your skin.

Rind, seeds, pulp, juice and the fragrant oil are all ground up in this grinder. After grinding, the lemons are treated in order to bring out their albuminous (egg-like) properties which without this treatment would be lost to use.

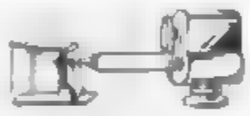
It is this developed albuminoid that gives our greaseless Cream the smoothness of an ordinary grease cream without the use of animal fats or vegetable oils. The albuminoid is the clarifying property that absorbs grease and dirt and becomes invisible when applied to the skin. It is easily washed off with water—leaving the skin in a clean, healthy condition. This mill now reduces the lemons to a creamy consistency.

To insure greater smoothness and penetrating qualities the twice-ground lemons are now forced through this fine strainer. The fine pulp is again treated, to further develop the valuable albuminoid, and we now have a Cream similar to the blended white of egg and lemon juice.

Sterilized—ground twice—treated twice and filtered, the lemons have been converted into a delightfully fragrant face cream that will protect, soften and cleanse the skin.

No old-fashioned pinch-bottom tube for this all-lemon Cream; instead, we use this *pure tin* tube with our patented *flat bottom* which received the Silver Medal at the San Francisco Fair.

While the tubes are being filled they are joggled on this vibrating platform which settles the Cream and insures that every tube is full.



The flat bottom is now sealed onto the tube by this special rimming machine—excluding all air and making the use of any preservative unnecessary.

The Cream is different—the tube is an improvement—and now come a few final refinements.

All tubes are tested for leaks and to see that caps are tight. Then to the packing room where each tube is labeled, given a revenue stamp, its direction folder and a lithographed Poster Stamp.

Proper packing is an important feature with California Citrus Cream. To protect the tube from possible damage, it is placed in this cardboard carton, four of which are packed in a handsome box—purple and gold—dainty enough for a handkerchief box. This box and four tubes are sold for 85c or a single tube for 25c.

At the Panama-Pacific International Exposition this fruit refining process proved to be so advanced and this all-lemon face Cream so meritorious that it received the highest award—Gold Medal.

Most toilet goods counters now have California Citrus Cream. If you have difficulty in obtaining your Cream the coupon is for your convenience so that you can enjoy a *cool, clean skin* free from hot weather oiliness.

Being unadulterated, small amounts of California Citrus Cream give best results.

TO CLEANSE THE SKIN.

Wet the face and rub in thoroughly a *small* amount of the Cream instead of soap. Allow it time to absorb the grease from the pores, then rinse and dry. You will find this an improvement over soap unless the skin is badly soiled.

Enclosed find [illegible] 85¢ for 1 box
25¢ for 1 tube Citrus Cream [illegible]
Name
Street
City
State
Laughlin Fruit Refining Co.
[illegible]
California

RICORO
Saratoga Size

6c EACH
Box of fifty, $3.00

RICORO
Panetela Size

6c EACH
Box of fifty, $3.00

RICORO
Invincible Size

7c EACH
Box of fifty, $3.50

If you are a smoker of Twenty-five Cent Cigars—try a Seven Cent RICORO Invincible at the nearest UNITED CIGAR STORE. You will save Eighteen Cents every time you smoke thereafter. Or try a RICORO Panetela or RICORO Saratoga at Six Cents each—and save another penny.

We know a good many millionaires who are doing it—and they like the six or seven-cent smoke better than the twenty-five cent one—first, because it's milder, though just as rich. It has all the "body"—it's as heavy while you're smoking it—but without any of the "back-kick" after you're finished. That's because it's made of the finest Porto Rican leaf—the *mildest* tobacco in the world and yet the *richest* and *sweetest*.

REAL MILDNESS—BRED IN THE LEAF

You *cannot make* a heavy cigar, in the injurious sense, out of fine Porto Rican leaf. A *dark* Porto Rican cigar is milder than a *light* Havana cigar—yet the Porto Rican has *more* body and bouquet than the Havana. That is a fortunate peculiarity of Porto Rican leaf—it is what *used to* give mildness to the finest Havana cigars. Porto Rican cigars are made of the leaf that used to go to Cuba, before the Spanish-American War, to be made into the finest Havana cigars.

PORTO RICO NOW LEADS

Since that war, Porto Rico has built the finest and most modern cigar factories in the world, manned by the best Spanish workmen. They are making the finest *mild* cigars in the world today. The UNITED CIGAR STORES are taking the *entire output* of the best brands—*minus the duty*—and selling them at prices never known before for equal values. That is why millionaires are finding that they can smoke a six or seven-cent cigar with *more* satisfaction than a twenty-five cent one.

As business men, we are not particularly interested in what the millionaires smoke, because there are so few of them, but we know many of them who are now smoking RICORO cigars—not because they are cheaper, but because they are better. We call attention to the fact because a cigar that millionaires *prefer*, and yet that millions can *afford*, is worth every man's attention.

If you are a smoker of high-priced cigars—try RICOROS and save money at no loss of satisfaction.

If you are a nickel smoker, pay that extra penny or two for a six or seven-cent RICORO and *get more extra value than you ever got for a penny or two in your life*.

YOUR TRIAL IS AT OUR RISK

"No transaction is complete until the customer is satisfied"—is the cornerstone of the UNITED CIGAR STORES business. We cannot afford to sacrifice *any part* of the public good-will we have built upon that cornerstone by selling you something that you do not like. Men's tastes are not all alike, but we take all the risk of pleasing you with what already has pleased so many thousands of men. Therefore anything you buy in a UNITED CIGAR STORE will be exchanged or your money refunded on request, cheerfully and without question or quibble. Our only profit is in pleasing you. We want your *permanent* trade—and *we stake our future* upon your first purchase of

RICORO—THE "SELF-MADE" CIGAR

(We call RICORO the "self-made" cigar because it made its own way in the world, on merit alone, selling a million a week before we advertised it at all.)

RICORO is made in a dozen sizes and shapes, to please all tastes, at from six cents each to two for a quarter. *The quality is the same in all.* There is also RICORO Infanta, a "little cigar," at fifteen cents for a box of ten. Take your choice, at our risk.

THANK YOU.

United Cigar Stores Company

1000 STORES IN 300 CITIES — EXECUTIVE OFFICES — NEW YORK CITY

TO OTHER CIGAR DEALERS: Owing to the great demand for United Cigar Store Service in towns and cities where we have no stores, we have perfected an AGENCY PLAN, whereby one reliable retail dealer in any town or city where we are not represented may handle our cigars. Such dealers are invited to apply for Agencies, stating amount of business they do, references, etc. *United methods will teach you how to increase your business and your profits by serving the public better.* Address:

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY, Agency Department, 44 West 18th St., New York

CIGARS UNITED

MAIL ORDERS: This advertisement is not intended to foster a mail-order business. We prefer that every customer visit one of our stores in person and in this way not only secure the exact shade suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our store service. If no store is convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mail or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price. Address mail orders to

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY, at nearest city named below
New York, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago, First National Bank Bldg. San Francisco, 535 Howard St.

TUMBLINGS AND RAISINGS OF RUDY

(Continued from Page 17)

torture in about equal measure. Then came the day, the hour and the moment when, with a pleasant smile and a quickened pulse, he extended his hand at the cashier's grille and took his pay envelope.

It was not blue, but the familiar buff manila. Still, the blue part of it might be a myth and there would be an inclosed slip notifying him that his services would be dispensed with—something of that sort. Rudy dropped the envelope into his pocket unopened and walked away with something of a swagger. He felt that curious eyes were on him.

He found a secluded spot and tore the envelope open. A ten, a five, a two and a one—the weekly assortment of currency—and nothing else.

It was almost unbelievable! For a minute or two he felt all the relief that can be imagined. Everything would be as it had been; his job was still steady and there was still the chance of a raise; he could go to Tina carefree, look Pa Swezey squarely in the eye once more, and enter into the arrangements for the engagement party without misgiving. September was none too early; it was, on the contrary, far too long to wait. What was the matter with him and Tina taking a little trip across the lake to St. Joe? Ten minutes in the county clerk's office, a short session with the handiest justice of the peace, and then —— They could board a week until they had the little flat fixed and the furniture moved in.

The air castle went up with the speed of thought, story on story. Then, like the baseless fabric that it was, it collapsed and tumbled into ruin as an ominous shadow fell upon the counter, seemed to linger there a moment, and then moved on.

It was Eisenbaum again. He walked slowly down the aisle with his bald head slightly bent and his hands locked behind his well-tailored back, as he might have strolled, meditating, through Arcadian groves—only his eyeglasses flashed from left to right, and from right to left again, in a way rather observant than meditative. Rudy looked up just in time to get one of the flashes.

Steady job! About as steady and secure as a leaky boat on a choppy sea, with a rising wind and no sail in sight; as stable as a slack wire, with no balancing pole and a guy rope parted; as sure as an investment in new oil stock. A chance? Yes. He might take it himself, but he would be one scalawag to let Tina take it with him. Eisenbaum had not forgotten. That penetrating, soul-chilling glance he had given Rudy assured the young man of that fact.

Two months before Eisenbaum might have glared until he fused the crystals in his glasses and Rudy would not have cared a snap of his fingers. What would the loss of a job have been to him? It would have just meant standing off his landlady for a few weeks, touching some of the boys for a small loan now and then and getting something better. You can't keep a squirrel on the ground. That was the way he would have looked at it; but now it was different. A sense of responsibility was born in him and the idea of marrying with his eyes open to the probabilities was something to be finally dismissed.

He had now to decide whether he should admit the insecurity of his position, which would be hard to explain and would stamp him as a boasting, incompetent fool; or whether he should try to stave the thing off, as he had been doing, in the hope of another job turning up; in which case there would be a logical reason for further delay.

It was a Gordian knot, but it was cut for him in two strokes. Mr. Swezey took the first little hack at it. When Rudy arrived at Montague Place that evening he found Pa Swezey sitting on the steps and looking mighty glum about something. He nodded soberly at Rudy's greeting and invited him to sit down. "Tina's in the house," he added. Then he cleared his throat resolutely.

"Rudy," he said, "what's this talk about keeping this here engagement dark? 'Tain't no scandal, is it?"

"I don't get you, Mr. Swezey," replied Rudy. "I told Tina—Tina and me—we didn't think there was any rush."

"There ain't," said Mr. Swezey grimly. "There ain't. It was you was in a rush if I ain't lost my memory. You was in a considerable rush a week ago. Me and ma, we wasn't; but we give in to you. Tina, she wasn't; but she give in to you. Now don't you get no idee that Tina's said anything to us. She ain't—only that you and her hadn't made up your minds quite. But that ain't what's give her crying spells and made her act the way she does; so, being as she won't tell us what's the trouble, I make free to ask you."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe with some violence.

"Understand, we ain't in no rush," he went on. "Quite otherways. Quite otherways, Mr. R. Bowles."

"See here, Mr. Swezey," said Rudy, "ain't you a little previous? You don't want to get sore until you find out what there is to get sore about. All there is, I got to thinking it over ——" He paused; for he heard a light footfall hurriedly descending the stairs.

"And you changed your mind," Pa Swezey finished for him.

Rudy made no answer. He was looking at Tina, who stood in the doorway—Tina that he hardly recognized—with no color in her face to speak of except a redness of the eyelids; no smile; no look of welcome. She seemed to ignore him entirely; and when she spoke, which was at once, her voice was strange.

"Pa," she said, "there ain't no need of you putting in like this, and I don't thank you for it."

Her father's bellicose expression changed at once. Embarrassment seemed to struggle with dignity and get rather the better of it. He stammered out something about not wanting to see her put on; but she cut him short.

"Mr. Bowles and me can settle anything there is to be settled."

"Just as you say," the old gentleman acquiesced—"only you bet it's got to be settled."

With which he got up and went into the house.

"Girlie," cried Rudy, "what's the matter with you? What's the matter with your father? Are you all sore at me?" He tried to take her hand, but she drew back quickly and, putting it behind her, regarded him frostily. "I don't understand this," Rudy faltered.

Naturally he did not—completely. Being ignorant of what had transpired in the Swezey household during the last few days—of Ma Swezey's persistent questions and acid surmise; of Aunt Elizabeth's inquisitive interest and ill-taken rebuffs; of pa's blundering comment on his daughter's evasive and defiant attitude—and he knew nothing of Tina's hurt pride, anxiety and vague doubt, fostered by her family's harshly expressed suspicion; all of which had culminated in this explosion.

"Tina, girlie, tell me what it is," Rudy begged again.

Tina's lip quivered a little; and, being conscious of it, she bit it, clenching her little hands in her effort of repression.

"If you don't know, I'm sure I don't," she said.

"Yes, you do," Rudy coaxed. "C'm' on, kid; wise me."

"Don't call me that!" Tina flared out. "That's what you called Mollie Colgan."

Rudy stared at her in amazement. Mollie Colgan was Tina's particular young-lady friend, who had been particularly friendly with Rudy at the picnic. The young man remembered that. Perhaps he had called her "kid," but what of it?

"Not that I care what you call her," Tina went on; "or whether you—you've been thinking it over or not. I guess you ain't the only one can change their mind! Go to Mollie and tell her I said she was welcome."

"Tina," said Rudy, "you know I ain't seen Mollie since the picnic; and if I had it wouldn't have made no difference."

"I'm sure I don't want to tell anybody we're engaged—or to be engaged!" Tina declared with energy.

"I do," said Rudy. "Tina ——"

"You've been acting like it. And Aunt Elizabeth said ——"

"Tell it!" Rudy urged. He was beginning to feel a sense of injury.

"I won't."

PUT YOUR
STORE IN THE
FIFTH AVENUE CLASS
Every city has its Fifth Avenue. The name may be Euclid, Michigan, Van Ness or Chestnut—but in every live city there is some single thoroughfare that is famous for its smart shops and fashionable stores.
These are the streets where you find the most Terra Cotta store fronts. With its beautiful colors, its opportunities for ornament and its permanent, fireproof construction, Terra Cotta is the ideal building material for stores, hotels, office buildings, banks, schools, theatres, moving picture houses, etc. Architects favor it. Any good builder can erect it.
An Illustrated Book of Store Fronts
"Store Fronts in Terra Cotta" is an illustrated book that every merchant should read. It shows a variety of Terra Cotta fronts for many kinds of stores. Write on your letterhead and we will send you a complimentary copy. We have other booklets on other types of buildings. Tell us the kind of building that interests you and we will send you the right book.
NATIONAL TERRA COTTA SOCIETY
1 Madison Avenue, New York
Members' factories in all parts of the country
MARKOVITZ BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA; Magaziner & Potter, Architects.
Glazed Terra Cotta in a rich cream tint with name and ornamentation in blue.

It's Dependability That Counts

The most wonderful Spark Plug Record ever made under the supervision of the American Automobile Association has just been chalked up to the credit of Champions.

A stock seven-passenger eight cylinder King car traveled 10,850 miles at an average speed of 33 miles per hour.

The long grind continued for 14 days and nights—*without stopping the motor an instant.*

At no time was it necessary to change *a single one of the eight Champions* that were supplying the vital sparks—regularly and efficiently.

As the King Motor Company states in a telegram at the end of the run—

"It is the most wonderful official Spark Plug record of a stock car under triple A supervision, and speaks volumes for your product."

Champion

"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE"

Dependable Spark Plugs

It is such dependability—such super-endurance—such all 'round efficient service, that has made the Champion standard equipment; not only on the King but on four out of every five of the new cars being built this season.

When you replace a plug, insist on the Champion. Your dealer knows which model is best suited to your particular motor.

And be sure the word "Champion" is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.

Champion Spark Plug Co.
116 Avondale Avenue
Toledo, Ohio

Champion
Heavy Duty
Price $1.00

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS, men and women to sell Blaisdell Pencils in your own town. You can be self-supporting by using your spare time selling these wonderful pencils. Write us. Anderson & Co., Germantown, Phila., Pa.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

SALESMEN WANTED
to demonstrate and sell "CAMPBELL" oscillating and rotating sprinkling machines equipped with small powerful water motor. Especially adapted for lawns, gardens and [illegible] territory. Preparatory to national advertising campaign. THE GEO. W. CLARK CO.,
Dept. H. 259 Fifth Ave., New York

Ask for and Get
SKINNER'S
THE HIGHEST QUALITY
SPAGHETTI
36 Page Recipe Book Free
SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A.
LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

NATHAN FLEXIBLE NO-METAL ARCH SUPPORTS

gave immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature to restore weakened [illegible]
Write for Booklet and Free 10-day Trial Offer
View of arch cut with knife. Nathan Anklet Support Co., 80-B Reade St., N. Y.

Print Your Own
Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $9. Larger $18. Rotary $60. [illegible]
The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

THE ORIGINAL Horlick's Malted Milk

The Food-Drink for all Ages

Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. More nourishing than tea, coffee, etc.

Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

DU PONT FABRIKOID

RAYNTITE
TOP MATERIAL

Single texture. Light and strong. Sheds water like a duck's back. Guaranteed one year against leaking, but built to last the life of the car. Any top maker can supply it.

"Listen, girlie," said Rudy gently, "you and me ain't going to fuss. About telling folks we was engaged, I got to thinking that if anything happened to prevent us getting married —— Nobody can't never tell what's going to happen; a person might get sick or something. If I had a little wad tucked away it would be different. Tina, you know me."

"I guess I do—now," said Tina.

"Don't you trust me?"

"No; I don't."

At this, Rudy's patience came to an end. Here he had been in misery all the week, not on his own account but on hers, or because of her! He had nobly borne this burden of woe, scorning to ease any part of it onto her slim shoulders, holding her welfare before his own inclinations, as a regular guy should; and this was what she handed him!

"Good-by!" said he.

"Good-by!" said Tina, and with a toss of her head she turned and went into the house.

Rudy heard her run upstairs and the door close. He lingered, nevertheless; but in less than a minute there was the shuffle of slippers along the hall and Pa Swezey reappeared.

"Beat it!" said pa.

Rudy would have remonstrated.

"Mr. Swezey ——" he began.

"Beat it!"

The old man's face was red and imminent action glared in his blue eyes. He was clearly in no humor for argument. It was mix it or beat it; so Rudy beat it.

When, an hour later, Ma Swezey thumped at Tina's bedroom door and was reluctantly admitted, she took her daughter to her matronly bosom and told her that she gloried in her spunk, and that her pa was likewise proud of her. Tina, struggling from ma's embrace with some violence, said undutifully that if Ma and Pa Swezey and Aunt Elizabeth and everybody had refrained from butting in there wouldn't have been any trouble.

That was natural, but she, nevertheless, felt that ma and pa and everybody were right; that Rudy had repented his declaration of affection and had been trying to back out. His lame attempts to justify himself had been, in her estimation, added insult, and she was glad that she had shown him that she didn't care. Very glad! Yes; very, very glad! Whereupon, ma having departed in high dudgeon, she had another good cry. At suppertime ma brought her something on a tray; but Tina could eat nothing.

All she could do was bathe her eyes, rearrange her disordered hair and—wait. She had not been informed of Pa Swezey's final sally against the disturber of his household's peace, and she thought that perhaps—at some time—Rudy might return and she would have another chance to show her indifference. She accordingly sat by her window to wait. She was still sitting there when her discouraged parents went to bed and after the last light disappeared from the houses across the street.

The next day was Sunday. Tina will remember that Sunday when she is an old woman—not that anything occurred.

On Monday morning she went to Bagley's quite as usual. Bagley was a withered and bald little old man, with a peculiarly sweet expression when he smiled. He was, as has been mentioned, an old friend of the family; moreover, he had happened to meet and talk with Ma Swezey the day before. On this particular morning he stayed in the office, which was not his custom; and when the telephone bell rang he almost jumped to forestall Tina's movement to answer it.

"Hello!" said he. . . . "Yes. . . . No. . . . Yes. . . . Because the party has called the deal off. Nothing doing—and I wouldn't waste any more time if I was you. I've got your number."

An instant later Rudy Bowles emerged from a telephone booth at Eisenbaum's looking particularly discomposed. He had asked Mr. Berkmann's permission to use the booth. Berkmann had replied: "You know the rule, Bowles"—and turned his back. Rudy knew the rule, but his business was important; so he entered the booth and called a number.

"Is this Bagley's Real Estate Office?" he inquired. . . . "Can I speak to Miss Swezey? . . . Isn't she in? . . . Well, why can't I speak to her?"

"So the deal is off!" murmured Rudy to himself. "Got my number, eh? Dead onto me—yes? All right, little lady; it's your say-so. Far, far be it from me; quite otherwise and very much to the contrary!"

Jimmie Phelan accosted him as he returned to his post.

"Want you to put up more margin? Too bad, old Top! I've been there."

Rudy looked at his friend steadily.

"You've never been any place where you learned sense," he said, and seemed in cold earnest about it too.

Jimmie was not sensitive, but he reddened a little and for some time after that let Rudy severely alone.

It may be imagined that it was difficult for Rudy to put his mind on his work that morning. Nevertheless, he did it. It was necessary that he should do it, and it was a mighty good thing for him that the work was exacting, permitting no divided attention. Certainly there were moments when business slackened and the calamity of his rejection forced itself through the dull and dogged resistance he had opposed to it; but there is one thing about the gents' furnishings in a well-stocked and well-patronized store: if a man wants to keep busy he can always find something to occupy him. The noon hour was hard, particularly as Rudy had no heart then to resume his search for another job; and that evening —— Gee!

Out of it all came one resolution—to "show 'em!" Just that. He would show Old Man Swezey and Ma Swezey and the whole bunch. He would show Tina.

Some of these days he would drive his gleaming, high-powered, luxuriously upholstered car through Garfield Park; and, slowing up in a jam, he would discern Tina among the admiring wayside throng and, as their eyes met, he would raise his fifty-dollar Panama and smile inscrutably. Then, as the jam broke, he would throw in the clutch and dart forward, past the saluting sparrow cop, and leave her gazing after him with wistful, tear-dimmed eyes. One of the bystanders would remark in her hearing:

"That's Rudy Bowles, head of the Gents' Furnishing Trust. They say he's worth fifty million and has a stone in his bosom in place of a heart."

Weeks went by; still Rudy held his job, although the special sale was over and the two extra men were gone and almost forgotten. For all that, Rudy felt no sense of security, for two or three times Eisenbaum had walked by him and given him that same quick, penetrating glance, which seemed so full of menace.

There was a legend in the store that, upon some flagrant offense, Eisenbaum had raised the offender's salary so that he would feel his subsequent dismissal more keenly. That seemed like Eisenbaum, but there was apparently no other opening for a bright young man of some experience and good address; so Rudy decided to wait for the blow to fall. He determined, of course, to put Tina altogether out of his mind. He did, indeed, try the telephone again; but it was his luck to get Bagley. He wrote more than one eloquent and pathetic letter, but tore them up, judging that they would, in all probability, be taken in by Ma Swezey.

Even if Tina got them, there was no likelihood that she would believe what he wrote any more than she had believed what he said. No; he was in bad. They had all got him sized up for a four-flusher, and anything that he could say or write would only be four-flushing—come right down to tacks. He hadn't even bought the girl a ring! Well, what was the use of thinking about it?

But he never parted and brushed his hair that he wasn't stabbed by the thought of the girl. It had been Tina's habit to rumple that sleek pate of his, and one time she laughingly told him that she only took him for the satisfaction that it gave her to do it. Had anybody else ever done that to him? Sure? Positive? Cross your heart and hope to die, Rudy?

What was the matter with strolling round some night—no particular rush about it—just out of curiosity to see whether she was out on the steps? Montague Place was no private thoroughfare; and, for that matter, he could wait until it was dark and walk on the other side of the street. No rush about it; any night would do.

That same night Tina sat out on the steps—with Peter. Oh, "woman's faith and woman's trust!" Still, Tina could hardly be blamed. Peter came and she couldn't tell him to chase himself; and, as her mother pertinently asked, had Mr. Bowles ever come nigh or showed he was

(Continued on Page 61)

Everybody Wants It NOW
Guaranteed – Money back in 30 days if not satisfied.

What It Is

Dann Insert is a thin, perforated strip of soft, shock-deadening anti-friction metal inserted between the leaves of all the springs. It is packed with a special graphite compound which will not flow liquid and which insures maximum efficiency at all times. Springs are perfectly, continuously, permanently lubricated; will not become stiff, inactive or squeak. Your car will ride as easily as though it were floating on air. Try Dann Insert on our money-back guaranty

Big Reduction in Price — Greatly Increased Facilities for Production — Tenfold Increase in Capital —

These announcements have literally swamped us with orders. At the NEW price, you cannot afford to be without Dann Insert.

DANN INSERT
"The Inter-leaf Shock Absorber"

Packard
Pierce Arrow
Hudson
Ford
Jeffery
Cole
Locomobile
Buick
Detroit Electric
Marmon
Paige Detroit
Maxwell
Rauch & Lang
Studebaker
Stearns
Baker
King
Pathfinder
Scripps-Booth
Moon
Moline Knight
Mitchell

Easy Riding—or Your Money Back

This is our guaranty — you are the judge and you have 30 days in which to prove to yourself that Dann Insert gives you the easiest riding car in the world, and, in addition, perfect spring lubrication, increased tire mileage, reduced car depreciation, no squeaks, and freedom from dry springs.

At the reduced prices we are deluged with orders for immediate shipment. At the old prices Dann Insert was a comfort necessity enjoyed only by the few owners of high-priced cars.

During the past two years we could have quadrupled our business if we could have made our present low prices. Now, thousands of owners who have always wanted Dann Insert, but who couldn't pay the original price, can get it. It is the most needed equipment that ever went into a motor car.

New capital, a new company ten times its original size, new tremendous manufacturing and purchasing facilities—allow us to offer Dann Insert within reach of everybody's pocketbook. The big increase in demand comes from every part of the country. You can't afford to be without Dann Insert another day

Winton
White
Chalmers
Cadillac
Overland
Oldsmobile
Oakland
Haynes
Premier
Velie
Stutz
Chevrolet

If You Own One of These Cars—Read Every Word of This Advertisement

Hudson	Chalmers	Buick	Jeffery	Franklin	Marmon	Studebaker
Cadillac	Oldsmobile	Chandler	Pierce Arrow	Locomobile	Ford	Reo

And this applies to every make of car on which Dann Insert is NOT NOW specified as regular equipment

Here is what other manufacturers say about springs, taken from their own instruction books — we cannot print them all — but they all say about the same thing

Hudson: — Springs need lubricating on an average of every 500 miles; if used in the winter, or when the roads are in poor condition, and the springs are constantly covered with mud, they will have to be lubricated more frequently. This is also true of heavy closed cars, especially limousines, which are washed more frequently than the average touring car.

Marmon: — The importance of proper lubrication cannot be too strongly impressed. Owners who show remarkable records for economical operation are those who watch this point carefully.

Cole: — When springs are not lubricated, water works its way in between the leaves and causes them to rust, often to such an extent that they become like solid pieces. This causes them to lose much of their spring action.

Paige-Detroit: — In case a squeak develops in the springs after running a few hundred miles, it is well to separate the leaves and insert a few drops of oil.

Get Dann Insert NOW

Manufacturers are rapidly adopting it to increase the life and easy riding of their cars

Dann Insert is time-tried, road-tested, owner-proved, with three years of big success behind it.

Standard equipment on every Winton car built in the last two and a half years. Thousands of users of all makes of cars are getting greater efficiency, greater pleasure and greater economy from Dann Insert every day.

Dann Insert users are through with spring troubles—spring squeaks—have secured a riding ease they have never known before. They now have the perfect spring every manufacturer wants to supply, but cannot until Dann Insert is used as regular equipment.

Dann Insert keeps springs continuously lubricated—stops drying out—[illegible] wonderful smooth riding—cuts down tire and upkeep expense—retards depreciation. This sounds too good to be true. But we back every claim with our guaranty—proved satisfaction or your money back.

Prices for Popular Makes

1916 [illegible] N 12	$14 [illegible]
1916 [illegible] 6-40	[illegible]
1916 [illegible]	[illegible]
1916 Chevrolet — [illegible]	[illegible] 75
1916 Cole — 8	[illegible]
1916 [illegible] dge	[illegible] 0
[illegible] ALL MODELS	[illegible] 5
[illegible] Hudson [illegible]	[illegible] 5
[illegible] [illegible] N	[illegible] 5
[illegible] [illegible] 6-48	[illegible] 65
[illegible] Mc[illegible] 34	[illegible] 70
[illegible] Mc[illegible] 25	[illegible] 30
1916 Mc[illegible] 0 of 16	[illegible] 75
1916 Oldsmobile — 43	[illegible] 25
[illegible] [illegible] 37	[illegible] 00
1916 [illegible] [illegible] 25	[illegible] 50
1916 [illegible] 6-46	[illegible] 15
1916 [illegible] 6-35	[illegible] 5
1916 [illegible] 4-31	[illegible] 15
[illegible] [illegible]	[illegible] 15
1916 Stearns — 4 Cyl	[illegible] 75
1916 Studebaker — 4	[illegible]

Every User of a Dann Insert is an Enthusiast. Read What They Say

We can only give you a few here, but they are representative of thousands of others

Our Riding a Comfort Never Known Before

Our Hudson car is equipped with Dann Insert. It rides smoothly over all roads [illegible] Hudson Motor Sales Corp.—A. S. Richter, Chicago.

Not a Squeak From My Car Since

I had Dann Inserts installed in my Hudson "54" about eight months ago and am perfectly satisfied [illegible] these springs put in my new car.—A. H. Lanier, Lanier Confectionery Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Positively Would Not Be Without Them

[illegible] my car and for the three men that [illegible] them on their Ford cars, we positively would not be [illegible] Kansas Natural Gas Co., Independence, Kans.

More Than Satisfactory in Every Way

Last June I bought a Cadillac 8 car and had it equipped throughout with your spring inserts by [illegible] They have [illegible] way I have never had a spring squeak, and have remarked on the motionless and easy riding qualities of my car.—Chas. B. Wagoner, Concord, N. C.

The Results Were Absolutely Perfect

[illegible] American Portland Cement Works

Prices for Cadillac and Hudson

1909, 1910, 1911, 1912 Cadillac — 30	$14 25
1913 Cadillac — 4	[illegible] 25
1914 Cadillac — 8	[illegible] 75
1915, 1916 Cadillac — 8	[illegible] 5
[illegible]	[illegible] 25
[illegible]	[illegible] 25
1914 Hudson — 6-40	[illegible] 25
1914, 1915 Hudson — 6-54	[illegible] 15
1916 Hudson — 6-40	[illegible] 5
1914 Hudson — 6-40	[illegible] 5
1916 Hudson — Super-Six Touring	[illegible] 5
1916 Hudson — Super-Six Roadster	[illegible] 5

Send for this book for full details

Why Delay Another Minute?—We Take All the Risk—You Know You Need Dann Insert—Send Your Order *TODAY*

At the greatly reduced [illegible] you no longer have any excuse for not [illegible] the great [illegible] Dann Insert. [illegible] Dann Insert [illegible] Without Dann Insert [illegible] It can be attached to any car [illegible] and mail coupon now—today

"Put Dann Insert in your old car—demand it in your new car"

Dann Products Company

Formerly Dann Spring Insert Company

2275 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Makers of Dann Insert, the Inter-Leaf Shock Absorber, and Dannite, the Oilless Bearing

WANTED Exclusive Distributors and Dealers

Dann Insert is selling like wildfire to every car owner. Exclusive contracts for distributors and dealers. Everything is ready for you to go ahead [illegible] ready for you to start sales. We will back you with one of the largest accessory campaigns in the industry. We [illegible] big business right in your territory. Prove to [illegible] best equipped and responsible to handle Dann Insert. Write, wire, phone or jump first train for Chicago. [illegible] rapid-selling accessory—a comfort builder and [illegible] saver for any car owner and [illegible]

Send this coupon for full information—Today

S E P - 7 19

Dann Products Company, 2275 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

If you can make my car ride easier I am interested in Dann Insert. Send me full information—facts, figures, prices, savings, etc. No obligation on my part.

I use a _____ *car;* _____ *model;* _____ *year*

Name _____

Address _____

EMPIRE

SIX CYLINDER TOURING CAR $1125
FOUR CYLINDER TOURING CAR $960
6 CYL. 4 PASS. ROADSTER $1145

EMPIRE
AUTOMOBILE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Now-The Superior

EMPIRE

EMPIRE motor cars offer you beauty, reliability, comfort and economy.

The EMPIRE is a car you will be proud to drive—a car you will judge, not by the modest price you pay, but by the lasting satisfaction and unfailing service it will give you.

The EMPIRE dealer in your territory is showing the latest models. We will send you his name and our illustrated descriptive matter upon request.

***YOU'VE** often heard of the spark of inspiration. I wonder if it ain't usually the spark that glows in the bowl of a good ole pipe.*

Velvet Joe.

VELVET is *the* tobacco for the man who likes to smoke while he works.

It is so mild that you can smoke all you want and you will want all you smoke. For there's an aged-mellowed smoothness in VELVET that you never tire of.

10c Tins
5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Witchery or Science For That Corn?

WILL you use something ancient as witchcraft—methods harsh, uncertain and unscientific?

Or the modern way—gentle, sure and final—devised by a chemist who spent 25 years on corns?

Blue-jay is the method used by doctors—used by experts—used by millions who have tried it. It's a thin little plaster which applies to the corn the wonderful B & B wax. 91% of all corns go with the first plaster. The stubborn 9% yield to the second or third.

The pain ends instantly. The corn ends in 48 hours.

A million corns monthly disappear under Blue-jay. Your own friends employ it. Countless people around you—users of Blue-jay—never let a corn ache twice.

We urge you to try it. Prove the quick relief, the permanent removal. In this day corns are needless.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists'
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

(Continued from Page 58)

ashamed of hisself in any way, shape or manner? He had not, and Peter was a harmless distraction. He never had much to say, but chewed his gum in a stolid, bovine way, and listened; yet on this occasion, and after a silence of some duration, he made a remark that excited Tina's mirth:

"You get too much zinc oxide in paint and it's going to scale every time."

Tina laughed unrestrainedly, in peals. Tears stood in her eyes and she beat her hands together, she was so amused; she had some difficulty in stopping, in fact, and she broke out afresh once or twice after she had stopped the first time. Rudy heard her from the other side of the street. He saw her, too; and he saw Peter, who was bending toward her in his anxiety for her reason.

Then he walked on quickly, very quickly; for he had a hazy idea that he was about to fall. Something would happen to him if he had no relief from the iron clutch that seemed to be upon his head and breast, closing tighter and still tighter, until he breathed only in gasps and the swollen current of his blood thumped in his temples.

Woman's faith and woman's trust,
Write the characters in dust.

Rudy was not familiar with the quotation, but he came to the same conclusion as Vidal when he was sufficiently composed to think. That was not for some time, though; but, having come to that conclusion, he resumed his former determination not to abandon himself to miserable retrospection, but to get busy.

"Let it go at that—and forget it!"

Not so easy; but there was good stuff in Rudy and there was the kind nepenthe of work. Play might have helped; but, since the picnic, Rudy had separated himself from the old bunch, having the valid excuse of queening. The gang took no offense. It was something that might have happened to any of them; but now Rudy had developed a permanent grouch—resented a josh and repelled sympathetic inquiry. That was a different thing, and Rudy presently found himself left very much alone.

In a way it hurt; but, on the other hand, the young man was conscious of a feeling of contempt—almost of disgust—for the various forms of idiocy that so deeply interested his former associates. Baseball statistics were no longer vital to him. In a general and languid way he knew what the clubs were doing, but he concerned himself not at all with batting averages or the form of individual players. He was absolutely indifferent to White Hopes and to the White Hope; and as for the inevitable, most common and absorbing topic of conversation——

"Some chicken! Believe me! I gave her the once-over and then I flagged her. 'Excuse me,' says I, 'but ain't you the mysterious Miss Raffles?' I guess I must of looked good to her, for she gave me the merry twinkle, and says she ——"

Wouldn't that sicken you? And you couldn't dodge it. It was everywhere. You couldn't pick up a paper that wasn't full of it; there wasn't an ad in the street cars or on the billboards that didn't shout it; the picture shows—even the rough stuff—played it up strong—heart interest! Girl, girl, girl! All you could do was work; and the devil of it was that working hours were only from eight-thirty to five-thirty.

You could hit the hay at nine o'clock if you wanted to; but what was the use? You never needed more than seven hours' sleep, or eight at the outside, even when you had nothing particular on your mind to keep you awake; and this thing of rolling round from side to side, turning the pillow cool side up until there wasn't any cool side, and then getting up to switch on the light to read yourself into a light doze or a bad dream, wasn't any fun. What to do with the odd hours—that was the question.

A customer solved it for Rudy one day—an elderly little man with a clipped mustache, who was pricing underwear.

"What kind of cotton do you call this?" asked he.

"It's first-quality goods," Rudy answered. "We guarantee this garment to give satisfaction."

"I know; I know," said the customer impatiently; "but what's the cotton?"

"Egyptian," Rudy answered promptly.

He hadn't the remotest idea of differences, but he knew that some high-priced cotton hose were Egyptian and the underwear in question was also high-priced; so he made the guess.

"Egyptian, your granny!" said the customer scornfully. "It wouldn't do you fellows any harm to learn something about the goods you're selling." And, with that, he turned and walked away.

Rudy thought it over. "You may be all right at that, old man," he concluded. Thereupon he went to Berkmann:

"Say, Mr. Berkmann, what do you know about cotton, and how did you get to know what you do know, if you do know anything?"

The department head looked at him curiously.

"Why?" he asked.

"I'd like to know something about it myself," Rudy answered.

"You use your tongue," explained Berkmann—"that is, to ask intelligent questions; then you use your brains, if you happen to have any. You use your eyes a good deal and your sense of touch to a considerable extent. You read about cotton, you handle cotton, and you talk to men who know about it—from when it's picked off the cottonwood trees down South, and treated with sloe gin, to the finished product. I just know a little about it."

"Then it won't take so long to tell, will it?" said Rudy. "Please tell me about this Champion-brand goods, if you don't mind. What cotton is it? Not Egyptian?"

"Get me out some of it and bring it here," said Berkmann.

It ended by Rudy taking a short course in cotton, first from books and textile journals which he obtained from the Public Library, and then by careful observation of the stock and what information Berkmann could give him regarding it. It was at least an employment for some of those dragging hours and it had an interest that grew. No; it didn't do any harm to know something of what you were selling. Quite an idea there. And linen? When a man is selling handkerchiefs, shirts and collars, it doesn't hurt to know linen or to be able to grade it roughly without the little magnifying glass.

And silk? There's a thing or two to learn about silk. Gloves, also, have their differences in material and manufacture—differences Rudy never dreamed of before he investigated them. Quite an idea in it—especially for a man with an ambition to become head of the Gents' Furnishing Trust.

Knowledge is power. Old stuff, of course; but it's just as well to keep some of these venerable copy-book maxims in mind. Acquiring knowledge, Rudy began to feel a sense of power. Perhaps the fear of discharge would have left him soon in any case, for fear is generally a transient emotion; but undoubtedly the knowing that he knew something helped to banish it. Not that his head was unduly swelled by his acquirements, but he had the sense to realize that he was becoming a better salesman by reason of what he had already learned, and that every additional item of knowledge added to his value.

So now, when Eisenbaum glided by, Rudy let him glide.

But what is a girl going to do—supposing that she has that uncomfortable malady known as heartache? Just supposing that she has and, putting it as a hypothetical case, that she works in a small real-estate office on Madison Street, and has a family that will not allow her to shun them—what is that girl going to do? She can hardly throw herself feverishly into the office correspondence and keeping of the books and lists, when there is only a limited amount of corresponding and bookkeeping to be done. An exhaustive study of Chicago land values and the causes of their rise and fall might mitigate her unhappiness—but that is stretching hypothesis.

It never occurred to Tina to try that particular anodyne. There was just one thing for her to do, and only one thing to be—patient. That is the woman's part—to be patient and smile, hiding her hurt. She may cry a little—at night, behind a locked door, when nobody is likely to hear her muffled sobbing; and Tina did that. She may mope a little in the home circle, as Tina did; but to her world at large, even to those as near as an Aunt Elizabeth, she must show a smiling face—if she has any pride; and Tina had plenty of that.

There were times, though, when pride seemed to be a poor thing compared with her love; times when the ache was almost unbearable. Twice she went downtown and shopped at Eisenbaum's. The first time her courage failed to take her through the gents' furnishings; but on the second occasion she walked down the aisle past Rudy's counter and saw him.

He was bending forward and smiling in that engaging way of his at a good-looking and fashionably dressed young woman who was perched on one of the swivel stools. She happened to be buying a pair of morocco traveling slippers for her husband, whom she adored; but Tina could not be expected to know that. With one quick, comprehensive glance she took in the unconscious Rudy's smile and attitude and the young woman's clothes, and then passed on, outwardly composed, but with her knees trembling and her heart beating wildly.

That should have been enough. He had forgotten poor Tina already. That was certain. He couldn't have been thinking of her and looking into that girl's eyes the way he did. Impossible! But how handsome he was! No wonder the women flocked round him! He wasn't to blame—neither were they.

Poor little Tina was in a turmoil of conflicting emotions as she thought it over; and in the end pride had another fall. She went to the drug store at the corner of Madison Street and called up Rudy's boarding house. Rudy had never called her up; but he may have been too proud.

"Mr. Bowles ain't in," said Rudy's landlady in sharp nasal tones. "Do you want I should give him any message?"

"N-no," faltered Tina—"only —— You might tell him, please, that Miss Swezey called."

She came out of the booth, her cheeks burning with shame; but she didn't care. What did it matter, if Rudy only came back to her?

Well, she dressed in the little frock that Rudy liked, and waited; but Rudy did not come. Of course she hardly expected he would until the following evening. The next afternoon she put on the same little frock and, after supper, she waited. But Rudy did not come, and for the very simple reason that the landlady either forgot or did not wish to deliver the message Miss Swezey had given her. She had her notions of propriety, had Rudy's landlady.

On the third night Rudy did come; but Peter Pillsbury was entertaining Tina with his observation on the scaling of paint mixed with too much zinc oxide, and she did not see him at all until he had passed, and then failed to recognize him. Her eyes were blurred with tears from excessive laughter, for one thing; and then Rudy was on the other side of the street, and he was walking ——

"That guy's got a package," remarked Peter.

Peter was calling pretty regularly again. Ma Swezey was always glad to see him.

September had come and gone. October was dwindling to its last days and one or two sharp frosts had already boomed business in the plumbing line. Peter Pillsbury, Senior, pondering this in connection with his duty as a parent, called young Peter to him.

"How are you making it with that girl of Swezey's?" he asked.

"All right, I guess," answered young Peter slowly and after a moment's hesitation.

"Quit guessing and get down to tacks," said his father. "If you like you can tell her that I've took you in partners to-day, and that I'm coming across with a little old five hundred to start you up in housekeeping. Think that'll help?"

"It might," the Junior replied stolidly. "I guess I'll tell it to the old man, though. What kind of a layout are you going to give me?"

It must have been a fairly satisfactory kind, because Mrs. Swezey made it a special argument with Tina for the best part of an evening.

"I hope you think more of yourself than to be still hankering after that Rudy Bowles," said ma at last.

Tina flashed out at her with all her old spirit.

"I should say I had!" she cried. "Ain't you ashamed now, ma?"

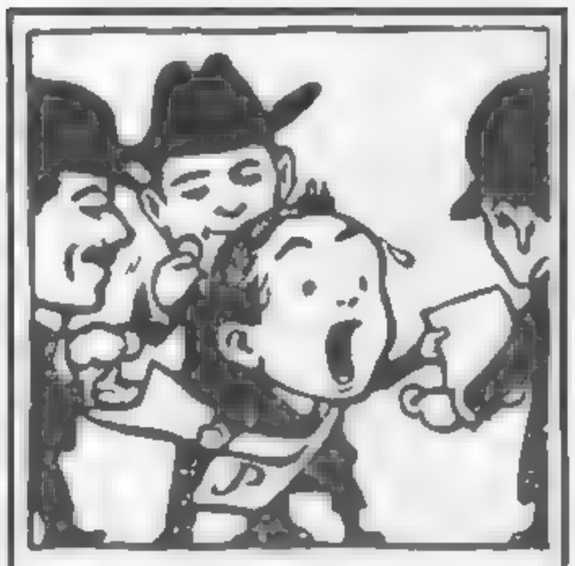
"Well, you think it over, anyway."

"I'll think it over," Tina consented wearily. "I'm going to bed now. I'm tired."

When she had gone, Pa Swezey said savagely:

"I wish I'd taken one good wollop at Mr Rudy Bowles."

The following afternoon a young man, with a round, good-humored face, walked



Joy Insurance

Stewart Edward White's serial, "The Leopard Woman," beginning in this number, will have you sitting up nights. Your weeks will run from Thursday to Thursday. Unwillingly will you miss an issue. Yet, right in the middle of it, perhaps, comes your vacation, and you——

No you don't either, not if you send us this coupon. A *Post* boy will be at your service wherever you go, if you stay anywhere near the beaten summer track.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

It's summer joy insurance

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Box 502, Philadelphia

Gentlemen:

I desire to take advantage of your summer delivery service. I expect

to be at

Local address

From to

Name

Home address

He's Hit the Winning Combination

THE professional man who lands at the top is the one who not only has a thorough technical training but is equally well grounded in the art of selling his services.

An architect may be an artist at his profession and yet be unable to sell his ideas because of inability to impress people favorably.

Allen Erickson, of Chicago, is one of a thousand young men who have discovered an easy way to obtain practical experience in salesmanship, professional training, and the money to pay for it, all at the same time.

After graduation from High School he secured appointment as a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. He gives his mornings to Curtis work. His profits pay for an afternoon course in Architecture and for all the costly supplies that an Architectural student needs.

Address your request for our booklet, "AN EDUCATION WITHOUT COST," to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Educational Division, Box 508, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We Will Buy Your Spare Time

into the gents' furnishings at Eisenbaum's, greeted Rudy cordially as "Sport!" and requested to be informed how that gentleman's corporosity sagnciated.

"Just got in," he continued as he shook hands.

"You mean just got out, don't you?" said Rudy pleasantly.

"I don't know but a guy might as well have been in jail as where I've been," grinned the young man. "These jobs in the tall timber! Rudy, I ain't seen you but once since that Sharpshooters' picnic; and it's a funny thing about that. Over at the shop, just a while ago, 'Gene was telling me that that little brown-haired peach you was dancing with there is a-going to marry Pete Pillsbury—the guy who took her home. Remember that slob? His old man has gave him an interest in the shop. I thought you said you was a-going to cut him out with that little girl."

"You plumbers have got the inside track," Rudy said after a moment's pause. "Us cheap clerks may start all right, but we've got to take your dust on the home stretch. When are they going to pull it off?"

He tried to put the question casually—to take a sensible view of the matter, and to breathe easily and steadily. After all, this was precisely what he had been expecting to hear and preparing himself to hear. There was no sense in choking up and getting sick at the stomach over it.

Well, the round-faced young man didn't know when it was to be pulled off. He bubbled on for some minutes longer, bought some collars, and departed. After a little Rudy found himself making a resolution:

"Here's where I light out of Chicago."

So it is that Jessamy may love Jenny to distraction, and Jenny's devotion to Jessamy may be equally ardent; yet all that is necessary to render this mutual affection everlastingly futile and fruitless is to keep Jessamy and Jenny apart. Keep them apart long enough and the chances are that mutual affection will die a more or less lingering death. But there has to be considerable intervention.

It will be observed that in the case of Rudy and Tina intervention was considerable. First, misunderstanding; and then mistrust; then diversion and suppression of messages that might have led to reconciliation; the hostility of parents; the rivalry of the rich lover; in fact, every conceivable bump and hurdle obstructing the course of true love, and it only needed that resolution of Rudy's and its carrying out in due course to make the parting final.

On the other hand: Half an hour after he had made his resolution Rudy went beyond the frontier of the furnishings to direct a customer to the jewelry department. He might have said: "North to the main aisle, and then east, on your right, to Number Six." But that wasn't the Eisenbaum way. "I'll show you, sir," said Rudy politely.

North to the main aisle Rudy took his man, and there, without another word or sign of direction, he left him. That was not the Eisenbaum way either; but then, Eisenbaum's business and Eisenbaum's customers were as completely out of the young man's mind as if they had no existence. In the press about the ribbon counter he had suddenly come face to face with Tina!

There was no chance of avoidance, even if either had wished to avoid the other. They were face to face—and such pathetic, almost tragic young faces! A pang went to Rudy's heart at Tina's timidly appealing look. She was shocked by the misery of his. Hesitatingly she put out her hand, and he took and held it.

"H'lo, Rudy!"

She gave him the ghost of a little smile, which faded directly. Rudy found himself unable to smile or speak, but he continued to hold her hand with a grip that hurt. But she was glad to be hurt.

People looked at them curiously. The customer Rudy had abandoned stood and grinned at them, and that attracted more attention. But of that Rudy and Tina were perfectly oblivious. They might have been on the highest peak of the Himalayas or in the solitudes of the Sahara for all the consciousness of others they felt in that moment.

"I hear you are going to be married," Rudy muttered.

"I ain't," said Tina.

A little aloof, but more observant than any, stood a short, sturdy figure, with a massive bald head that was thrust slightly forward from stooped shoulders—Eisenbaum. Rudy should have felt that steady, basilisk regard, for all his preoccupation. He had felt it fixed upon him more than once before and never without an inward tremor; but now he was proof against any extraneous psychic influence.

"Only to me?" said Rudy.

"Only to you!" assented Tina.

A cash boy came up and Eisenbaum caught him by the shoulder and stopped him.

"Tell Mr. Bowles—that young man there, talking to the young lady—tell him to come to my office right away." He turned and walked off.

Said Rudy:

"Something happened here and I thought I was going to get fired for it. That was why."

"Much I'd have cared," Tina told him.

Here the cash boy touched Rudy's arm.

"Say, Mr. Eisenbaum wants to see you in his office right away." He jerked his thumb backward and Rudy, following its direction, caught sight of Mr. Eisenbaum's well-tailored departing back. "He just told me to tell you," continued the boy. "I don't see why he couldn't have told you himself. He was standing right by you."

Rudy nodded. "Wait for me here a minute?" he asked Tina.

"Sure!" she replied happily.

And Rudy hurried away; but not in the direction of Mr. Eisenbaum's office. Instead, he went to his locker, put on his hat and coat, and immediately returned.

"Let's go," said he; and, taking Tina by the arm in the old familiar way, he led her from the store.

When Rudy presented himself—nearly an hour later—in Mr. Eisenbaum's office the first thing that gentleman said to him was in the nature of an apology:

"I had an important matter to discuss with the person who just left, and I was obliged to keep you waiting for a few moments, Mr. Bowles. Will you sit down?"

"Thank you; but I can take it standing up," said Rudy.

He was standing up very straight and looking squarely into the flash of Mr. Eisenbaum's glasses. Eisenbaum couldn't fool him with his suave manner and velvety tones. Indeed, he would not have answered the magnate's summons at all if Tina had not urged him to do so.

"At the same time you didn't hurry here," continued Eisenbaum with that sardonic arch of his heavy black eyebrows. He looked at his watch. "No; you haven't hurried—have you, Mr. Bowles?"

"I didn't break my neck to get here," Rudy answered. "I was busy; and besides, I figured that I could just as well resign one time as another. I'm resigning now, Mr. Eisenbaum."

Eisenbaum looked at him very intently, drumming on his desk the while with the tips of his white fingers.

"You are excited," he observed coolly. "Flushed face; pupils of the eyes dilated unusually; and —— What are you smiling for?"

"Because I am happy," Rudy replied simply.

Was it possible that Eisenbaum smiled too?—not sarcastically or devilishly, but with a certain amused benignancy. Rudy fancied that he did; but it seemed incredible. And yet, most assuredly Eisenbaum sighed.

"Well, well!" said the Merchant Prince. "I'm sorry you are resigning, because I was just about to raise your salary to twenty-five dollars a week. That would have been quite a jump; but it seemed to me that you had jumped yourself. I have been keeping an eye on you, Mr. Bowles. It even occurred to me that, if you didn't slump instead of jump, there would have been an early promotion for you and another increase of salary. However, if you really mean to resign ——"

"Liar!" thought Rudy.

But, still looking steadily at the cold-blooded, relentless monster of malignancy, he caught a twinkle in the dark eyes behind the thick glasses—a highly magnified twinkle of kindliness; and suddenly the young man's heart leaped.

"Is—is that on the square?" he stammered. "You aren't kidding me, Mr. Eisenbaum?"

Eisenbaum got up and laid a hand on Rudy's shoulder.

"I am a man of my word," said he; "and if you reconsider your intention of leaving us you will get your raise, and further advancement as you deserve it. But you must deserve it—and you must make no more scenes with young ladies in my store. No, no; you don't need to tell me about it. I can guess something, perhaps, or I would accept your resignation very promptly indeed—for your insolence. So you are happy?"

There was no mistake about his smile now; and as for Rudy, there was nothing insolent in the look that was the only reply he was able to make.

"Then, if you do not want your time, get back to work," continued Mr. Eisenbaum.

He gripped Rudy's shoulder and pushed him toward the door. Then, as the young man disappeared, he resumed his seat and allowed himself the luxury of a soft little chuckle.

"I think I've got a man," he murmured; "and if I have—I made him!"

So Rudy went back to the gents' furnishings. He had precisely sixteen minutes of the day left. Sixteen minutes, and then —— Oh, Tina! Oh, joyful little girl who was to wait forever, if she had to; but who knew—just knew that everything was going to come out all right!

Dear little Tina, you sure said it; but what will you say to-night when somebody tells you about this little bit of all rightness, Tina darling? And you, Ma Swezey, take it from us that there is nothing doing with Mr. Peter Pillsbury and make the best of it, as you will have to, ma dear.

Poor Peter! If Peter Pilly poked at a persimmon —— Poor old Petie! And you, Pa Swezey—cut out the rough stuff, pa, and come across with your blessing. Hire the hall, get out dodgers, and put a notice of the glad tidings in all the newspapers. You can't spread it too far and too wide to suit Rudy now.

Fifteen minutes! Gee!

"What's the matter with you, Bowles?" inquired Mr. Berkmann.

"Not a little thing!" replied Rudy airily. "Not a single little thing—except that I'm going to be married inside of two weeks!"

"Raise?"

Berkmann had recommended that—and other things.

Rudy dropped his poorly fitting mask of nonchalance and showed his superior a face so radiant with the light of his enraptured spirit that it was a sight to see.

"I don't know how high Clouds of Glory are," said he; "but you can just bet I'm raised that high!"

BRISCOE $625 FULLY EQUIPPED

THE CAR WITH THE HALF MILLION DOLLAR MOTOR

Benj. Briscoe, a Founder of the Industry, Contributes His Life's Masterpiece

AT last! Here is the real automobile for the American of ordinary means, of every-day income, who wants and must have a car of beauty, power, speed, and top-notch efficiency, completely equipped, without a single extra item of cost. With it, *any* man or woman will know the pride of ownership and happiness of possession.

This is the car with the motor that cost a Half Million Dollars to create and perfect. Here is the car of unbeatable performance with every up-to-the-minute convenience. Here is the car that will take you to the great out-of-doors in comfort, with dignity, with economy of maintenance. The Briscoe will give you from twenty-five to thirty miles per gallon of gasoline—easily, smoothly, quietly.

Send to-day, right *now*, for our brochure, "The Half Million Dollar Motor," by Benjamin Briscoe, that gripping story of how he and his assistants designed and built his lifetime masterpiece in Europe. Read how he conceived the Half Million Dollar Motor, how fourteen scientists worked with him for a year and a half to give the American public a real motor car of European engineering excellence at a price made possible only by American manufacturing methods.

Read this story of romantic facts. There isn't a dull line in it. It takes you to the capitals of the Old World, acquaints you with the most famous European engineers, German, French, Swiss. You visit these wonderful little motor car shops where have been born some of the greatest ideas in the motor industry.

There are wonderful facts, little pathetic happenings and sunny spots of piquant humor. It's a real story written by a real man with the creative and artistic temperaments combined. It is the greatest story ever written about a motor car. It will be promptly mailed upon receipt of the coupon. Fill it in and mail it now.

SPECIFICATIONS

The Half Million Dollar Motor—Bore 3 1-8 inch; stroke 5 1-8 inch; air-cooled motor head; Thermo-syphon system; simple removable plate above valves; L-head type.
Wheelbase—104 inches.
Bodies—Latest 1917 straight streamline design; comfortable room for five passengers; leg room in tonneau and front of car for a six foot man; extra high grade quality of upholstery; 46 inch rear seat; Roadster—Four Passenger.
Lubrication—Oil pump and splash system.
Carburetor—Automatic.
Drive—Left; control, center.
Front Axle—I-beam section drop forged with special Briscoe fixed king bolts.
Rear Axle—Floating type; gearless differential.
Springs—Full elliptic front and rear.
Tires—30x3 1-2 inches all around; anti-skid tires in rear.
Equipment—Two electric head lights with dimmers; one man top with envelope and adjustable storm curtains; tilted eye-saver windshield; speedometer; oil gauge; gasoline gauge; demountable rims, one extra.
Prices—Five-passenger touring car $625. Four-passenger roadster $625; f. o. b. Jackson, Michigan.

Briscoe Motor Corporation
Jackson, Michigan

Send to me, address below, copy of "The Half Million Dollar Motor," by Benjamin Briscoe.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*Town*_____

S. R. P.

BRISCOE MOTOR CORPORATION, Jackson, Michigan

The Canadian Briscoe Motor Co., Limited, Brockville, Ont.

Phez

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Oregon's Loganberry Drink

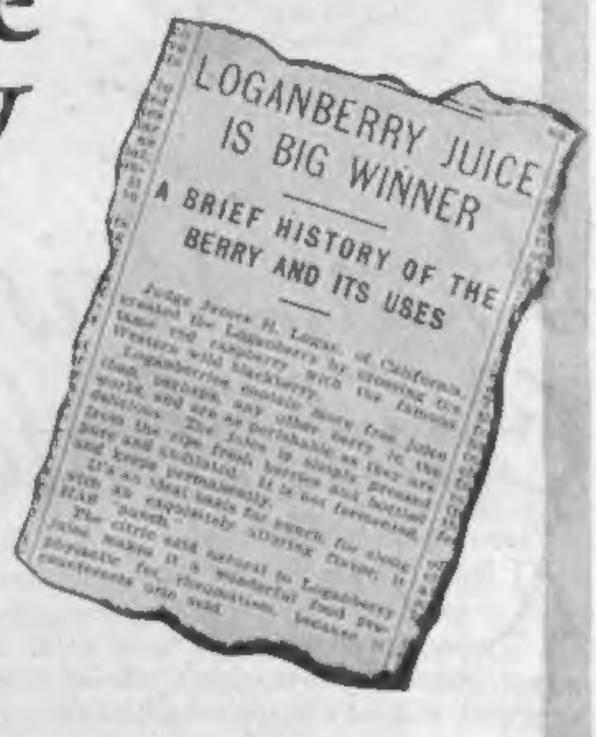
Here's the wonderful new drink—pure Juice of the Loganberry

New and different—a cross between the wild blackberry of Oregon and the tame red raspberry that grows in your garden. Their blended flavor is wonderful—indescribable.

Gathered from the vines in the cool of the early morning, with the dew still on them—pressed and bottled under ideal conditions—result, Phez The Pure Juice of the Loganberry.

Piquant, delicious, and full of the cool, seductive aroma of its native Oregon woods. Phez is a drink the whole world will love. "The taste lingers," and the memory will bring you back again and again for more. At the San Francisco Exposition this new drink from the great Northwest made its bow to the universe, and already countless devotees have welcomed its arrival. Probably never in the history of healthful, cooling beverages has there been such unanimous approval of a new drink.

The next time you are tired, or thirsty, or hot, stop at the nearest fountain and ask for Phez. See how it revives you, cools and refreshes.


LOGANBERRY JUICE IS BIG WINNER

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BERRY AND ITS USES

Judge Jeremiah H. Lucas, of California, created the Loganberry by crossing the blackberry and raspberry with the famous Western wild blackberry. The Loganberry contains more fruit juice than, perhaps, any other berry in the world, and are as portable as they are delicious. The juice is simply pressed from the ripe fresh berries and bottled pure and unadulterated. It is not fermented, and keeps permanently. It is not fermented, and keeps permanently. It is an ideal basis for punch, with an especially alluring flavor. It has no equal for ... The citric acid natural to Loganberry juice makes it a wonderful food preparative for ... beverages are said.

Phez is bottled in 3 forms—

1. Pure Juice (add two parts of water)
2. Ready to Drink
3. Fountain Syrup

DEALERS—MAIL THIS COUPON

PHEASANT FRUIT JUICE CO.
SALEM OREGON

I am not yet selling Phez. Please send me your price list and special dealer information.

Name_____

Address_____

My Jobber is_____

His Address_____

PHEASANT FRUIT JUICE CO.
SALEM, OREGON
Factories at Salem and Woodburn, Oregon

Sold at Fountains, Lunch Rooms, Groceries, Clubs, Restaurants, Hotels, on Trains and Steamships.

For Every Hot, Dry Throat

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is just the drink you thirst for. You only need to drink one bottle to know why it is sold in every state and in nearly every town.

Grocers — canny, careful grocers — who will have nothing to do with "pop" and "soft drinks," have put in a case or two of Clicquot as an experiment.

And the next thing we know they are buying dozens of cases at a time, because they find that their very best trade wants a really high grade summer beverage of Character and Clicquot Club Ginger Ale fills the bill. Ask your grocer or druggist to send up a case.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO., Millis, Mass.

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

GINGER ALE

Best for

Enamel-Porcelain

Surfaces

Keeps the Bathtub Sanitary and will not Destroy the Lustre